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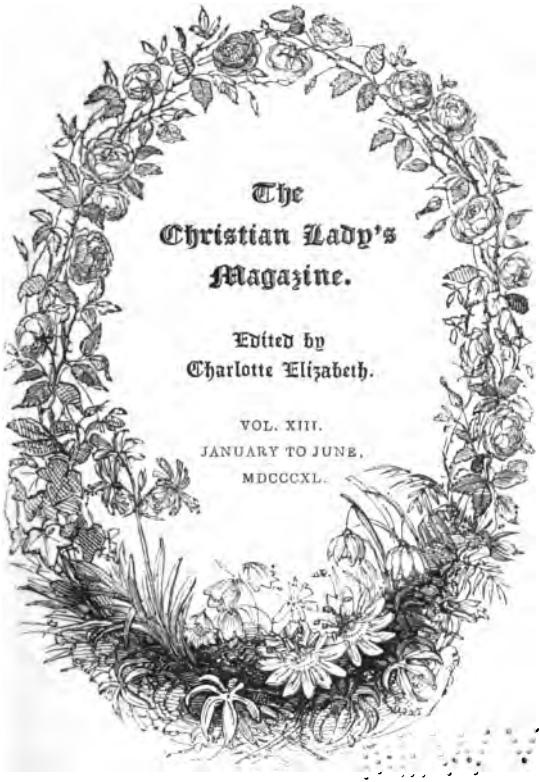

The Christian Lady's Magazine.

Edited by Charlotte Elizabeth.

VOL. XIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE,

MDCCCXL.

R. B. SEELEY AND W. BURNSIDE,
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PREFACE.

"WE spend our years as a tale that is told." It is impossible to usher in another year—and that the seventh—of an undertaking in its nature ephemeral, without being reminded of this brief but comprehensive word of inspiration. "As a tale that is told" has each succeeding month, each following year passed by; but not as breath dispersed in the invisible atmosphere around, to be no more traced, never to be gathered in, or subjected to the scrutinizing eye. Rather may we regard each fleeting day as a line engraven on a rock, there to abide until the hour when every mountain shall melt before the presence of the Lord. If this be so of our most trivial actions, words, and thoughts, which with us are speedily buried in oblivion, and which are in themselves only capable of influencing a very limited circle immediately surrounding us, the consideration becomes

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more solemn when, by means of the press, our own feelings and convictions have been stamped down, and circulated far abroad, to exercise, in their measure, an influence for good or for evil, after the hand that penned the pages has long been mouldering in the dust.

It never was in the Editor's contemplation to make this little work a controversial one: simply to set forth the truth, in varied and attractive garbs as ability might be given, and the kind help of friends assist her to do, was the whole of her aim. But events of stirring character have come to pass, a crisis of great moment has drawn nearer and nearer; the church has felt many shocks from those winds and waves that are destined to prove its stability on the Rock; and even women that were at ease have been called upon to rise up, and to keep watch and ward with their brethren. It is for this cause that the Christian Lady's Magazine has perhaps appeared to lose somewhat of its feminine character, while in duty constrained to give notice to those within the house, of some mighty wave rolling on, some menacing cloud darkening the horizon, some sapping flood creeping stealthily towards the foundation of the building. From such duty the Editor never did, and with God's help, never will shrink back. The consequence has been an experience new, and certainly painful to her. Attacks, some of them coarse and abusive, in the public prints that avowedly advocate the cause of Popery, Infidelity, and Republi-

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canism: some harsh, bitter, and contemptuous, from a party of another class, who arrogate to themselves an infallibility that will not stand the test of scripture; and along with these, abundance of private anonymous rebukes, breathing the spirit of arrogance and ill-will. Certainly if the Editor felt at liberty to assume the character of a 'careless daughter,' to sit down again and be at ease, it would wonderfully smooth her path, and might lead to the attainment of more general approval: but this must not be. The "tale that is told," of the fleeting years of one obscure individual, and that individual a female, shall not, she humbly trusts, be the tale of Meroz.

JUNE, 1840.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

V.

THE persons with whom our agent had principally had to do, in reference to the youthful candidates for mill-labour, were too generally reducible under two heads—those who knew little or nothing of the legalized regulations, and those who were well disposed to evade them. To the latter class the widow Green evidently did not belong: to the former she probably did. In fact, the good woman was totally ignorant on the subject, and had it not been for the warning communicated by Helen, she would have come altogether unprepared. Vague, however, as that warning was, it induced her to put into her pocket-book certificates of the children's baptism and age, furnished by Mr. Barlow, and with the imparted wisdom which is not only pure but peaceable, she placed

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them in the surgeon's hands before anything could be said. He regarded her with a look of kindness, not unmixed with pity when she announced herself as the only surviving friend of the orphan party before him.

'Helen Fleetwood,' read the surgeon, as he opened the first paper, 'born so and so; then, my girl, you are now past sixteen?'

'Stop, stop,' cried Mr. M., 'we have nothing to do with certificates. The ordinary strength and appearance, doctor, is the rule.'

'We may also be informed of the age.'

'Well, well, there will be no difficulty in that. The two next are unquestionably both thirteen and over; the youngest nine; therefore——'

'No, sir, interrupted the widow; the little girl is not even twelve; nor this boy much more than eight.'

'Then why did you bring him here, good woman? You of course know that children are not admissible to our mills under nine years. The fact is, that little fellow wants but a few days or so of the requisite age; and having the strength and appearance fully, you would not condemn him to idleness and vice, for the mere formality of the thing; come, doctor, fill the certificate.'

'Excuse me, sir,' said the widow, modestly but firmly, 'I cannot wrong this gentleman by allowing him to certify what I know to be untrue. There is the parish register; you will see the child is only eight years and a half.'

'Then he must stand aside,' said the surgeon, while Mr. M. wrecked the nib of a pen upon his thumb-nail, with looks of evident vexation.

'Now for you, my lad. Past thirteen, I suppose?'

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'Yes, sir.'

The surgeon mused for a minute. He had looked in the boy's pale face, felt his slender arm, and almost transparent fingers. Something appeared struggling in his bosom; and with a sudden look full at the agent, he said, 'I cannot certify.'

'Not certify! doctor, I have seen you pass many far younger, and quite as weakly,' without deducting anything on that score.'

'Very probably you have, Mr. M.; nevertheless I cannot in the present case agree to do it. His sister has more the appearance, and the reality, too, of the average strength than he has. I could conscientiously enter her in his stead.'

'You are quite right,' exclaimed the agent, 'let it be so; and the exchange will be an advantage to all parties.'

The widow said nothing, but presented again the open certificate of Mary's actual age to the surgeon, who, half smiling, proceeded to fill up the forms that left both her and her brother under the nominal protection afforded to children; for the legislature, by its latest act on the subject, recognizes as young men and women all who have completed their thirteenth year, and assigns to them the labour suited to adults!

The surgeon was bowed out by Mr. M., who proceeded with no very gracious looks to make the entries. Meanwhile the widow's heart smote her with painful self-reproach. She regarded the sickly boy as wholly unfit for even the light tasks that she had been assured would be assigned to him; and resolving to make any personal effort or sacrifice rather than injure him, she requested the agent to postpone the insertion of his name for a while.

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'Nonsense, nonsense, my good lady. He will be rated at nine years old, and worked accordingly; and paid accordingly, too, thanks to your register and the doctor's conscience,' he added, with a sneering laugh.

But she still objected. In vain did the gentleman remonstrate, and in vain did he argue, except that the boy himself became anxious to undertake what was represented as being rather a pastime than a task. The widow remained inflexible; and the agent, after entering Helen and Mary, closed the book with an air of displeasure: then sternly told them to be at their posts by six o'clock on the Monday morning. He refused to listen to Mrs. Green's queries as to the nature and duration of their employment, which he said she might make out among her acquaintance, adding, that they need not stay there any longer. With a glow on her aged cheek, the widow led her companions to the door, secretly congratulating herself that she had not been beguiled into a more permanent engagement for the two girls.

When Mrs. Wright heard that not only Willy but James was exempted from the agreement, she lacked words to express her astonishment and regret.

'To be sure, this boy's cheeks are not so red as the others, and he isn't so overgrown as Mary; but if all that are not stronger and stouter than he were taken from work, a precious town of young idlers it would be, and the mills might stop at once.'

'I don't wish to be an idler, aunt,' said the boy, colouring.

'More shame for you if you did, and your grandmother, that has tended you all your life long, to have

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you thrown on her hands now, when she ought to be supported by you.'

The boy burst into tears. 'Granny,' said he, 'I *will* work, and nobody shall hinder me.'

'Be quiet, my dear child,' replied the widow, soothingly; then turning to her daughter, she said, with considerable earnestness, 'Sally, I shall be always glad to talk over your family concerns with you at proper times, and to have your advice; but I must not be dictated to in what concerns these children; particularly in their presence.'

'Oh, to be sure!' said the other, as she violently swung a pot from over the fire; 'William's children must be gentlefolks anywhere; and their poor relations, that live by the hard labour of themselves and their little ones, may be proud of the honour of serving them.'

This unfeeling reproach sank deep into the hearts it was intended to wound; but no reply was given. After a short pause the widow inquired about the schools, and was sullenly informed that there were plenty, from among which she could make her choice.

'And the Sunday school?'

'Wright can tell you about that; but it's little use for they will be too tired to go there.'

'I'm not tired a bit,' said Mary.

'Tell me that this day fortnight,' retorted her aunt with a significant look.

Dinner being dispatched, the widow announced her intention of seeking a lodging to which they might remove on the Monday: Mrs. Wright offered some faint opposition, protesting they were quite welcome to the best she had to give: but her mo-

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ther pleaded the advantage of settling at once; and having been told where to look for a respectable abode, she again sallied forth with her little band.

It was market-day: but the busiest hours of traffic being past, the country people were leaving the town, and our villagers had opportunity to contemplate the lower orders of the inhabitants now perambulating the streets, to pick up at lowest prices the refuse of the market and shops. Great as was the contrast between the dense smoky atmosphere of these narrow, gloomy, filthy streets, and the pure sea-breeze of their own sweet native village, it was less painful than that which marked the population. Health, cleanliness, and good humour seemed almost equally banished from among them. Of bold, noisy mirth, drunken songs, and rude, coarse jesting there was indeed no scarcity: the poor strangers often shrank back in terror from the sounds they heard and the sights they beheld, but not even little Willy was tempted to smile by anything about him. Groups of children there were, and far more numerous than might have been expected, considering the factories were all full; but they seemed nearly divisible into two classes—incorrigible, reckless idlers, and poor, enervated sickly objects, who had crawled forth from the surrounding abodes of poverty to mingle with them. Still hoping to reach a quarter where beer-houses and gin-shops should be fewer, and comparative respectability more apparent, the widow passed on: but she found herself receding too far from the mill of the Messrs. Z., and the day fast closing too. She therefore fixed upon a small tenement, the occupier of which was a decent old man, who offered the accommodation of two apartments, such as she

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required; and having exchanged references, she secured the rooms for a week; resolving to make no more permanent engagement without sufficient deliberation. Alas! the poor widow little knew how total a sacrifice of her independence she had already made.

It was now getting late; the street-lamps were lighted, and before they set out on their return the factories had poured forth their thousands of labourers, from the puny infant of six or seven years to the grey-headed man whose broken-down aspect proclaimed him as unfit for toil as they. It was a spectacle of interest and wonder to the young Greens, to behold such a rush of children coming from or hastening towards every point of the compass. Some shouting as they bounded along, in mischief or in sport pushing their quieter companions from the path, but the greater number evidently feeble from exhaustion, jaded and ill-tempered, and frequently resenting, in expressions of fearful impiety, the annoyances of their more lively comrades. The widow shuddered as this occurred within her hearing, but still more were her feelings harrowed, when an involuntary pressure of her arm, which rested in Helen's, induced her to follow the direction of the girl's agitated look, and she beheld several mere children emerging from the doors of a gin-shop, flushed with the liquid flame which they had been swallowing. She hurried her young party onwards; secretly resolving that unattended they should never stir through those polluting scenes; and clung to the arm of her sympathizing supporter, with sensations of mingled thankfulness, pity, and self-reproach; for Helen, to whom alone she now looked for solace

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and for aid, was of years so tender, of mind so innocent, and disposition so retiring, that she needed for herself the guardianship that others must seek at her hands.

Bewildered and heart-sickened, she reached her daughter's abode; and, on entering, heard a faint, querulous voice, exclaiming, 'Haven't I suffered enough, without being turned out of your company for my misfortunes?'

'Let her stay, mother,' added Charles: 'they're nailed now fast enough; and what signifies their seeing her?'

Thus prepared, the strangers exhibited no surprise at the addition made to the party within. The girl who occupied a low chair near the chimney-corner, appeared to be naturally much taller than Phœbe, but was so twisted and crooked that she scarcely reached her height. Every feature betokened consumption far advanced; and her large, glassy grey eyes seemed to rove about in quest of some object to interest them; while an expression of melancholy discontent shewed how vain was the search. A large shawl pinned close round the throat fell over her shoulders and body; and she was evidently helpless as an infant.

The widow, merely asking, 'Is this my granddaughter Sarah?' imprinted an affectionate kiss on the pale cheek that was raised to receive it; and the girl's faint smile went more to her heart than any thing she had yet met under that roof.

'Grandmother,' she said, 'I am quite glad to see you: are those my cousins?' They all surrounded her immediately, and each had something kind to say. Helen approached last, and gently telling her

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that though not a cousin she hoped she might be owned as a friend, saluted the poor girl, who, fixing her full eyes on her face, abruptly said, 'I like you very much, Helen Fleetwood.'

Mrs. Wright seemed rather puzzled by this scene: she understood not the feeling awakened in the generous minds of her guests by a spectacle that she expected would have excited their disgust; for it was already apparent to all, that poor Sarah had only one arm, and that one so contracted as to be nearly useless; while her feet were bent in, until she rested on the ankle bones. 'You see,' said her mother, 'what an object she is. The arm was lost by an accident, and all the rest came from convulsions and fits.'

'Don't be frightened,' said Charles, who saw the children shrink back at the last words. 'She has no fits now, poor thing!' and he looked at her with an expression of tenderness which his countenance had hardly seemed capable of assuming.

When Wright came in, he answered all enquiries respecting the Sunday school nearly to the widow's satisfaction. He said the teachers were chiefly taken from among the adult working people; and that there was plenty of the Bible. Respecting the day schools, he told her that the children must produce every Monday a voucher from some master or mistress of having attended their school for two hours each day on any six days out of the week: but he added, that there were ways of managing that without being over punctual. His wife interrupted him: 'Oh, you need not talk of that: mother's conscience is too particular. Here are these two boys going to be gentlemen at large, because one is weakly for

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his age, and the other wants a few weeks of being nine!'

'You wo'n't be able to afford that, mother,' said Wright, shaking his head: 'you must get the little fellow into a silk mill, where the age is no objection, and the hours are shorter.'

Both the boys brightened at this, and eagerly looked at their grandmother, who observed, 'We shall see about all those things next week: to-morrow is a day of rest both for body and mind. Where is your place of worship?'

'Our parish church is three streets off.'

When they retired for the night, Helen remarked that poor Susan had interested her greatly; but that she seemed to have no idea of religion, which she thought very strange; for surely if the clergyman was at all like Mr. Barlow, he would visit and instruct one so afflicted, and with a short time to live. 'Alas, my child,' said the widow, 'this place is so thickly peopled, that I fear the clergy cannot visit half their people unless they be sent for: and from what I have seen and heard in this house, such visitors would scarcely be over welcome.'

'The boys say they will lie in bed till noon to-morrow, and then go play in some fields near the town.'

'Then, Helen, we must all endeavour to shew them how Christians ought to spend the Sabbath-day. May we have grace to be faithful! It is not easy to flesh and blood, when placed among scorners, to persevere, even outwardly, in a right path; but we shall receive all needful help from him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.'

They did beseech that help, and laid down to rest;

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but many were the thoughts that kept them waking that night, Helen had obtained a view of their probable trials, that would greatly have oppressed her spirit, had not the powerful interest awakened in her mind for the poor dying Sarah well nigh banished everything else. Taught of God to value the privileges that his mercy had bestowed on her from infancy, they were now doubly enhanced by the sad spectacle of a family, nearly connected with those to whom she belonged, evidently destitute of even the desire to know the Lord. She longed to awaken in their dark, cold minds such a desire; but far more than any other did the mutilated girl's sad ignorance affect her; and many a plan she revolved for Sarah's spiritual good, ere sleep closed her eyelids.

The widow was not less agitated by the same theme; but her anxieties took a much wider range. In all that most distressed her as appertaining to her daughter's children she read a fearful tale of peril for those of her departed son. The evident jealousy of the former forbade her to expect help, or even common sympathy, under any difficulty that she might encounter in a strange place; and as yet she had seen nothing that wore the aspect of benevolence —nothing but what contrasted strongly with the deference and respect to which she had been accustomed at home. Home! she dwelt upon the term till tears bedewed her pillow, as all the fond recollections connected with that magic word crowded upon her. 'Yet,' thought she, 'it is far better thus to feel myself a pilgrim and sojourner. It was the curse of Moab to be settled on his lees and not emptied from vessel, and therefore he became proud and presumptuous. It matters little where or how the rem-

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nant of my days is spent; but these poor helpless ones —who will care for them as I have done?' The promise was brought to mind, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort him." The widow prayed, and slept.

Early on the Sabbath morning they awoke, conscious of a sunbeam struggling to find entrance into that gloomy abode: they saw the bright ray striking aslant on the opposite roofs, and a clear blue sky stretching above. It was the first fine day that had shone on them since leaving home, and they hailed it joyously. 'I suppose,' said James, 'this is no place for singing hymns, or else'—— 'And why not?' interrupted Mary, impatiently; 'let's begin at once;' and before the widow could decide whether to allow it or not, the four clear voices were carolling their early Sabbath hymn, as they had always been accustomed to do in their own cottage.

No notice was taken, though it evidently created a stir in the adjoining apartment: but when the guests, fresh from their morning duty, and even more neatly dressed than before, presented themselves at the breakfast table, a glance of dissatisfaction from Mrs. Wright, who looked dirtier than usual, accompanied the remark, 'You were determined we should not oversleep ourselves after the week's work.'

'Did we disturb you, aunt?' asked Mary.

'I don't complain; but the children, poor things, would have been glad to remain quiet.'

Phœbe now appeared, yawning, sighing, and looking so ill that they really grieved for having broken her rest. In reply to their apologies, she only said, with a look of derision, 'Oh, I like musical geniuses,

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especially when they are so very devout.' A titter from the press-bed in the corner, and the word 'very' repeated by Charles, proved that the boys were keeping to their resolution of remaining there. Sarah too was absent.

The Sunday-school was opened long before they could arrive, from the late breakfast table with their dilatory conductor; and a very cursory view of it determined the widow not to enter her children there. Such an uninterested, heavy-looking set of scholars she had never seen; nor was their personal appearance as to cleanliness such as to invite a near approach. The greater number were dozing over their tasks, and the principal business of the teachers seemed to be that of shaking or cuffing them out of their lethargy, into which they presently relapsed; and Mrs. Green seeing that her own children were disposed to laugh at the odd appearance of the little slumberers, soon withdrew, intending to walk in the church-yard until the hour of service. Here, however, she found a large number of ragged idlers playing about; and bad language so prevalent that it quickly drove them thence. They then slowly proceeded along one of the principal streets; and before the welcome bell summoned them into a house of prayer they had wandered to the doors of another church. The respectability of their appearance preserved them seats in a pew; and amiable indeed did the tabernacle of the Lord appear to them as a holy refuge from scenes and sounds alike new and disgusting to the modest villagers. The preacher was not a Mr. Barlow; little could they learn from his discourse of what they had been accustomed to in their own place of worship: but the appointed scrip-

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tures of the day—the Psalms and Lessons—seemed peculiarly suited to their need; and Mrs. Green thankfully owned, as many another had done, that whatever the pulpit may do or leave undone, the desk in our churches must perforce preach the gospel.

With conscious reluctance they again reached Mrs. Wright's dwelling: but this was dissipated when they heard poor Sarah's exclamation of pleasure, while inviting them to approach and receive her greeting. No change was made in her dress, but Phœbe appeared tricked out in such finery as to astonish her cousins, whose gaze of wonder evidently gratified her vanity. Charles was seated near, with a soiled story-book in his hand, which he seemed desirous to display while addressing to James the enquiry, 'Well, I hope you have had enough of praying and psalm-singing?'

Mary was about to volunteer a tart reply; but Sarah's eager voice interposed: 'Oh the singing! what sweet singing you made this morning! You must sing to me that pretty tune again. I said when you left off, it was *so* sweet.'

'We'll all sing,' said Phœbe, 'when they have learnt our songs'——'No, no,' rejoined Sarah hastily, 'their song is best.'

'My dear, dear child,' said the widow, sitting down by her, 'our song is indeed the best; for it gives praise to the Saviour of sinners.'

'Who is that, grandmother?' asked the girl, raising her eyes, with a half vacant look.

'Jesus Christ,' repeated all her cousins, in a breath, and with a solemnity of tone that seemed to provoke Phœbe, who, tossing her head, observed to her sister

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in a voice of scornful reproach, 'Just as if you didn't know that as well as they!'

'Do you know him, Sarah; do you know the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of sinners, and as your own Saviour from sin and its everlasting punishment?' asked the widow.

'No, ma'am; I do not.'

'It's a lie,' exclaimed Charles, 'you do.'

His grandmother turned to him, and commenced mildly explaining the difference between such a knowledge as he meant and a real saving acquaintance with the Lord Jesus, but he broke in upon her, rising and with an oath exclaiming, 'I wish you had not come here to pester us with your cant. I shan't stay to be bored with it, at any rate; and as for that poor girl, she has enough to bear without being made a gloomy Methodist into the bargain. Come along Johnny—better lose one's dinner than get such sauce to it.' He dashed down his book, seized his unwilling brother by the arm, and left the house.

'Oh pray, pray don't be angry!' sobbed Sarah, who seemed to feel the insult to her aged relative as much as the young Greens evidently did.

'I am not angry, my love, not at all,' said the widow, wiping the tears from the helpless girl's face. 'Poor Charles is quite mistaken, or he would not speak so. We must pray for him.'

'I never pray,' observed the girl.

'But you must.'

'I don't know how, grandmother; I never learned.'

'There's another of your lies,' remarked Phœbe; 'you went to church often enough.'

'Yes; but that's long ago, and I don't remember the prayers; so how should I pray?'

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'Leave your nonsense,' said her mother, sharply, 'and don't keep your friends from taking off their bonnets.'

Upon this hint the visitors retired to their room, where they heard involuntarily the united scoldings of mother and sister, with a sob from Sarah between the pauses. She was evidently too weak to cope with anything so agitating, and the widow trembled lest it should induce a return of the fits. She kneeled down, with her little party around her, and in a low voice commended to the mercies of God in Christ Jesus the poor wounded, straying lamb that she ardently longed to gather into his fold.

The two boys did not return; and after a gloomy meal Phœbe went out also. On their return from afternoon service the widow engaged in a conversation with her son-in-law, her daughter, and two neighbours who dropped in, which, while she strove to make it subservient to their spiritual good, gave her an unexpected and startling insight into some details of the FACTORY SYSTEM, which we must reserve for another chapter.

C. E.

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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. I.

WHEN men attempt to write the biographies of their fellow-men, who have been distinguished for genius, for learning, or for virtue, the result is usually panegyric. The pictured delineation may bear a striking resemblance in proportion and outline, to the fair prototype, but the colouring is heightened, the light is made to fall upon the more perfect features; the defects are thrown into shadow. It is not thus however that the portraitures of men are drawn in the inspired word of God, by the unerring pencil of the Holy Ghost. There no illusion obtains; no false colouring is admitted. There is neither distortion, nor palliation, nor concealment. The mirror of truth, unlike the canvass of the artist, gives back from its pure unclouded surface every lineament and feature, every spot and blemish, without any admixture of embellishment on the one hand or of disparagement on the other. The Bible affords us but one perfect example; in all other instances, men are exhibited so full of infirmity, that they are found to fail, even in the exercise of those particular virtues for which they are especially commended. The meekest man that ever lived, falls through pride and anger; the

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father of the faithful is on two occasions "faithless found;" and she who is held up as a model of conjugal affection and duty introduces discord and strife into her household, to be perpetuated among the descendants of the same parent, to a thousand generations. What then? Shall we turn from the study of these imperfect examples in search of an ideal perfection which never has been, and never will be realized? No! we will rather listen to the voice of inspired wisdom, bidding us to look back into "the old time," and contemplate those "holy women" whose conduct is set forth as worthy of our imitation. We will consider their "trust in God," their "chaste conversation," their glorious adorning, their fearless yet devoted submission; and we will be content to earn, by well-doing, by faithful discharge of every social duty, our title to be called the daughters of her who, "after this manner," obeyed her husband; and who has this high honour conferred upon her, that she is said to be the mother of all those who, actuated by the same principles, give in their day and generation, an example of the obedience of duty; even as Abraham is declared to be the father of all, who evidence by their walk and conduct an example of the obedience of faith.

Eighteen hundred years have well nigh elapsed since the apostle Peter directed the attention of his female converts to the "old time" for models of duty and of purity of life and manners; and to the end of this dispensation, the daughters of the Christian covenant will have to measure themselves by the same standards. To the tent of Sarah they must go for instruction, and learn in an age of luxury and excitement a lesson of humility, of self-denial, of

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trust in God, and of unostentatious duty, within the hallowed precincts of the patriarchal home.

In studying those holy scriptures which were written for our learning, how often are we tempted to wish that the inspired penmen had been less brief and hasty in their delineations of the lives and characters of individuals. How do we long to question of those things which are not recorded; and to have those links in the chain of events supplied which are found wanting. The patient investigation of God's word; the comparing scripture with scripture, will do much towards supplying these deficiencies, and where these fail, our natural curiosity is chastised by the recollection that enough has been recorded for our correction and instruction in righteousness. Of the early years of Sarai, we know nothing beyond the mere mention of her marriage with Abram in the land of his nativity, in Ur of the Chaldees. She appears to have been nearly connected with her husband before this marriage, and may have borne the same relationship to him that Milcah did to Nahor. She was at all events a descendant of the elder Nahor, and therefore we may conclude that Chaldea was also the land of her birth. Terah and his children were the members of a settled and civilized community, and must have been completely distinct in character and habits from the nomades of the surrounding deserts. They dwelt in one of the many flourishing towns of the Mesopotamia, in a city which had Nimrod for its founder, and in a land rich in the traditions of that earlier time, when "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." But with whatever accuracy the knowledge of the true God, and of his dealings with a

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fallen race had been transmitted by the sons of Noah to their immediate descendants, that knowledge had been, in process of time, either lost or corrupted, by their degenerate posterity: and the men who professed to know God, but in works denied him, had been by him given up to worship the host of heaven, and to render to the visible that homage and service which are due only to the invisible things of Him, even his eternal power and Godhead. Many a lonely ruined pile, whose gigantic proportions seem to mock the puny architecture of modern days, attests to the traveller in these regions that here the Chaldean sages held their nightly converse with the stars, as they burned with pure, yet intense light in their clear, cloudless atmosphere. Here they marked the coming forth of "Mazzaroth in his season, and Arcturus with his sons;" here they marked how the advancing spring was betokened by "the sweet influence of the pleiades," and how the earth was chilled beneath Antares' beam. And as the devotees of this awe-inspiring science relaxed their hold upon the tenets of that pure theism which their forefathers bequeathed to them,—as they witnessed, from age to age, the unaltered regularity to the heavenly bodies; their undimmed, undying lustre; their changeless, tranquil path in the wide heavens, and contrasted them with the frail fleeting things of earth; it is not surprising that their darkened heart was lifted up to adore these seemingly bright intelligences, nor that they should become

'A worship ere the myst'ry of their making was revealed.'

That Terah and his household were deeply imbued with the spirit of the Chaldean idolatry, is evident

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from the confession of Joshua in his public charge to the twelve tribes at Shechem; and it appears probable that, like the Israelites of that day, so also the "fathers who dwell on the other side of the flood" had attempted to unite the service of Jehovah with the multiplied objects of the Sabean worship; for when the call came to Abram, "get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee,"—his believing acquiescence in this command, proves, at least, that he had some distinct knowledge of Him who gave it: for how could he believe in Him of whom he had not heard, and how could he have given credit to the promise of God, if he had not previously entertained some just and accurate notions of His faithfulness and power?

"And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife: and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan." Of all the members of Terah's household, the command had been addressed singly and individually to Abram, "Get *thee* out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house." To none other was this extraordinary direction given, of none other was this painful sacrifice required: but when the resolute obedience of Abraham had stood the test of all those obstacles which must have arisen to try it—when he was prepared to quit his settled home in Ur to become a pilgrim, and his family endearments and national distinctions to become a stranger upon earth—then it was that the paternal tenderness of Terah was manifested towards his pious son, by his determining to accompany Abram

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even to that remote and unknown land which God had promised to shew him—"they went forth to go into the land of Canaan." But with whatever sincerity of purpose Terah had commenced the pilgrimage, he did not long persevere in it. He never crossed the boundaries of his native country; but after a short journey in the direction of the promised land, either overcome by the infirmities of age, or discouraged by reason of the way, he sat down, not in a tabernacle, like one who was ready on the morrow to strike his tent and march onward, but with that pertinacity of habit which in old age peculiarly manifests itself, he settled himself once more in a city of Mesopotamia—"He came unto Haran and dwelt there."

The death of Terah soon left Abram at liberty to recommence his journey. He collected together the property he had acquired while dwelling in Haran, and took with him that orphan charge bequeathed to him and his father; the only son of his deceased brother. For the space of three years after their departure from Haran, Lot continued to accompany his uncle in their journeyings through the land of Canaan, a witness of the piety and courage with which, though surrounded by the powerful and idolatrous Anakim, Abram built in every place of his temporary sojourning an altar to the Lord; and a partaker of the temporal blessings promised by Jehovah to his faithful servant; for we read, "Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks and herds and tents." It was well, however, for the patriarch that he was not dependant for the solace of companionship and affection upon the unstable and worldly-minded Lot, who too soon abandoned the

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pilgrim's life to dwell in the "cities of the plain." With whatever degree of affection he might have looked upon the guardian of his youth, it was not powerful enough to bind him to Abram when the hopes of self-aggrandizement, by means of their separation, awakened within his bosom: and it was well for the man who remained still a stranger and a sojourner in the land—for him whose heart had been already so deeply rent by separation from kindred and home and country—that one human friend was still left to him, whom no diversity of fortune, no peril nor chance of worldly loss, could sever from his side—one who knew no exile where her Lord was present, and who, like him, was content to sojourn in the land of promise as in a strange country, looking for a city "which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Time was, when the yet unfallen representative of the human race walked before God in the blamelessness of perfect integrity, enjoying not alone the sovereignty of the creatures, the beauty, the profusion, and the solacement of external nature, but also that which only could satisfy the cravings of his immortal soul—the consciousness of the Creator's love, and the ready response to that love which the harmony of the unbroken moral law within his breast gave back with every vibration of its mysterious chords. It was at such a time as this, so replenished from without, so harmonious within, that the eye of Omniscience discovered something which was yet wanting to perfect man's felicity. His spiritual nature could go forth in holy communion with God; but his human mind found no companionship either in the natural or animal world around him. "And

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the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." The gift which was granted to man in the day of his uprightness has not been withdrawn from him in the day of his transgression; and to the present hour none of the sons of Adam has been so poor or so outcast, but that there might be found a help meet for his necessity, a sharer of his forlorn condition. The records of crime and misery often exhibit something in the hard-tried, devoted attachment of a wife, which so far surpasses the limits of human patience and endurance, that it can be accounted for only by supposing that the Creator, in implanting within the breast the instinct of conjugal affection, gave to it the force of an elastic power, rising with every fresh demand upon its energies, and, like the fragile-looking asbestos, not only resisting the fierceness of the hottest flame, but appearing to become whiter and purer in the fiery process.

But it is not alone in the enduring fidelity of her attachment to the fate and fortunes of man, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health," that woman—woman, the daughter, sister, mother, wife—has been a help meet for him. Look at the history of those ancient nations, the light of whose cultivated reason contrasts strangely with the darkness of their vain imaginations in their perceptions of spiritual things; and see how the name of woman blends with everything that is lofty in heroism, pure in patriotism, and noble in self-sacrifice. Nor have the annals of Christendom been found to fail in bearing testimony to the fact, that woman—enlightened by the gospel of the grace of God, and raised from the degradation of her former

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position by that gospel—has been a mighty instrument in the hands of God for the preservation of his faith upon earth, and a watchful conservator of all its pure and holy charities.

The "heirs of the grace of life" are still professing to seek a country—still confessing themselves strangers and pilgrims upon earth; and shall not those who are called to be "heirs together with them," willingly give up, as Sarai did the fond idolatries of youth, the desire of worldly ease, and approbation, and aggrandizement, to become helpmeets and not hinderers of the pilgrims of Canaan?

LYDIA.

COULD an unpurified sinner find entrance into heaven, it would be an impeachment on the Father's justice, an insult to the Saviour's atonement, a denial of the Spirit's offices, a contempt put upon the Spirit's work, a spot upon the disk of God's perfections, a speck on the purity of Christ's redemption. The sight would strike horror into the choir of the ransomed, would silence their song of triumph, would wither the palms in their hands, would pale the lustre of the diadems upon their brows; for how could they know but that, by the aperture at which that sinner had entered, Satan himself might stand among them too?—*Rev. T. Dale.*

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LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

II.

[By an oversight of the Editor, the third letter in this series was inserted last month instead of this, which is the second.]

For the purpose of giving you some sketches of our earliest records of Ireland, I have applied myself to the account transmitted to us by Geoffry Keating, D.D. I can promise nothing from myself, but merely to be a gleaner from others, being unacquainted with the Irish language. If I had even an opportunity of seeing the many valuable old records which have never yet been explored, they must remain so by me. I begin with Keating's history, because he understood the language thoroughly, and wrote his history in it. In the edition, published 1809, of his work now before me, translated by Dermod O'Connor, Antiquary of the kingdom of Ireland, I find the following account of the author. Rev. J. Keating studied in Spain for twenty-three years, in the college of Salamanca. On his return home he was appointed parish priest of Tybrud. He was esteemed very learned, very zealous in religion, and of a patriotic spirit.

In the zealous discharge of his sacerdotal duties, he exasperated the temper of a man who became an

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inveterate enemy, and obliged him to take refuge from his persecution in the retired fastnesses of the wood of Aharla, which lies between the Gailte mountain and Tipperary. In this concealment, he wrote his history, not for the lucre of gain, but for the benefit of his countrymen.

His esteem for the Irish language is described in the following lines, written by him in that language, but translated by O'Connor.

> The Irish language is completely sweet;
> In aid of it no foreign e'er did meet.
> A copious, free, keen, and extending voice,
> And mellifluent, brief; for mirth most choice.
> Although the Hebrew language be the first,
> And that, for learning, Latin be the best,
> Yet still, from them, the Irish ne'er was found,
> One word to borrow, to make its proper sound.

He died in the year 1644—at least that is the date of the inscription to his memory, in raised letters, over the door of the church at Tybrud.

I find so many incredible legends in his history, that I cannot imagine why he should have been at the trouble of detailing them; but in those early times many people believed in superstitious dreams and visions, which at present would not be listened to. They still prevail among the lower Irish, many of whose legends are taken from ancient mythology; and from almost all a good moral may be deduced. I shall give you some of these from Keating's narrative, to enliven my letters for your children; but shall first give a few extracts from his own preface, in which it may be seen that he actually believed all that he found in the ancient records.

In giving his reasons for writing his history, Keating says, 'I am a person of an advanced age, and

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have acquired a more valuable experience, by understanding the public chronicles and ancient authors in their original language, than they (being of other countries, of minor years, and not having time to digest, or capacity to understand the ancient records) could possibly arrive at. It is not from a principle of love or aversion, nor that I am moved by the importunity of friends, or the strong influence of rewards, that I undertook to write the following history of Ireland, but was urged on by reflecting that so noble a country as the kingdom of Ireland, and so worthy and generous a people who possessed it, ought not to be abused by fabulous relations, or have their memories buried in oblivion, without being transmitted, and the antiquity and names of the inhabitants recorded with honour to posterity: and I humbly conceive that my history should the rather take place, because I trace the antiquity of the Irish much higher, and with better authority than other writers, and give a particular account of the most ancient Irish, the Gadelians: and if any one should suppose that I bestow too large encomiums upon that brave and illustrious tribe, or speak with partiality of their exploits, let it be considered that I have no temptation to be unjust, being myself originally of English extraction.

'I have observed, that every modern historian, who has undertaken to write of Ireland, commends the country, but despises the people; which so far raised my resentment and indignation, that I set out in this untrodden path, and resolved to vindicate so brave a people from such scandalous abuses, by searching into original records, and from thence compiling a true and impartial history.

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'It grieved me to see a nation hunted down by ignorance and malice, and recorded as the scum and refuse of mankind, when upon a strict inquiry they have made as good a figure, and have signalized themselves in as commendable a manner to posterity, as any people in Europe. The valour and unshaken bravery of the old Irish, and particularly their fixed constancy in the Christian religion, and the Catholic faith, ought to be honourably mentioned, as a proper standard and example for ages that follow. All histories allow that Ireland was the established seat of learning, that annually afforded numbers of professors, who were sent to cultivate and improve the neighbouring nations of France, Italy, Germany, Flanders, England, and Scotland.

'If it be objected, that the chronicles of Ireland are liable to suspicion, and may be justly questioned; let it be observed in reply, that no people in the world took more care to preserve the authority of their public records, and to deliver them uncorrupt to Tara, in the presence of the nobility and clergy, and in a full assembly of the most learned and eminent antiquaries in the country.

'The treatises that are to be seen at this day in the Irish language, contain particular relations of all the memorable battles and transactions that happened in Ireland from the first account of time, and gives an account of the genealogies of the principal families in the island; and the authority of these public records cannot be questioned, when it is considered that there were above two hundred chroniclers and antiquaries, whose business was to preserve and record all actions and affairs of consequence relating to the public; they had revenues and salaries settled

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upon them for their maintenance, and to support the dignity of their character; their annals and histories were submitted to the examinations and censure of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, who were most eminent for learning, and assembled for that very purpose; which is evidence sufficient to evince their authority, and to procure them, upon the account of what has been mentioned, a superior esteem to the antiquities of any other nation, except the Jewish, throughout the world.

'The chronicles of Ireland receive an additional value from this consideration, that they were never suppressed by the tyranny and invasion of any foreign power; for though the Danes occasioned great troubles in the kingdom of Ireland for many ages, yet the number of these public registerers, whose office was to enter upon record the affairs of the kingdom, were so many that the Danes could not possibly destroy them all, though it must be confessed that some of the chronicles of those times perished. No other country in Europe, that I know of, can justly boast of the same advantage; for though the Romans, the Gauls, the Goths, Saxons, Saracens, Moors, and Danes generally were careful to suppress the public records in their respective incursions, yet it was impossible that the antiquities of Ireland should be involved in the same fate, because copies of them were lodged in so many hands, and there were so many antiquaries to take care of them.

'The Irish were furnished with a learned body of men, called druids or soothsayers, whose peculiar office it was to take a strict account of the several genealogies, and to record the most memorable transactions that happened in the kingdom.

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'Niul, the father of Gadelas, obtained all his riches and honour upon the account of his learning and exquisite art, from whom were derived, not only the streams of learning and knowledge, but a sufficient skill to adjust the pedigrees of families, and to transmit them uncorrupt to after ages.'

In the year of our Lord 1566, 'There was an English priest, whose name was Good; he taught a school in Limerick, and upon the strictest survey and inquiry, gives this account of the people of Ireland: "They are a people robust, and of great agility of body, of a stout and magnanimous disposition, of a sharp and warlike genius, prodigal of life, patient of labour, of cold, and of hunger; exceeding kind and hospitable to strangers, constant in their love, implacable to their enemies, easy to believe, impatient of reproach and injury."'

Stanihurst's account of them is—'In labours the most patient of mankind, and seldom despairing under the greatest difficulties.'

SIR, the church of England is the eye of England. If there be a speck or two in the eye, we endeavour to take them off; but he were a strange oculist who should pull out the eye.—*Lord Bacon.*

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more than to father and mother. Yet we daily see marriages contracted in which it is not possible such a union could exist; where the dissimilarity of education, habits, tastes, or natural dispositions render it impossible for even a union in religious sentiments to produce that full harmony of heart necessary to the idea of two becoming one. From this cause I have seen much deficiency of affection and happiness in marriages, where each party possessed qualities capable of rendering them blessings in domestic life with a more suitable companion. Who can expect a blessing on a state entered into without a due regard to the declared will and intention of God!

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RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

No. VI.

A PARISH HISTORY.

'THE case is simply this,' said the curate: 'When I set out on the journey from which I am now returning, I arranged all its stages in my own mind previously; for one so little used to travelling, may, even in these days, be excused for feeling a little sort of nervous apprehension regarding a seat on the top of a coach, and, to avoid the expense of one inside it, I resolved to take poor old Dodger as my sole conveyance, and to stop each night at houses where I was assured of a *cead-mil failthele* to all they had to give. On approaching your county, I own, however, I found that in one respect I had been sadly deficient in the foresight on which I prided myself. It was the fair day, and I found I had to travel perhaps seven or eight miles at an hour which on *such* an evening could not be considered a safe one. I revolved, therefore in my mind the prudence of stopping till morning in the town; but the idea of spending the night at a noisy and public inn, which,

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as I did not know a creature there, I must have done, counterbalanced the fear of assault, and I proceeded.

'A little out of the town, I perceived three men walking before me; and the suspicions of danger which probably arose from the consciousness that I had then upon my person nearly all my store of worldly goods, in the shape of cash to defray the expenses of my journey, made me keep an anxious eye upon them. I saw two of them were evidently intoxicated, and appeared to behave in that rude and reckless manner which made me much wish to avoid their path: but poor Dodger was already tired, and therefore I thought it most advisable to linger behind, especially as I must turn off the cross-roads, to the friend's house where I intended to rest that night, and I hoped it might be their purpose to continue straight on.

'Before long, however, an altercation ensued between them, and after some disputation, the object of which appeared to be to prevent the most respectable-looking of the party from returning; one man turned back and ran towards the town. I felt a little uneasy at first, but I soon saw that I was not the object of his notice. The other two continued some short distance further, but on coming to the cross-roads at which I designed to turn off, the younger abruptly bade his companion good night. The other put out his hand with the intention, it seemed, of catching the breast of his coat, but failed in his object, and murmuring something indistinctly, staggered to the other side of the way. I was then close behind them; for being glad to find myself so near the road by which I was to leave the public one,

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I had come on faster than I did before. I am quite certain that I heard the words, 'Good night, Pat.' A glance at the countenance of the speaker reconciled me to taking the same road with him; indeed it was just the countenance in which you would hope you could not be mistaken—open, honest, and generous. I thought it expedient to join his company, and from his first salutation I saw he took me for a priest. I was not altogether disinclined to let him think me so; in the first place it would afford me a safe convoy, and next, it gave me the oportunity of conveying to my companion much truth which might be received with prejudice, if known to be uttered by a Protestant clergyman.

'As he conversed without any respect to party, it was not until we were near parting that I discovered he too was a Protestant. It was in consequence of my endeavouring to shew him the injury that often arose from frequenting such places as he had first come from, that he told me, with perfect candour, of the manner in which he had been situated with respect to his companions, of his circumstances in the parish, and his object in coming to the fair, a step which he appeared on the whole to regret. As soon as he mentioned his name, I recollected having seen him here about a year ago; but as I saw he did not discover me, I did not make myself known, intending on my return here to give him a surprise. Poor fellow! had I foreseen what was before him! and, perhaps, had he known who I was, he might have employed me as a witness in his favour.'

'How wonderful are the ways of Providence!' said the rector, devoutly clasping his hands.

'But what is to be done?' I asked.

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'Oh! do try,' Nanny articulated, and looked in all our faces without saying more.

'I will gallop over to R——,' said Mr. Hastings.

'Oh! thank you,' Nanny cried most earnestly, but her look expressed more than her words.

'I will go instantly,' Mr. Hastings rejoined, putting his hand on the bell.

'No, Hastings,' said the rector, 'it will do no good.'

'No good!—my dear sir, surely'—

'It would not,' said the curate, who had sat with his hands on his knees, and his head projected towards the fire, and his eyes intently fixed.

'And what then do you choose to have done, sir?' the young man demanded in an offended tone.

'Irwin must go himself,' said the rector, with the calmness and decision that always characterized him; 'and I will not even propose that you or I should accompany him. He will not be suspected as a stranger, and therefore be far safer alone than if attended by any one from this house.' As he said this, he walked into the hall, and soon returned with the tidings that the night was still a dismal one, the wind very high, and rain falling in torrents. The curate rose from his chair, and holding his red hands over the fire, looked at Nanny's anxious countenance, and asked if she thought his coat would be dry?

'You need not think of putting it on yet, Irwin,' said the rector: 'the night is so dark you would gain nothing in point of time by setting off now. In a few hours day will dawn, and then the storm may abate.'

'And what shall I do till then?'

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'Rest.'

'Impossible!' I exclaimed; and Mr. Hastings looked rather indignant.

'Indeed you must *try* to sleep, or at least to rest,' said Nanny, who knew him better. 'We will not let you linger a moment after the first streak of day; I will open that upper shutter, and watch for you.'

'I thank you, Miss Nanny; I think we may depend that *you* will not let me sleep too long; so you may all sit there and keep watch if you please, and I will settle myself here;' and he flung himself on a sofa.

We all agreed not to separate, and, drawing closer round the fire, held a short consultation, the result of which was, that it was expedient that Mr. Irwin's sudden departure should not be made known in the house. This being determined Nanny quietly left the room, and returned with all his wet habiliments, which she contrived to secure without observation, and they were spread before our fire-side. We then sat silent, leaving the weary traveller to rest. How present are the recollections of such seasons to us through after days! But when Nanny knew that the servants had retired to rest, she again stole out, and brought back with her a small tray containing all the necessaries for giving him a cup of coffee before his departure. At length the watched-for streak of light was perceived on the edge of a murky cloud. The curate was aroused, the coffee poured out; he was carefully muffled by sundry hands; a blessing on his object was asked by the rector; Mr. Hastings saddled his horse and led it to the door, and we watched him as long as his figure was the least to be discerned in the grey and cheerless twilight.

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We must turn now to a different scene.

That evening as Peggy Morrow sat with her husband at his fireside, her open and very sagacious countenance wore an air of deep thought.

'Why then Rob,' she said, as if suddenly giving vent to her thoughts, 'isn't it an extraordinary thing all out, how that man came by his death?'

'What is in the woman's mind now?' said Bob, speaking of, rather than to, his wife, although there was no other listener present. 'She wo'nt rest any way until she knows the ins and outs of the matter.'

'Then the never a one of myself would care to know anything about it,' Peggy replied. 'But isn't it a queer thing that you who have seen so many men killed in your day, couldn't make out what it was that gave Pat Dogherty his death-blow?'

'Indeed, then, I never thought about it; but what is it you are at now, woman?'

'Couldn't you tell when you saw the body whether it was the blow of a stick, or a stone, or a fall, or what it was that killed the man?'

'It was a blow, sure enough, but not a blow of a stone, or the skin would be cut, neither was it a stick, but like something heavier.'

Peggy sat erect on her stool, and fastened her eyes on her husband.

'Did you search the place, Rob Morrow? or will you go off and search it to-morrow, or myself will be off by break of morn?'

'There would be no use in that now, Peggy; it could do poor John no good.'

'May be that's more than you can tell, Rob,' Peggy replied, looking very wise. 'However, that's neither here nor there; but if you think it's all over with

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John Tennisson, may be you are mistaken. There will be another trial for it, I'm thinking, before he sets his foot on the gallows. Hav'n't I known all about it the whole of this blessed day; didn't I know that there came down to his Reverence last night, in all the storm, a great man from the Castle of Dublin, and didn't his Reverence make interest with him to save John, and send him off at peep of day to the magistrates; and hav'n't I heard just now from Billy Nowlan, that's helper at the Glebe, how he is come back there again, and says that John won't be hung awhile longer; and if matters are better made out, perhaps he won't be hung at all; and wouldn't that be the blessed news for the poor girl over there?'

'And what for would you have me search, Peggy?' Rob demanded, who did not possess the sagacious mind of his wife.

'Just look for whatever you can find, and if you find anything you ever saw before, say nothing about it, but just bring it home to me, and mind above all things, you let nobody see it, or it will be as much as your life is worth.'

'The blessed saints keep us from evil. Peggy Morrow, but it's yourself is able to frighten one! Ah, then, woman, what is come over you? You spoke like one that knew something.'

'I don't know anything at all, but do my bidding, Rob dear, and you'll have my blessing, and more than mine.'

'And if I stay from work, what will the master say?'

'If you make a good day's work where you are going, it's himself will be proud of it, and if you start with the first light you will be back time

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enough to make half a day; and if you are no wiser than before you went, we must make an excuse for you.'

'Well, Peggy, you are a woman all out; but mind and waken us early;' and throwing himself on his bed, Rob slept until his wife, who had retained her place by the fire, shook him awake, and dispatched him upon his mission.

Peggy had calculated the time of his return; but though aware that it could not be until a certain hour, she had been in a state of excitement which prevented her from finding any occupation, so that she had only managed to sweep her cabin floor half over when that hour arrived, and was stooping in a listening attitude, her apron tucked over on one side, the besom suspended in her hand, and her eye directed to the door, when her husband's step approached it.

Morrow shut the door, and drew close to his wife, who looked in his face with an air that shewed she expected to hear his search had not been unproductive.

'Peggy, woman,' said the simple man, 'I believe I'll have no more to do with you.'

'What have you found?' asked Peggy, breathlessly, and unheeding her husband's superstitious suspicions. 'Have you found ——.' She stopped as if fearful of pronouncing the word.

'Put your hand down my back, and you will get what I found,' he replied; 'a fearful thing it is to have about one, the holy Mary keep us from evil. Amen.'

Peggy put her hand down the back of his waistcoat, and a scream both of terror and pleasure was

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bursting from her lips as she drew up a short, thick whip-handle, heavily loaded with lead.

'The blessed saints and angels be praised!' she exclaimed, falling on her knees, while the singular cause of her thanksgiving lay on the ground before her. 'I knew it. I knew it. I dreamed about it the night before last, and it has been in my mind sleeping and waking; I knew he took it to the fair that morning.'

'Aye, it was that, sure enough, that gave Pat Dogherty his death-blow,' said Morrow. 'No one that saw the black mark on his temple but could tell that, and not a man in the parish but could swear to the owner of it.'

'Don't let it lie on your floor, any way, Rob Morrow,' said Peggy, in a voice which the simple man now listened to as to one of inspiration.

'What am I to do with it, Peggy, avourneen?'

'Put it up where it was before; it was well you had the wit to hide it there,' she added, at the same time reinserting the awful instrument in its former concealment. 'Go your way, now; never stop nor stay till you get to the master; don't say a word to any one; not to the servants, nor the company, nor even to Miss Nanny, only to himself; you'll know what to say when you see him for it's not lucky to be talking about it here.'

Morrow accordingly soon presented himself at the Glebe, lounged about till he caught a glimpse of the Rector, claimed an audience, and was admitted.

Not long after, his wife, too, came there and asked for me, ostensibly to receive some directions about poor Kate Conolly, who was very ill, but in reality to

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he would tell some of his friends to give it to him next morning. But as he was coming home who should he meet but Ned's comrade, and this man being both drunk and angry, fastened a quarrel on Hugh, and the end of it was that Hugh was provoked beyond bearing, and gave him a blow with the bayonet he had in his hand, and the man fell dead on the spot: it was a lonely place, a little way out of the town. Hugh got away as quick as he could, and never thought more of the unfortunate bayonet; and his regiment was marched off at day-light, and so he never heard a word more of the matter till he came back a few years afterwards.

'The first thing he did then was to inquire for the young woman he wished to marry, and he was told that she had died of a broken heart, grieving for her brother. 'What happened her brother?' said Hugh; but his heart turned like a stone.

''Oh,' says one, 'sure he was hanged for the murder of his comrade, who was killed the very night you left this, after Ned and he had been quarrelling, and Ned's bayonet was found beside him. Ned denied it with his dying breath, but the people said he was hardened, for there was his bayonet, and he could not tell how it got there.''

'So you see, Mrs. Toole,' Peggy added, 'the innocent suffered for the guilty; but which do you think suffered most, Mrs. Toole? Hugh or the man who died in his stead?'

Toole could not stand the appeal, but starting up with a face distorted with contending passions, would have flung the stool on which he had been sitting at his tormentor's head, but she held him with her powerful arm.

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'Sit down, sit down, man alive,' she said, with much composure, 'sit down, I meant no offence to *you*; I was only saying that one who lives guilty is more miserable than they who die innocent—that was all. And so, Mrs. Toole, I just told you that story to shew that if it hadn't been for the bayonet no one could ever have said how the poor soldier came by his death. And now that reminds me of it, Brian, wasn't it an odd thing that no one ever made out what it was gave poor Pat Dogherty his death-blow? The people say it wasn't like the blow of a stone, and yet the boy that's to be hung for it had nothing with him baring this: I saw you all three setting off, and I'll swear he hadn't so much as a stick, nor when he was taken up had he anything either: and now that brings it back to me, Brian, you had that great loaded whip of yours that wanted the lash, with you that morning—what did you do with it?'

Toole's knees knocked together, but before his trembling lips could utter, the policemen, who, with the rector and Mr. Hastings were stationed at the back entrance, appeared at the appointed signal—'What did you do with it?' and the wretched man, whose previous state of mind deprived him of all self-possession, fell at the rector's feet, and offered to confess all if his life would be spared.

'I cannot make you any promises,' said the rector, whose dignity of form, and front bearing the stamp of rectitude, contrasted strongly with the miserable suppliant at his feet, 'but a timely confession will assuredly aid you in preparing to think of meeting, sooner or later, that Judge whom no one can deceive.'

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'If you will come with me then into that room,' said Toole, in a more composed and determined manner, 'I will tell it to you in private.'

Two rooms leading one into the other joined the kitchen, in which they were: in the further room was a door which opened to the fields at the back of the house: the rector instantly crossed the first of these rooms, and, at Toole's desire, had stepped over the threshold of the inner one, when he turned his head—just in time—for the traitor who followed him had caught up a spade, which he probably knew was there, and had it suspended, ready to strike, intending, I suppose, when he had effected this deed of vengeance, to trust to his speed in running, and the confusion of the moment, for his escape.

Possessed of much personal strength, the rector grasped the handle of the spade, and called for help, which being at hand the wretched man was secured.

Still perfectly calm and evincing no marks of anger against the man who had aimed at his life, the rector made Mr. Hastings remain with him, and dismissing the much more irritated policemen, told Toole that although he had just forfeited his life by a fresh act of violence he was willing to pardon him, and to forbear to prosecute, if he were still willing to make retribution for his past acts, and to confess all that he knew respecting Dogherty's death.

Self-preservation was all that the wretched man now thought of, and sinking on the side of the bed he glanced round to see that all the policemen were withdrawn, and then murmured in a husky tone—'I had no intention of hurting Pat Dogherty—why should I! we were always friends: but I was angry that he let the Orange fellow get away, and I wanted

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him to turn back with me and overtake him; he would not, and when he taunted me, I lost all patience, and struck him a blow with the whip-handle, but I did not think to do what I did.'

'Did he speak afterwards?' said the rector, in a solemn tone.

The man looked up in his face for the first time, and uttered, with peculiar emphasis, the word—'Speak?'—then looking down, he said, 'No, he didn't, but he gave me a look that's in my mind and before my eyes night and day ever since; I went to lift him up,' he added, as if having once opened his lips it relieved him to speak on, 'but when I saw that look, I dropped him again; the blood sprang to his mouth, but it stopped there; he was dead in half a minute.'

'And what did you do then?'

'I threw the whip down into the thickest briars, and ran back and told the people.'

'But why did you lay it to John Tennisson's charge?'

'Who else would I lay it on?' Toole demanded, raising momentarily the heavy lid from an eye whence the desire of revenge still shot a reviving gleam.

'And so you bore witness against an innocent man,' said Mr. Hastings, 'knowing yourself to be the murderer!'

This speech darkened into deeper gloom the dark countenance of the person it was addressed to: and the appearance of the policemen who were to carry him away finished the impression. From thenceforth his lips were closed, so far as confession or retribution was concerned. His look, instead of being

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timid or terrified, became sullen: an air of dogged resolution sat on his brow. Before the magistrate to whom he was taken he steadily denied his knowledge of Dogherty's death, further than he had witnessed to at the trial. He refused to acknowledge the confession he had made to the rector, and declared that he, Mr. Hastings, and the policemen were all forsworn, and were in a league to rescue one of their own party.

But little now remains to be told. Some time after the event recorded above, Nanny and I walked over to Kate Connolly's house. It was a fine, clear, sun-shiny morning in the middle of autumn. As we approached it we saw her old grandmother seated on the grass-bank that bounded a small field in its front. Nanny touched my arm and said, 'Look, poor old woman, she is in one of her bad tempers. Whenever anything is going on in her house which vexes her, and yet which she cannot put an end to, she goes and sits there: and once she got the rheumatism by sitting there on a rainy day, because Kate was doing something she thought she should have known she did not wish her to do.' As she spoke we were beside the house; and Nanny receiving scarcely any answer to her salutation, entered it without ceremony.

There we found Kate Connolly and the rescued John Tennisson. Neither of them certainly had as fine complexions as they once possessed, and both looked altogether very much as persons who had been and were similarly situated might be supposed to look. But there was a subdued and peaceful expression on their countenances, which could not fail to strike any one who had known them before they

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had been called to experience such heavy trials; a look which probably induced Nanny, as she gave me her arm on quitting the house, to say, with a smile of sweetest meaning, "For a little moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee."

A couple of weeks passed away, and the time of my departure drew near: the good rector was attacked by a severe cold, and Nanny kept him rigidly confined to the drawing-room, lest he should indiscreetly pursue his usual custom of speaking to the poor people from the open window of his study. One day the hero of my simple story desired an audience, and certainly seemed a *little* confused on finding it was not to be a private one: had we been aware of his object, I must premise that we should have withdrawn. He came to inform the rector, that though Kate's health was now restored, he thought her strength was by no means equal to support the constant annoyance to which her grandmother's unpleasant disposition and feelings subjected her; that he had, therefore, engaged a girl to live with the old woman and attend to her, and considered it expedient that their marriage should take place at once, and Kate be established in her own quiet abode.

The rector was quite of his opinion, for he said he saw no use of unnecessary procrastination; but, looking rather earnestly at poor John, he added—

'I suppose then, John, your mind has undergone no change on this subject?'

The young man coloured, and then grew pale. For once, at least, Nanny and I were not pleased with the rector; but after a pause he answered.

'However *I* might have changed, sir, my promise was passed, and unless Kate had changed it would

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'I never was a Papist in heart, Miss Nanny; and long ago I would have left the mass, but from the time I began to think that John and I fancied each other, I resolved it never should be said I turned Protestant to get him, or that he had anything to do with it; but when I thought it was all over with us both, I could not die easy till I had spoken the truth that was in my mind, and I sent for his reverence on purpose, and told him I wished to die a Protestant, but he would not let me speak of it just then, because my poor grandmother was hard enough on me without that, and he thought me too ill to bear more: and he told me the first object was to seek to know that my heart was changed and my sins forgiven; and indeed Miss Nanny I was so taken up with this, that I did not think it was so much consequence whether I was *considered* to die a Protestant or a Romanist, and so the days passed over till we heard that there was hope for us yet, and then I told his reverence, that if God was still so good to us, and that John came back, I would never let him be brought into trouble any more about me, but make it clear to all that I changed of my own free will, and that too when it was all one to me whether I did so or not.'

The next Sunday the rector, who had never since that which immediately followed the unhappy Dogherty's death alluded to the distressing circumstances of this little parish history, preached a very beautiful, and *rather* applicable sermon, from the words with which I shall close it: "Keep innocency, and do the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

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FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE opening of another year
Has dawned upon the view;
The rapid chariot wheels of time
Begin their course anew.

With swiftest glance the mind surveys
The days of former years;
And each event that mark'd their course
Like some past dream appears.

What mingled shades of joy and grief
Their varying scenes unfold;
The history of each passing year
Seems like a tale that's told.

Days, months, and years have come and gone,
Their rapid course is past;
But in that course they hasten on
One solemn hour—THE LAST.

Our days are swifter than a post,
They fade like shades of even,
And yet a vast importance hangs
On every moment given.

They fly, but what a weighty charge
Our passing moments bear,
They waft our inmost thoughts to heaven,
And stamp the record there.

J. J. C.

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THE CHURCH AS IT OUGHT NOT TO BE.

'FIE! fie! naughty Charlotte Elizabeth!' says *the Leeds Intelligencer* of December 7, when condescending to dissect the remarks we felt ourselves bound to make on Dr. Wolff's recent 'Journal.' Naughty people must not be allowed to sit in judgment on their own case; but in this free England the naughtiest person, yea, even a 'Lady Reviewer,' may put in a defensive plea against any charge, and subpœna witnesses on her behalf. We do not, however, intend to enter the lists with the Gentleman Reviewer of Leeds; we will merely say that we do not retract or regret a syllable of what was written in our afore-mentioned article: neither shall we follow the advice so good-humouredly given by our truly dear and truly honoured friend, Dr. Wolff, in his pleasant letter to the editor of the Christian Observer; where adverting to the same notice in our Magazine, he recommends our going to Oxford, and arguing the point with Messrs. Newman and Co. with a confident assertion, that IF they be Papists, 'which,' he parenthetically adds, 'they are not,' they will make Charlotte Elizabeth a Papist in five minutes. We would be sorry to stake our Protestantism on that 'IF,' although we are ready to admit that we are as likely to be converted to those gentlemen's views in five minutes as in five years. With regard to Dr. Wolff, if there be a man on earth whom nobody can help loving, he is that

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man. Dissent we may, from some of his views; but there is that in his character which, if a critic dipped his pen in acetic acid, to trace a rebuke for Joseph Wolff, would sweeten it to honey before it touched the paper. With this feeling we always speak of him, think of him, pray for him; and even if he were so inoculated with the virus of Froude as to become the very reverse of what he is, we should only hate the disease the more, for having infected one we love so well.

Besides, Dr. Wolff is not in earnest when he rails at ladies: it is only a little of the native playfulness that always distinguished him. Let any one turn over the leaves of his book, and see if one word in it recurs oftener than that word 'Lady,' or with more unvaried proofs of the endeared estimation in which he holds it. No, Dr. Wolff did not mean to scold us; but the Leeds Reviewer does: he taxes the 'unchristian English lady' with making 'a hit at the Puseyites,' which he says is 'as ill-judged as it is abortive.' Now whether it be abortive or no, we hope to make many such hits; and if we fall short of our aim, the Puseyites must take the will for the deed; as evidently they do when bestowing such a thumping on the naughty person whose attempt, they say, proved abortive.

We are now going to give them the benefit of a reprint, in our pages, from a journal which has set forth with graphic skill the recent accomplishment of what they regard as a great step towards a 'return to the ancient discipline of the church of England.' We copy it from the *Staffordshire Gazette*, and if the contemptible puerilities of the thing provoke a smile of derision, let it be borne in mind that it is by such

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crafty though childish devices Popery holds her empire over untold millions: that it is a mighty ally to the flesh, where it wars against the Spirit: and that if by such externals Popery can again entrap the admiring 'spectators' of these outward things, she will presently have a mighty weapon to wield against the true flock of Christ—the grand object of her malignity since first she tasted the cup that will keep her to the end of her appointed course "drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

Let no one affect to suppose that we apply these strong terms to any body of still professing Protestants; we charge *them* with nothing more than an unconscious instrumentality in the hand of that Romish power——church we will never call it—which when its cunning ends are answered by thus leading the people of England back to the externals of its own idolatrous forms of worship, will chain them to the stake for rejecting—as we surely trust they would—the spiritual abomination itself.

Here follows the paragraph: our readers may make their own comments.

'CONSECRATION OF CHRIST CHURCH, SKIPTON, YORKSHIRE.—On Wednesday, Sept. 25, the new church of Skipton, in Craven, was consecrated by the Bishop of Ripon. The morning service was said by the incumbent of the new church, and the lessons were read from the lectern by the Rev. Hammond Roberson. The Rev. W. Heald, vicar of Birstall, was the preacher. After the morning-service, the bishop consecrated the crypt and the church-yard. This church, built to meet the wants of an increasing population, and therefore an object of interest to all

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churchmen, is also an object of interest from the restoration of primitive order which appears in its interior arrangements. The chancel is one-third the whole length of the church, and is reached from the floor of the nave by an ascent of four steps. On the north side of the topmost of these four steps stands the pulpit; on the south the lectern, whence the lessons are read. In the centre of the topmost step stands a fixed faldstool, holding the Book of Common Prayer *turned towards the altar*, so that the officiating clergyman, in saying all the morning and evening prayer, *kneels on the step with his face towards the altar*. The sentences and exhortations are read and said from a low desk on the lowest step, looking towards the people. Half-way down the chancel on another step stand the *altar* rails. The *altar* itself is of stone, finely carved to correspond with the architecture of the church—the early English style. It is covered with a crimson cloth, the fringe of which hangs only an inch or two over the edge, leaving all the carving uncovered; *on it stand two massive wooden candlesticks, highly carved and richly gilded.* In the south wall, within the *altar* rails, is fixed the primitive credence, on which to place the sacred vessels and sacramental elements previous to oblation. It is of carved wood, and covered with a cloth like that on the *altar*. The font stands under the tower, at the west end, which is open to the church. It is large enough for immersion, and is used by means of the water drain, which was made in all the original fonts, as in this. It is perhaps not generally known that the use of a basin (however ornamentally made in stone ware or otherwise) is peremptorily forbidden by the canons of the church of England; those of

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1571 desiring expressly that in all churches shall be used 'fons non pelvis,' 'the font *not a basin*;' and those of 1603 (canon 81) saying, 'We appoint that there shall be a font of stone in every church and chapel where baptism is to be ministered; the same to be set in the ancient usual places—*in which only font the minister shall baptize publicly.*' The cover is of carved wood, a canopy set on early English arches; and it rises up off the font into the tower by means of a balanced weight above. The incumbent of the church is the Rev. Daniel Parsons, lately curate of Longton, in the Staffordshire Potteries, before Longton was dismembered from the rectory of Stoke-upon-Trent. The admirable arrangements in the church, by which the officiating clergy are enabled to obey the rubric, and return *to the ancient discipline of the Church of England*, are the results of the able superintendence of Christopher Sedgwick, Esq. of Skipton Castle, without whose labours and money the town would probably have failed in raising the church at all.'

Since the foregoing was in type, we have been told that an attack on us 'alike uncalled-for and abusive,' has appeared in the 'Church Magazine.' We have not seen it: the only number of that periodical that ever came in our way happened to contain a tirade against the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, at once so spiteful and so silly that we never wished to see more of it. We are content and happy to be abused in such company. But what have we done to merit this honourable distinction? We have merely declined, and counselled our Christian sisters to decline, that process of blindfolding to which the dis-

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ciples of Puseyism must submit. We discerned in its earliest manifestations the germ of popery, and shrank from the preliminary step of giving our bibles into the hands of frail erring mortals like ourselves, to have this leaf torn out, that leaf doubled down, and another commented upon as authoritatively as though the Holy Ghost, who originally inspired it, had made a new and exclusive revelation to these men, whereby to unveil its hidden meaning, which we, at the peril of our souls, were to receive with equal veneration and submission as we receive the first. All this plainly menaced a return to the confessional, from which Christian ladies would, on many accounts, rather be excused; and because we proclaimed our convictions and asserted our common right, yea duty, of bringing these modern apostles and their dogmas "to the law and to the testimony," which clearly condemn them, we were rebuked as contumacious schismatics, by sundry of the periodicals under the control of Oxford adherents, besides receiving a few letters of pungent reprimand, *all, of course, anonymous.* These things fully confirmed our original impression; and now, even since we sent the former remarks and extract to press, we have seen enough of the two recently published additional volumes of 'Froude's Remains,' to convince us that our very worst surmises fell far short of the reality of what these gentlemen aim at. The following few heads culled at random, may serve to afford our readers a glimpse of the prospect opened to a church where such bare-faced popery is taught by a body of her ordained ministers, unreproved, or at least as yet unrestrained by their ecclesiastical superiors. Next month, God permitting, we will resume the subject,

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accepting as encouragements whatever reproofs, scoffs and insults our brethren of the press may see good to level at us. Dr. Wolff says, 'Ladies should never be reviewers,' but his publisher thinks otherwise; as, in addition to the two copies of the Journal for which we subscribed, a third was sent us, for the express purpose of being reviewed in the Christian Lady's Magazine, which we, as obliged to speak of it in some sort unfavourably, have honestly returned. Why should not ladies, writing for ladies, notice books intended for ladies? Do our theologists desire so to "lead captive silly women," that they should not even be warned of their danger? But we hasten to lay before our readers a few brief notices of some remarkable assertions in these new volumes of Froude's Remains—and in the preface, an official fulmination from the Oxonian vatican.

Thomas à Becket, they maintain, was a saint and a martyr; and in his death exhibited evidence of possessing that peace which God alone can give.

Every child knows that Thomas à Becket died in rebellion against his king on behalf of the papal supremacy in England.

The reformed church of England, they say, has given birth to TWO martyrs, an archbishop and a king; and that both these *blessed saints* died for episcopacy.

We thought the reformed church of England—reformed under our young Edward—had given birth to above three hundred martyrs during the short and bloody rule of Mary; but we suppose John Foxe is now in the English 'Index Expurgatorius.' The execution of Laud was a most unjustifiably wicked act. His suspension from office was clearly necessary to the maintenance of our ecclesiastical Protestantism, t every Christian must abhor the butchery of a man

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who certainly was willing to die for his conscientious opinions. The regicidal atrocity of shedding the king's blood was a crime that no language can too strongly denounce; though it is straining a point to assert that Charles died for episcopacy. He fell a victim to the vindictive arts of foreign Jesuits, from the full adoption of whose abominable counsels he had shrunk. After secretly promising at his marriage to re-establish Popery in England, Charles not only guaranteed to their Popish mother the sole care and controul of all his children until they should be *thirteen* years old, but ratified a farther clause in the agreement, stipulating that they should not even be suckled by Protestant nurses! He was a traitor to Protestantism, and the treason recoiled on his own head, though still to the eternal disgrace of his guilty subjects, who perpetrated the deed. We believe him to have repented, and that he died a patient victim to a most horrible conspiracy: but not a whit more for episcopacy than for autocracy.

Having canonized à Becket, Laud, and Charles the First in their martyrology, the editors of course justify Froude in having called Bishop Jewell 'an irreverent dissenter,' and in wishing 'to have nothing to do with such a set' as 'Ridley and Co.' They distinctly warn us that we must choose between the 'fathers' and the 'reformers,' for that these two schools are directly opposed: they positively assert that none but an especially ordained minister has power to perform the "MIRACLE" of transforming the sacramental bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ; and here for the present we leave them to exult in their exclusive adoption, among nominally Protestant bodies, of the doctrine of transubstantiation!

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REGENERATION.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not to be weary; they shall walk and not faint. Isaiah xl. 31.

THIS scripture refers to the eagle in old age, when all its natural vigour has failed, and its feathers fall off, (as they do annually) leaving it stripped and bare. A change then takes place; its strength is renewed; its plumage is restored, and with extended wings it mounts up, (the eagle soars higher than any other bird) and fixes its broad gaze upon the sun in the full meridian of its splendour.

Every candidate for heavenly glory must undergo a marvellous change. Human nature must be stripped—self-righteousness, self-dependence, self-consequence must be thrown off, before a new covering can be put on. Then the youth of the believer is "renewed like the eagle's." Psalm ciii. 5. Then he sees "the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings," (Mal. iv. 2,) "and beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, is changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. iii. 18.

The Lord must see his image in every child of his before they can be admitted into the heavenly glory. Nothing impure can enter into His presence, who is of

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purer eyes than to behold iniquity. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

The refiner must carry on his work. The vessel must be fitted for the master's use. So hardened are all in nature's corruption, that an Almighty work is necessary to soften and subdue that nature; and though painful the process which separates the dross from the pure metal, we shall yet praise God for it. A God of love trusts no hands but his own in heating the fire of purification for his precious metal, and He sees to it that nothing is lost. It is cleansed, separated, not burned. His peculiar treasure is in the furnace, and his promise is given, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." Isaiah xliii. 1—3.

We are brought through sundry and manifold changes during this process, sometimes in the waters, sometimes in the fires, until we are seven times purified. Be it so. The Lord sees "the need be." Let us trust in him in all our changes, and praise him for choosing us, and causing us to approach unto him, (Psalm lxv. 4,) though it be in a furnace of affliction. They only need fear who glide smoothly down life's surface, exempt from such changes. "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God." Psalm lv. 19. Ease and prosperity was Moab's dangerous state.

"Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he

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hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." Jer. xlviii. 11.

In our natural state we are far from God; aliens, having no right, no claim, to a heavenly inheritance. We were born of a degenerate race, the children of wrath. With the first dawn of reason we give evidence of this truth by our unholy tempers. Pride, passion, intemperate desires are seen in an infant before it has learnt to articulate a word. And as he grows, these evil dispositions, if unrestrained, grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength, and finally render him more fit for the kingdom of Satan than the kingdom of God. How necessary, then, is that process which changes our vile affections! We ought to rejoice, inasmuch as we are counted worthy thus to be led on to higher things than in our natural state we can ever attain. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." 1 Peter iv. 12.

By the operation of the Holy Spirit we become spiritually-minded. A new spirit is given to us. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ." 2 Cor. v. 17, 18.

By means of this regenerating process, there is a mutual recognition between God and his people, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on my name, and I will

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hear them: I will say, It is my people: and they shall say, The Lord is my God."

Now, they wait on the Lord, and their strength is renewed. They wait as children looking up to their Father,—as servants depending upon their Lord; they wish to do him service; they listen for instruction. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth;" "Lord, what wouldest thou have me to do?" And when employment is pointed out, they do it with all their might, not as men-pleasers, but in the laudable ambition of pleasing God; believing themselves to be "his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them." Eph. ii. 10. They do not go slowly and reluctantly about their work. The Lord having made them willing in the day of his power, to do him service is their chief delight; therefore "they shall run and not faint." The Christian works the will of God, who "worketh in him to will and to do." We are not Christians if we produce no fruits of the Spirit. We are plainly told that if we have not the Spirit of Christ we are none of his. Rom. viii. 9, 15, 16. And this is "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." We then know ourselves to be the children of God, for "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

As certainly as we are led on by this Spirit, our aspiring thoughts are brought down, and every high thing which exalts itself above the free and finished work of our salvation. Nothing of ours can be mixed with it. "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." Eph. ii.

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8, 9. Rom. iii. 20—28. "If Abraham were justified by works he hath whereof to glory, but not before God." Rom. iv. 2; ix. 9; xi. 6.

We find a striking instance in St. Paul himself, of the truth of this doctrine, which he so strongly inculcates. By the sovereign grace of God he was turned from the work in which he once boasted. In the full career of his zeal, on his way to Damascus, he was suddenly arrested. For without measure he had "persecuted the church of Christ and wasted it." But when the scales fell from his eyes; when he saw Jesus, the only Saviour, and heard that he was a chosen vessel appointed to save him, he could say—"I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief."

All who act in opposition to the work of God are, as St. Paul was, ignorant and unbelieving. We are no sooner brought to the knowledge of the Saviour than we feel within ourselves a strong desire to do something to his glory—something to confirm ourselves in his service.

Before this divine revelation to St. Paul, he was a proud, self-righteous Pharisee, not only trusting in his work of wasting and making havoc of the church, but glorying in it. How great then was the change which brought him low at the feet of that very Jesus whom he persecuted! His knowledge of such unmerited favour caused him to leave on record a full and genuine confession of his own unworthiness. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save

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sinners, of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting." 1 Tim. i. 12—16. And again, "I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain, but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." 1 Cor. xv. 9, 10. This grace became the apostle's sole dependance: "The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant, with faith and love, which is in Christ Jesus."

It is the same with every servant of God. Their faith worketh by love. They would gladly spend and be spent in the service of so dear a Master. They neither work for life, nor for reward: being saved by grace they are sure of their future inheritance, which they well know that no work of theirs could have earned, nor price of theirs could have purchased in part or in whole. "It cost more to redeem a soul, therefore they must let that alone for ever."

They love God, because he first loved them, and gave himself for them. Having laid hold on this anchor of their soul, sure and stedfast, their anxious cry is no longer, "What shall I do to be saved?" But, What can I do to glorify my God? How can I prove myself his willing, loving, obedient servant?

St. Paul tells of his labours, his trials, his persecutions and privations, not as the means of his salvation. He glories in none of these, though if any might glory in the flesh, he, more than others, had

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dear. We are tremblingly susceptible and clear-sighted to trifles which escape the notice of indifferent observers.

In the present case, however, it needed not the regard which was entertained for the young clergyman by the occupiers of Mr. Grey's pew to render his errors apparent. It was grievous, even to the most uninterested listener, to hear a fine voice, so effective in private, rendered useless by want of management: like some sweet and harmonious instrument in the hands of one who understood not how to draw forth its melody. Those who were at a little distance from the pulpit lost at least half of every sentence, from the way in which the sound was dropped at the end; and thus the discourse was without connexion, and unintelligible to them. Even when close to the preacher, it was difficult to follow him without a painful straining of the attention.

In the next pew to that filled by Mr. Grey's family was an old gentleman in spectacles, whose fine head, the silver hair that fell on his shoulders, and the benevolent expression that beamed in every feature, gave him a peculiarly venerable and attractive appearance. Anna Grey had been struck by the earnest devotion of his manner; she had experienced that delightfully cheering and stimulating influence always produced by the consciousness that a sincere worshipper is near—that our humble breathings are ascending, and mingling with the effectual fervent prayer which availeth much with Him who has promised to be where two or three are gathered together. She had marked, too, with secret pleasure the benignant looks directed towards the young clergyman by the interesting stranger, and saw him,

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when the text was given out, place his open Bible on his knees, and assuming an attitude of earnest attention, remain with his eyes rivetted on the preacher.

But gradually the look of intelligent interest faded away from his countenance. After some time it was plain that his endeavours to follow the discourse were unavailing; his eyes sank to the page before him, and his mind was apparently soon occupied with its contents. Just as this became evident to the acutely sensitive perception of poor Anna, her quick glance was arrested by two little boys who were seated not far from the old gentleman. The monotonous and ungraceful action of Horace Fleetmore had caught the fancy of these little fellows, and seemed to afford them unbounded amusement, as well as an irresistible subject for mimicry. Under any other circumstances, the conduct of two ill-behaved children could not have caused the annoyance she felt; but as it was, her cheeks tingled with vexation at their ridiculous, though really not much exaggerated imitation of the young man's peculiarities. It was a relief when service was over. Mr. and Mrs. Grey returned home in their carriage, while Charles offered his arm to his sister, and they proceeded together on foot and in silence.

The sun shone brightly while they were going to church, but since then as great a change had taken place in the atmosphere without as in their feelings within. Dark clouds had gathered over head in threatening masses, and heavy drops began to fall. At last the rain came down with such violence, that the brother and sister were glad to take refuge under a covered archway that presented itself very oppor-

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tunely. Their example was followed by others, and soon their place of retreat was nearly full.

Perhaps there are few more amusing opportunities of observing character than an archway filled with persons seeking shelter during a shower of rain. The different ranks, ages, and sexes of the motley group whom the same object has thus thrown together—the fidgetty impatience of some at being detained in their progress—the quiet resignation of others: here a morose-looking individual wrapped up in sullen reserve—there a good-natured countenance, peering round with sympathising curiosity on his companions in misfortune; the benevolence that prompts one to assist in wiping a dripping cloak, or help to furl a refractory umbrella, or perform some other little act of kindness towards his neighbour; the selfishness that causes another to shrink away from the contact with damp garments, and eye askance each new intruder upon the already crowded space.

All these little amusing varieties in the human family would have interested Anna Grey at any other time; but now her mind was too painfully engaged to allow her to attend to the groups about her. She was roused, however, from her reverie by an observation made by some one near, and turning round, perceived the same venerable old gentleman in spectacles, who had attracted her attention in church. He had come in like the others to take shelter from the rain, accompanied by a friend, and both were now standing behind the brother and sister, engaged in conversation.

'No one, at all events, can accuse our young preacher of bestowing too much pains on his man-

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ner,' said one, 'the matter of his discourse must have been excellent, if we may judge by the fact of its having the benefit of his individual care. There was only one slight drawback—that of being unintelligible. Strange enough to see so good-looking a young man so completely indifferent to his delivery; there certainly was no attempt to set himself off; he must have very little vanity.'

'Personal vanity, or a desire to 'set himself off,' as you say, would indeed be a most contemptible and unworthy motive for a minister of the gospel,' replied the old gentleman in spectacles, 'but do you not think a man is bound to pay a certain attention to the externals of manner and action, in order the better to further the cause he advocates? Surely this is not incompatible with higher and holier considerations.'

'Well, I confess,' said the other, 'when I see a person in earnest about the conversion and salvation of souls, I have no objection to find him careless in regard of these minor particulars. I hate a *petit-maître* parson, and quite agree with the poet, when he says that affectation offends more

> 'Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
> And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
> May be indifferent to her house of clay,
> And slight the hovel, as beneath her care;
> But how a body so fantastic, trim,
> And quaint in its deportment and attire,
> Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.'

'Now you are going into the contrary extreme,' said the old gentleman, 'an extreme no really pious and sincere clergyman would, I think, run any risk of falling into. His object is to win souls, and keeping that steadily in view, he will use every possible

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means, and press into the service every lawful expedient to accomplish his purpose. This is surely a case where the children of light may borrow a lesson from the children of this world; and when the wisdom of the serpent should mingle with the gentleness of the dove. Our Saviour told those he appointed to the ministry, that they were to be "*fishers* of men," an expressive phrase, which seems to me to imply that a certain recourse to baits or inducements is not forbidden. St. Paul speaks of having made himself all things to all men, that he might *by all means* save some; and he confesses to some of his converts, that he had caught them with guile. If it be the duty of all Christians to adorn the doctrines they profess, how much more is it that of a clergyman to beautify and render attractive what he so greatly wishes to recommend to his hearers. His own personal qualities, like every other good and perfect gift bestowed by God, should be used as talents in the service of the Giver, and not laid up in a napkin. How often does human eloquence attract those to the house of God, who go not for spiritual instruction, but to regale their ears and gratify their taste, by what is nothing more to them than a very lovely song of one that hath a very pleasant voice. And as

Fools who went to scoff, remained to pray,

in many cases those who go only to admire the preacher, return savingly impressed with the truth he advocates.'

'I agree, with you, that, in this point of view, eloquence is to be cultivated, and natural graces im-

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proved and sought after. But there is danger in all this external refining.'

'Alas! dear friend, what is there without danger in this fallen, corrupt state of things? The only way to avoid the snare in this, as well as in every thing else, is to keep the glory of God steadily in view, and to act with a single motive. A wise moderation too is necessary; extremes, even on the right side, are prejudicial. For example, I would not have a man, by over-pains and polish, render his manner more attractive or striking than his matter, so as to distract attention from the one to the other: but I would have him avoid peculiarities which produce the same effect, in causing the object to be lost sight of. This last was surely the case with our young preacher this morning. A glaring defect is as bad as a too elaborate beauty; it arrests the attention upon the messenger instead of fixing it on the message. Just as though you had to look through a pane of glass at some object outside;—were that glass soiled or disfigured, it would equally impede the clear perception of what should be seen through it, as though it were beautified by costly painting or other decoration. Besides, can negligence of manner and deportment towards the King of kings and Lord of lords be justified, when, were a subject approaching an earthly sovereign, every word, and look, and expression, would be studiously rendered as acceptable as possible? How careful'——

'Yes,' interrupted the other speaker in a sarcastic tone, 'and the polished exterior, and courtly phrase, and studied gesture would flatter the poor fellow-worm before whose throne we were bending: but remember the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man

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looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.'

'Very true,' rejoined the old gentleman mildly, 'the heart is the main point; and yet it has always appeared to me that the duty of a minister of the gospel is somewhat different, or I should rather say, goes somewhat beyond that of a private Christian in this respect. The devotions of the latter are between him and his God, and if his heart be right, the rest is comparatively unimportant. But what is the minister of the gospel? is he not an ambassador? Now, an ambassador has the interests of two parties to consult and deal with, and if he discharge his office wisely and faithfully, he must adapt himself to both. I venture, then, to say, that it is not enough for a minister in his sacred vocation to approve himself before the heart-searching God. He must take into consideration the other party with whom he has to do, and study to recommend himself to their favour, that he may with better success plead his master's cause among them.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said the other. 'At all events I so far agree with you that if I knew any friend of our clergyman this morning, I should certainly beg of him to give the young man a few hints as to the expediency of making himself intelligible at least; and moreover I should take leave to insinuate, that his sermons would be just as effective without those regular oar-like strokes on the cushion which he deals so largely in. Seriously speaking, it is really a pity he should not have some one to give him a little advice. He seems a talented young man, and is evidently in earnest. But come, the rain is over; it is time to proceed homewards.'

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The two gentlemen left the archway, and the brother and sister exchanged looks. Both had heard every syllable of the foregoing conversation.

'Yes,' said Charles Grey, at length breaking silence, 'our dear friend must be told of the observations made upon him; it would be unfair and unkind to conceal what we have heard. He himself is evidently unaware of the unfortunate habits he has contracted. Upon you, dear Anna, the delicate task of pointing them out must devolve. Nay,' he added, seeing that his sister was about to remonstrate, while the blood mounted to her cheeks, 'I know what you would say—that I, his college companion and old friend, am the person to do this. But no; a man will brook that from the lips of a woman, and especially from her who stands to him in the relation you do to Horace, which might hurt his pride and wound his feelings from one of his own sex. Besides, you will find a thousand gentle ways of softening this mortifying intelligence, which might not occur to me; so do not shrink from your task. It is grievous to be obliged to give pain to those we love; but when it is for their benefit, we must take courage and overlook the selfish consideration of the suffering it occasions to ourselves.'

M. F. D.

(To be continued.)

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WHAT IS LIFE?

WHAT is life—a gladsome beam,
Glancing o'er some frozen stream;
Then vanishing when clouds and storm
The aspect of the skies deform?
This is not life.

What is life—a vision fair,
Now seen, now lost in empty air;
Like those delusive fires, whose light
Gleams but to cheat the wanderer's sight?
This is not life.

What is life—"a dream, a jest,"
A short-lived mockery at best,
A sound upon the passing gale
Of revelry, where all is wail?
This is not life.

What is life—a pilgrimage
From helpless infancy to age;
One leap beyond, one fearful leap,
And life expires in dreamless sleep?
This is not life.

What is life—a night of gloom,
Hopeless as the lonely tomb;
No star to cheer, no gladd'ning ray
To prophesy of coming day?
This is not life.

What is life—a period giv'n
To man, to win his way to heav'n,
Array'd in arms of light, to brave
The pow'rs of darkness—hell—the grave,
And LIVE through him who died to save?
This, this is life.

S. W. H.

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Review of Books.

THE TEMPTATION OF OUR BLESSED LORD IN THE WILDERNESS; *or an Exposition of Matt.* iv. 1—11. *By the Rev. Daniel Bagot, B.D. Minister of St. James's Chapel, Edinburgh, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Kilmorey.* Johnstone; Whittaker.

In all attempts of Satan to undermine the Christian faith, he invariably seeks to instil some wrong notion as to the person and office of our Lord Jesus. Well does the adversary know that even a breath of air passing between the superstructure and its foundation endangers the former more than a thousand hard blows on its own frame. From the earliest age of the church this has been the grand point of attack; and while some have willingly lent themselves to do the devil's work, in the pride or malignity of their hearts, not a few have unconsciously assailed the integrity of that faith for which they ardently desired to contend, by committing to the press the result of a su-

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perficial inquiry into the deep things of God. It is with a view to correct the evil in some recent works of the better class, that Mr. Bagot publishes the small but weighty volume before us. He reduces to four heads the principles that he illustrates. First, the identification of our Lord's human nature with ours; secondly, that it was not necessary to such identification that he assume our nature as disorganized and polluted by the fall; thirdly, that our Lord was perfectly free from every inclination to sin, whilst capable, as man, of externally yielding to temptation; and fourthly, the blessed result of such temptation, in proving the integrity and strength of those pure and holy feelings to which they were addressed.

These are points of tremendous moment to us; and we rejoice to see them treated by a head so clear and a hand so firm as that of Mr. Bagot. We have purposely abstained from noticing in our pages the class of imaginative foreign works now so fashionable, except when the glaring errors of some called for an open exposure. The church is going again to battle against her ancient foes, Popery and Infidelity, and requires the strong meat of other days to nourish her for the conflict—we do not mean the whimsies of 'the Fathers,' but the soul-strengthening doctrines of 'the Reformers.' Mr. Bagot's writings always savour strongly of the latter.

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UNITARIANISM CONFUTED: *a Series of Lectures delivered in Christ Church, Liverpool, in* 1839. *By Thirteen Clergymen of the Church of England.* Perris; Hamilton and Co.

HERE we have our beloved pleiades again shining forth, with some variation as to the original stars. This is a thick volume of sound, rich orthodoxy, bearing with terrible force upon the Socinian heresy —Unitarian we do not like to call it, for surely we who worship the Trinity in unity ought not to concede even a name which we may rightfully lay claim to. The volume before us is a most striking proof of the vast and important field open to God's labourers, where each may find work without assailing his neighbour on minor matters. If each would candidly judge his brother according to the readiness with which he may believe that brother would seek grace to lay down his life for Christ's sake and the gospel, if Popery lighted again her faggots, or infidelity drew the sword in our land, what a powerful, united, loving army we should see marshalled on the Lord's side!

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. *Illustrated by One Hundred and Thirty-eight eminent British and Foreign Divines; and embellished with Seventy Wood Engravings after celebrated Masters.* Ball and Co.

WE certainly did not expect to find between the splendidly ornamented covers, and within the elegant leaves of this showy book, interspersed with a

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profusion of beautiful engravings, so much sound divinity as the compilers have culled, not only from living preachers of the gospel, but from M. Henry, Doddridge, Gill, Scott, Baxter, Flavel, Hervey, Newton, and many others dear to the church. Of course there is a mixture, but we have detected nothing inconsistent with the truth as it is in Jesus; and on the whole, if anybody wishes to present a very elegant new year's gift to a friend, we should say, here is a beautiful one.

THE FAMILY WHOM JESUS LOVED; *or, the History of Martha and Mary, and Lazarus. In Seventeen Lectures. By the Rev. James Haldane Stewart, A.M., Incumbent of St. Bride's Church, Liverpool; and Chaplain to the Most Noble the Marquis of Bute, and the Marquis of Breadalbane.* Hatchards.

MONS. BONNET, in his delightful volume, 'The Family of Bethany,' did not exhaust his subject: it is indeed inexhaustible as the love that it sets forth. Mr. Stewart has taken it up in that very sweet spirit which characterizes all his productions. He commences with our Lord's first visit, and after two lectures brings us to that delicious narrative so balmy to the wounds of bereaved affection. The revered author speaks as one who had indeed felt the wound, and received the consolation which Christ's love alone can bestow. It is a volume of comfort, of gentle warning and most affectionate encouragement, and full of the spirit of John's epistles. Mr. Stewart

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is greatly and justly endeared to the Christian church: this book will deepen our obligations to him; for, alas! who among us is not sometimes called on to know sorrow, and to covet the sympathy of consoling friends.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS: *in two parts, by John Bunyan. With original notes by the Rev. Thomas Scott, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks. The Eighth Edition.* Seeleys.

Too much of John Bunyan the world can never have; and with the excellent notes of Scott appended, the value of this unrivalled allegory is enhanced. In compliance with the ruling taste of our pictorial age the publishers have added some very elegant embellishments to this edition, which is printed on large paper, with a series of near forty tasteful engravings, altogether rendering it an attractive volume to such as are more easily taken with handsome externals than solicitous to explore a homely looking book for the good things it may contain. We like pictures almost everywhere, except in churches, where they unquestionably form a stepping-stone in the approach, or rather the return to idolatry. In this volume there is nothing costly, nor unsuited to its nature. John Bunyan is most precious in days like these when many soar higher for lack of ballast, and many float lower from a superabundance of it, but few can find the true scriptural medium that God enabled him to keep. He was eminently taught from above; and the extraordinary

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acceptance which his book, beyond all other uninspired works has found in every age and among all classes proves that the Lord appointed him to do a great and continuous work. May it prosper and increase!

NARRATIVES OF REVIVALS OF RELIGION IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND AND WALES. Oliver and Boyd, Glasgow.

SOME caution is necessary in receiving narratives of these remarkable seasons in the church: but we see no reason to doubt the reality of any contained in this volume. They relate principally, but not exclusively, to such as have taken place in the Presbyterian church, and are very interesting. There is no room to question the remarkable operation of a divine influence in the recent conversions at Kilsyth; and if a spirit of prayer was more perseveringly cultivated on behalf of Christ's ministers we should soon witness greater things than these, in a more extensive and continued entrance of souls into the Redeemer's kingdom.

THINGS NEW AND OLD; *or, Recollections by a District Visitor, in Prose and Verse.* Hamilton and Co.

BRIEF sketches of some interesting scenes and characters, given with much simplicity, force, and feel-

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ing; and interspersed with poetry, easy and flowing as the prose. It is one of the most pleasing books of the kind we have met with; and the profits being exclusively devoted to charitable purposes, we have every inducement to commend it to our readers. The cholera recollections are remarkably striking, and the whole are evidently the production of a truly spiritual and benevolent mind, delighting in its work of mercy and love among the poor of this world.

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS; *or, Memoir of Mrs. Rumpff and of the Duchess de Broglie, daughter of Madame de Staël. By Robert Baird.* Religious Tract Society.

VERY interesting, and peculiarly adapted for the higher classes, among whom these eminent Christian ladies moved. Both were shining lights—both were flowers, first transplanted from the gaudy parterre of fashionable life to the earthly garden of the Lord, and now blooming, after a brighter transplantation, in the heavenly paradise. The little book is elegantly got up; and we hope it may find its way to the boudoir of many a thoughtless child of fashion, with a blessing from on high.

POPERY UNVEILED, *in Six Lectures.* Religious Tract Society.

WHOEVER thus unveiled the enemy of Christ to the view of this people has done a most important service, and done it admirably. Sober, serious, argu-

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mentative, and beautifully scriptural, we have here a small book of great things. So far as our warmest recommendation can promote its wider range, so far it will go; for we really have dwelt on its pages with no common satisfaction. God be praised for the bold faithful stand his spiritual servants are enabled to make against the foe so basely helped onward by political apostates, and connived at by timid, ignorant, or lukewarm ministers!

AN almanack, called "The Protestant Almanack," has been published in Liverpool by Mr. Crisp, which contains a greater quantity of matter appropriate to its title than we could have supposed a single sheet would comprize. It is embellished with portraits of Martin Luther, Queen Elizabeth, and William the Third, with an immense deal of letter press. It is also published, we believe, as a book. Protestantism in every garb ought to be placed before our population; for, since Popery has now gained access to the senate, the council chamber, the palace, and the pulpit, we must expect the people to be in all ways seduced; and therefore be diligent to spread the shield of sound instruction between them and the foe.

THE second volume of 'The Children's Missionary Magazine' is published, and is full of pleasing, valuable matter.

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THE PROTESTANT.

ACCORDING to the general impression, this dawning year will be one of no common character: there is a degree of expectation manifested on the part of the Jews throughout the world, that this, their returning year of jubilee is pregnant with mighty changes and extraordinary events; and assuredly at this period of our dispensation the Jew is the key-note in accordance with whose vibrations the whole chord must be struck. All Christians who are not culpably neglectful of their duty, in omitting to study the clue which God has graciously given in the prophetic pages to guide us through the mysterious maze of present scenes, must assuredly know that the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time, is very nearly come; and there is not a truth made plainer to the Bible-reading believer in that blessed volume than the glorious fact that while the national restoration of Israel shall be symptomatic of a shaking that will cause all earth's kingdoms to totter, the spiritual receiving of them again will be to the Gentile church as life from the dead. The day of scoffing reproach is well nigh past: and when Israel ceases to be a bye-word and a scorn among the nations, then shall those who have dared to avow their conviction of the literal meaning of the Lord Jehovah's words of promise, and who have laboured and prayed with a confident belief that their hope shall not make them ashamed—then

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shall they also cease to be a derision to their brethren. To see Israel beginning to ripen for the harvest of glory, and Babylon the great for the vintage of wrath; to mark how, amid the wonderful changes of late years, the Lord is evidently preparing a way for his ransomed ones to pass over, and kindling a furnace for his church, not to destroy but to refine and brighten, and beautify it for himself—oh, this is so sweet, so precious a privilege that well may it reconcile us to the empty mocks or the harsh reproofs of those who deem us fools, and our expectations a dream.

There never was a season when Christians had greater encouragement, if they would but perceive it, to be stedfast, immoveable, abounding in the work of the Lord. With one hand to throw a shield over the Jew, with the other to aim a vigorous thrust at Papal Rome, is the position that promises to him who assumes it the richest, the speediest, the fullest reward of his labour. Babylon is taking to her much of her ancient power, and openly practising her wonted arts, and preparing again to enact the murderous abominations that will surely cause her to come in remembrance before God. The Jew is steadily setting his face towards the Zion of his love—the land that has been his fathers', and is at this moment his own, though neither they nor he may, for centuries past, have possessed a pebble or a grain of sand upon that sacred soil. God's word is not yea and nay: He expressly gave it to Abraham and to his literal seed FOR EVER; and though long, long banished from his possession, it is his—it never was another's—and the strangers that have polluted the sanctuary shall ere long be cast out, never more to

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defile its hallowed precincts. With such a streak of joyous light visible even now beyond the darkened scenes that gird us round, and stretch into a gloomy distance of political turmoil, ecclesiastical confusion, and a chaos of jarring elements, we can look on the present, and face the future with something more than complacency: we can lift up our heads and look up for the promised redemption.

'Yes,' adds my uncle, 'and we may go forth to work in whatsoever department of this wide field the Lord sees good to call us to, with strong hand and cheerful heart. Oh for the zeal of him, the brother so recently, so suddenly called to his Master's presence to receive the approving word "Well done!" What a vast number of years that man lived, if time were measured by the amount of employment in God's service! Few, very few, at fourscore years can say they have wrought, bearing the burden and heat of the day, as long, as ardently, as effectually as David Nasmith had, when at half that age he was called to rest and to triumph for evermore in the presence of his beloved Lord.'

'Indeed, indeed he was "in labours more abundant" than any man I ever knew; and that in a line the least ostentatious, the most discouraging of all. His was the task both to go and to send others into the streets and the lanes of great ungodly cities; and teach publicans and harlots to press into the kingdom of heaven. How sweet was his tranquil, cheerful aspect!—how warm the glow of his brotherly love towards every child of God! How tender his concern for perishing souls; and how utterly free, how far removed from all narrow, all sectarian, all party-spirit! Truly the world was *his* field; and his

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large open heart embraced every fellow of his nature. When he erred—and who does not err?—it was from excessive guilelessness of heart, and almost an inability to distrust others. He was the parent of many souls, called out of the depths of Satan's kingdom through his instrumentality.'

'Ay,' interrupted my uncle, 'and many more will yet be born to God through it to call his name blessed. Our little magazine has been privileged to work in one of the most important of all the many valuable undertakings that our dear brother set on foot: and by your readers perhaps in no character will he be more affectionately remembered than as the originator of the London Female Mission. If no other monument of his compassionate zeal for lost sinners existed, that would suffice.'

'And he died poor, uncle: he who has led the heart-stricken widow and pining orphan to an Almighty Husband and Father, while tenderly sheltering their weak heads, and nourishing their famished bodies by the ever ready bounty of his hand—he has left a widow and fatherless little ones, perhaps to know the privations from which'—

My uncle sternly interrupted me. 'Niece, don't libel your countrywomen. The bare fact that David Nasmith has bequeathed to the Christian ladies of England, Ireland, Scotland, a helpless family, is enough. If an appeal be needed, let London, Dublin, Edinburgh exhibit the horrors of their most depraved districts, and say, "*Here* was the scene of your brother's labours: *these* were the beings whom, in the Spirit of his Divine Master, he came hither to seek and to save." Oh no, such a stain can never be found resting on our land as that David Nasmith's

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bereaved survivors should have a pang added to their natural sorrow which the grateful hand of Christian bounty can avert. Fear not for them: rather let us fear lest the example of what man *can* do, and therefore what he *ought* to do for Christ, should rise against us to condemnation. It is an awful thought, that even he of whom we speak was, what he felt himself to be, an unprofitable servant, wholly destitute of any plea before God, save only that of the atoning blood and spotless righteousness of the Saviour in whom he lived and died rejoicing: and yet among us there are many who would secretly parade their fractional half hours of light employment in some good work, as a very meritorious thing before God and man.'

'Well, God grant that we may all strive to follow Nasmith as he followed Christ! Uncle, the remembrance of his sweet loving spirit almost makes me shrink from the subject of controversy.'

'Nay, my dear, that good man's life was one vigorously-sustained controversy. We are not all called to the same post; every part of our fortress must be guarded, and every troop of the enemy put to flight. If in the providence of God he had been called to a direct encounter with Antichristian doctrine, trust me he would have acquitted himself as zealously and well as he did in combatting the more openly practical abomination of drunkenness and licentiousness. We may well pray for a portion of his spirit, for even in controversy the man of God should not rudely strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves. Such was eminently the example of our departed friend.'

'Uncle, there is a section in our church who

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would have excluded that man from the pale of orthodox Christians.'

'Our church disclaims them, and repudiates with abhorrence their arrogant assumption. Rome is their proper atmosphere, and thither let them go. Our truly Catholic church, like the apostles on the foundation of whose doctrine she is built, embraces with the arms of loving recognition all who partake in the like precious faith; wishing grace and peace to all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Our divisions are indeed matter of much grief to such as can discern the blessedness of unity, and the immense advantage that its breach gives the enemy; but there is no surer approach to Antichristian presumption than the assumed possession of an exclusive holiness in any one branch of a church consisting in many different bodies. Great is our offence in this respect: not that I allude to our own communion, which, if fairly tested, I believe to be one of the most candid and least bigotted of all—always excepting the party before alluded to—but there is a general disposition to seek the pre-eminence and an inclination on the part of each to cry out concerning his own congregation of worshippers, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these." To be sure if men conscientiously think themselves right in disputed matters, they will, in the same degree consider others in the wrong: but I would there were greater humility among us.'

'That haughty spirit which goeth before a fall is but too manifest on all sides. Men's passions and prejudices seem to run higher in proportion as the exigencies of the time call for mourning and humiliation before God. There is too little now practised of

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what Christians in former times found so indispensable a preparation to the conflicts, individual and collective, that they were called on to encounter—retirement and thought. You know, uncle, I am any thing but an unsocial animal; yet I do think that religious professors in our own day live too much after the fashions of a world which they abjure. I do not say that their habits of visiting, and other trifling pursuits, tempt them to curtail the hours that should be devoted to scriptural reading and prayer, because I have no right to judge them harshly; but I do think much precious time is squandered in various unprofitable ways, that ought to be employed in serious consideration, not only over God's word, but also on the pages of history, political and ecclesiastical, comparing what has been with what is now, and pondering on what the signs of the times, taken in connexion with the sure word of prophecy, lead us to expect. From a school of such study many a valuable fellow-helper would arise to strengthen the hands of those watchmen who are already sounding the alarm.'

'It is quite true, my dear; and for a perfect model of what you recommend, take the speech of our gifted McNeile at Sheffield, which followed that of McGhee, recorded in our last month's paper. The evil habit of circumscribing our view within a narrow range, when we ought to regard it with a bird's eye, embracing all within the horizon, as mapped out before us, is a very serious hindrance in our path. The annals of the blessed Reformation, at home and abroad, the events connected with our own history, from the period of Augustine's mission, who came from Rome to force her fetters upon our independent national church; and more particularly the days of the Stuart dynasty,

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with the whole course of the mystic Babylon's iniquitous doings throughout the world—these are subjects which we ought diligently to study for ourselves, and to draw from them many valuable hints for suitably informing the minds of the humbler classes, now panting for what they term useful knowledge, and most foully abused by the artifices of those who not only turn religion into rebellion, and faith into faction, but history into a lie, to serve their own purposes. Read by the pure, steady light of God's word, history is a precious thing: yet I think that, except as a school exercise, it is very partially attended to by your sex—very rarely forms the topic of those conversations, for which your inveterate love of visiting gives such endless opportunity; and still more rarely is it taken advantage of, to interest and inform the young of our humble class, whom you instruct. How often might the drowsy faculties of a school-child be roused, and the memory indelibly impressed, by some judicious application of an interesting historical fact, brought to illustrate the scripture that would furnish so invaluable a comment upon it! Do you not agree with me?'

'I do, indeed sir; and can from experience attest the justness of your remark: for I have frequently tried it, and always with success. Perhaps our hint may be acted upon, to the advantage of some poor children who now, supplied by evil men with works calculated to do dreadful harm, are deceived through the ignorance that would thus be removed. Blindfolding is a favourite plan of the great enemy's: and ours ought to be, in all possible ways consistent with godliness, to circumvent him.'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

VI.

'So, you have come among us, ma'am, to try the comforts of the factory?' said one of the neighbours to the widow Green.

'I have come to seek employment for these children, and for myself also; but more in the hope of gaining an honest livelihood than of finding greater comfort than we enjoyed in the country.'

'The country!' ejaculated the other, a man of most cadaverous and care-worn aspect, 'Why a breath of country air, and a day's liberty, such as a pig-driver gets, is worth all that the best of us know in this vile town.'

'But to those who are willing to work, such a market for their labour is a great advantage.'

'Them that are most willing to work are not always the most able,' returned the man: 'and to my

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mind it's a cannibal sort of life to be eating, as one may say, the flesh off our children's bones, and sucking the young blood out of their veins.'

'Hold your tongue, Tom South,' said Mrs. Wright, angrily, 'What business have you to talk so, having four children in the mills every day.'

'Yes, and three in the untimely grave, where you, neighbour, have five, besides the poor maimed thing yonder—and all through those murdering mills.'

'You are a discontented man, South,' said the other visitor, a decent looking woman, 'but certainly you've had cause to complain.'

'Ay, havn't I, Mrs. Johnson? I entered my younger children on the faith of these new acts, with their fine promises about schooling, short hours, inspectors, and all that. Bad as matters went, they told me it was because the acts hadn't time yet to work—all was soon to be fair and right; and so I neglected an opportunity of taking my poor family back to the blessed country labour, and here we may all die in ignorance and sin, as we live.'

Alarmed as the widow was by the former part of this speech, the conclusion called forth a stronger feeling, and she said, 'Oh, don't fancy that the mercy of Him who alone can remove ignorance from the mind and wash away sin from the soul is confined to any place. The cry of want and penitence will reach Him as soon from the lanes of a town like this as from the village green.'

'I don't deny it, my good lady; but people who would become fit company for angels must begin by getting out of the way of devils.'

'Meaning your neighbours, I suppose?' said Mrs. Wright, crimson with anger.

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'He doesn't mean that,' interposed the other woman: 'he is talking of the mills, and the wickedness that his poor children are learning there.'

'They hav'n't much to learn, I'll be bound,' retorted Mrs. Wright.

'Ah, that's too true,' exclaimed South. 'They are going to ruin as fast as they can drive.'

'Notwithstanding your good example.'

'Don't scoff at me, neighbour Wright. I know my example is none of the best: but if I see myself to be in a bad way is that any reason I should not wish my children in a better? With my bed-ridden old mother, and wife in a galloping consumption, and myself hardly up to the little work I can get, and not a hand's turn at any other business for them, I can't take them out of employ. What can I do?'

'Do you send them regularly to the school?' asked Mrs. Green.

'What school? This act mocks us with an order that every child should go to school twelve hours in the week, and have a ticket for it; but when it comes to the pass, how do they manage? Why they give them an hour's leave or so at such times as no school is open, or else when there's only schools within reach where the masters and mistresses won't receive the little dirty wretches, covered with the filth of the mills, among their children. Then, to make out the twelve hours, they tell them to go to school on Sunday morning, afternoon, and night; as if the poor creatures did not want a day's rest, to say nothing of play: of course they won't go.'

'But how do they get vouchers?'

'They forge them fast enough, but in a great many

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mills they are allowed to slip in without any, and the owners that have a conscience above that, turn off the young hands rather than the work should be stopped. Then the children must go to the silk-mills, where they are taken in at any age, and worked to death.'

'Can all this be possible?' asked the widow.

'It can't be denied,' said Mrs. Johnson, shaking her head.

'But surely the inspectors must discover such deceptions as to the schools, and punish them?'

'The inspector comes once a year, and is bound to advertize his coming in the newspapers: so they take care to have all right just then. But if a complaint is made, and proved too, this fine law allows the father or brother of the offender to try the cause, and gives him power to dismiss it, if he likes. I'll tell you what: within the memory of that girl, the law made the lowest penalty for working overhours, or for other such offence that was proved against a mill-owner, ten pounds, and forbade a near relation to try it: but now, as I told you, the worst case may be let off for half-a-crown, or set free, as the magistrate likes. So much for our rights, and the redress of our wrongs!'

The widow felt confounded: she looked at the children, then at her daughter, but spoke not. South, with the readiness that we all feel to expatiate on ills when a fellow-sufferer is present, resumed.

'Then, in the case of ill-usage, you see the master usually contrives to shift the blame from himself to the managers or overlookers, or spinners: *he* don't order the children to be beat; *he* don't see them

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beaten; and so he gets off, and the poor things have no real protection anywhere.'

By this time the three little Greens had drawn near the speaker, and were gazing in his face with looks of bewildered alarm: he observed it.

'Ah, God help ye, poor dears! Little pleasure will you have, except in the ways of sin.'

'I'm not going into the mills,' said Willy; 'but Mary is. Will Mary be beat?' and his lip began to quiver.

'Never fear,' said Mary, stoutly; 'neither master nor man shall beat me: and as for sin, I won't go into any sinful company.'

'You can't keep out of it, my poor child.'

'If it is in the way of duty, sir,' said Helen, modestly, 'and we pray to the Lord to watch over us, and enable us to watch also, we shall be kept from evil ways, though we may be forced to have evil companions.'

Mrs. Wright tossed her head with a very scornful sneer. South looked at the two girls alternately, and muttered, 'Two more lambs for the shambles.'

'Come, come, neighbour,' said Mrs. Johnson, 'you are too disheartening, quite. To be sure, not one girl in fifty keeps her character clean; and to be sure there isn't a small tradesman's wife would not think herself disgraced to take a factory girl for a servant: but what so many do doesn't look as bad as if only a few did it. I have seen some that turned out decently after all. My nephew married one, and she did very well.'

'Yes,' returned South, 'and died at the birth of her first child, as everybody said she would.'

'The worst things,' proceeded Mrs. Johnson,

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whose objection to discouragements was not very consistent, 'the worst thing is the accidents. You must think of poor Sarah there, and take care of the machines.'

'What machines?'

'Everything is done by machinery; you see, they are great things, ever so high and big, all going about and about, some on wheels running up and down the room, and some with great rollers turning about as fast as the steam can drive them; so you must step back, and run forward, and duck, and turn, and move as they do, or off goes a finger or an arm, or else you get a knock on the head, to remember all your lives. As to sitting down, there's no such thing.'

'No sitting down!' cried all the villagers in a breath.

'No, no,' responded Sarah, in a melancholy tone, 'no sitting down.'

'Ah, poor soul!' said South, 'it was standing and standing all day long that makes you unable to stand for the rest of your life.'

At this juncture Wright entered, and looked with some surprise at the party. 'Why you seem as if you had just run away from an earthquake, good people.'

'Pshaw!' replied his wife, 'it's only South at his old pranks of making out grievances to frighten my mother about her tender chicks.'

'And our good mother of course takes it all for gospel,' returned Wright, forcing a smile.

'No, not gospel at any rate,' said Mary: 'for there is no good news in it, uncle.'

'Gospel means truth, my dear.'

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'The gospel *is* truth, uncle: but the word means "good news."'

Mrs. Wright sharply remarked, 'You need not set up, Miss Green, to teach your elders and betters: this comes of filling young heads with conceit.'

Mary was ready with a reply, but the widow interposed. 'I should be sorry, Sarah, to hear a child presuming to teach; but in this case Mary only answered her uncle according to the sense of the word, without knowing he used it with any other meaning. It is indeed good news, and the blessed certainty that it is also truth, unfailing truth, is what makes it better than the best of news. God grant us all to receive it, not only into our minds by hearing, but into our hearts by faith!'

'Grandmother,' said Sarah, 'what is the news that you call so good?'

Before the old lady could reply, Mrs. Wright turned fiercely upon the girl, and exclaimed in her loudest tone of anger, 'If you dare to meddle or make with any of these canting tricks, I'll bundle you out of doors, to crawl through the streets, and beg your way.'

'Will you so, mistress mine?' exclaimed her husband, in a tone no less angry than her own: 'you should bundle out yourself first, I promise you.'

A violent altercation ensued, in which South acted as pacificator on grounds of propriety and respectability, while Mrs. Johnson poured oil on the flame, in her endeavours to quench it. Several times the widow attempted to speak, but in vain: and Helen, seeing poor Sarah trembling greatly, went over to soothe her. This turned the mother's ire upon her, 'Stand off!' she vociferated. 'None of your hypo-

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critical ways here. You wheedled yourself in, to eat the bread of my poor brother's orphans, beggar as you are! But you shan't interfere in my house, I promise you.'

All reply to this savage speech was precluded by Sarah falling from her seat in convulsions. The widow told Helen to take the frightened children into their room, and then with an energy that would not be repressed, while the two men raised and supported the struggling sufferer, she exclaimed, 'Daughter, as you value a mother's blessing, desist from this violence. Your enmity against the gospel the Spirit of God can alone remove: but I have a right to interfere between your evil passions and the children under my care: and oh,' she added, as the blackening face of the girl gave evidence of the danger she was now in, 'is it not enough to see your own child sinking into an early grave, but will you stand between the Saviour and the soul that he died to redeem!'

The entrance of the two boys now increased the confusion. Charles had evidently been drinking to a pitch of excitement, and Johnny looked more alert than he had yet done. The elder, who loved no living thing but Sarah, and was really fond of her, no sooner beheld her condition than he rushed forward, and demanded what they had been doing to his sister.

''Tis your mother's work,' answered Wright; and the young madman instantly seized a heavy missile, which he would have flung at her, had not Mrs. Johnson caught his arm, and South, leaving his hold of Sarah, wrested it from him. A short struggle enabled the man to confine so weak a creature, and he pro-

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ceeded to take the only vengeance within his reach, by uttering a volley of dreadful imprecations and threats directed against his mother.

'Hold your tongue, you fool,' said Wright, 'the girl is coming to; and you'll frighten her off again. Here, lend a hand, and speak coaxingly to her: she'll mind you best.' He winked to South, who, seeing the effect of these words, released his captive, and the boy's whole attention was immediately directed to his sister. Supporting her head on his shoulder, he whispered the kindest encouragements he could think of: only darting now and then a ferocious glance at his mother, who stood in sullen silence, apparently unmoved by a scene that dreadfully appalled the widow, and alarmed even the neighbours, to whom, alas! it was not new. South, seeing the danger pretty well over, drew the old lady aside, and said in a low voice, 'Now, ma'am, as they wished you to think I was making worse of the matter than I need do, just judge for yourself by what you see before you. There's your daughter, as nice and respectable a young woman as ever came among us, turned into a stone, as I may say, towards her own children, by hardening her heart to their sufferings, that she might live on their toil and ruin. There's her husband, a quiet good-natured man, doating on his children, but forced to wink at what frets his very life; and only interfering when any thing so bad as this happens. There's the cripple, her legs useless by the over fatigue of always standing at the frames, her arm gone, by being caught in the machinery, and she in a decline from fits brought on by her sufferings. Her sister——least said is soonest mended: only I can pretty well guess what

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sort of company she is in all this time. That boy is a devil incarnate; drinks, and swears, and cheats, and seems to hate all good for the sake of hating it. The little fellow he is leading in the same way; and it's a mercy for the others that they died young. A short life, and a sad one they had; poor things, they are gone to heaven to be rewarded for it all. And now, Mrs. Green, have I said more than your own eyes can see to be the truth?'

The widow could make no reply: her heart was overwhelmed with terror and distress. Meanwhile Sarah seemed to be entreating her brother, who after some objection whispered to his father, and he returned an answer accompanied by a half-smile which drew a grin upon Charles' countenance. The boy then resolutely exclaimed, 'Grandmother, poor Sarah was so pleased with the singing this morning, she wants to hear more of it—nothing else will serve her now. Please to call Miss Helen and the young 'uns, and let's have a devout Psalm.'

The widow hesitated, and looked in the flushed scowling face of her daughter: but Charles reiterated the request in a more peremptory tone, and Sarah, in reply to her query, said she wished it very much. She therefore summoned the children and Helen, whose pale looks bore witness to their past alarm, and Charles, who seemed delighted thus to annoy his mother, ranged them before Sarah, whom he still supported. 'What shall we sing?' asked Mary: Helen whispered a reply; and they immediately began, in the softest tones of their sweet voices,

> There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Emmanuel's veins.

For some time Charles kept his eyes on his sister's

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face, smiling at her delight, which she expressed by most eloquent looks, and frequently pushing his arm, as if to keep his attention awake. As the singers proceeded, however, and Helen's voice in particular proved how deeply she entered into every word of that exquisite hymn, his eyes became riveted on them, his features lost their dark expression, and the power of sacred melody for a few moments triumphed over the evil spirit that troubled him.

'Sweet, sweet and beautiful cousins,' said Sarah, 'how I do love your faces and your songs.'

'We'll sing again, shall we?' said little Willy, and a lively hymn,

Come, let us join our cheerful songs.

When they had ended this, South, whose tears were starting, hoarsely said, 'Bless you, sweet dears; if ever innocence and a cotton-mill went together, may you be innocent still!'

Mrs. Wright, who either from policy or some other cause had assumed her wonted composure, gravely addressed the widow. 'It has struck me, mother, that as you don't send the little boys to the mill, you might turn a good penny out of them by letting them sing ballads in the street.'

'Or make an engagement at one of the small theatres,' added Mrs. Johnson, who seemed to take it quite seriously.

'Never mind their impertinence,' said Charles to the party he was now pleased to patronize, 'give us one more song.'

'Shall it be the evening hymn?' asked Helen.

'Not until we have read and prayed, my love,' replied the widow, hoping by this means to introduce

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the scripture and evening worship, at least for once;—but the words put all in motion. Mrs. Johnson, in a great bustle, turned to look at the clock, protesting she had no notion it was so late; and the rest took advantage of her rising to shew in various ways their utter disinclination to any such procedure. The widow had hoped that South would second her proposal, but he was one of the many who see the disease, and loudly complain of its effects, and even talk of the only remedy, without desiring to know any thing experimentally of its power. She had, therefore, no alternative but to join in the general good night, and to retire.

'Granny,' said the youngest boy, as he climbed on her knee, 'this Sunday was not like our Sundays at home.'

'Only while we were singing,' remarked Mary; 'and a great mercy that they let us; for cousin Charles was like a wild beast, and would have done somebody a mischief.'

'Hush, Mary, you must not speak harshly of your poor cousin, but pray for him.'

'Oh,' exclaimed James, 'I shall never bear the sight of him after the words he used to his mother. I heard them, and a great scuffle too; what were they doing?'

'No harm was done, my dear. I was indeed shocked at what you speak of, but it is the grace of God alone that makes you to differ, so far as you do, from others who have not been so well instructed.'

'So Helen told him,' observed Mary, 'when he got into a passion at Charles's bad words. I wonder what Richard would have done if he heard anybody speak so to you, granny?'

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'Dear Richard!' said the widow, glad to change the subject, 'I trust this has been a day of peace and blessing to him.'

The children took up the theme, and went over the details of what they supposed to have been their brother's employments through the Sabbath hours. This restored their cheerfulness; and they gratefully joined in those exercises which had been rejected in the adjoining room. The evening hymn, chaunted in a low tone, closed the day; and the children could not repress their satisfaction that they were to spend no more Sabbaths in that house.

'Mind,' said Mary, as she repaired to her little bed, 'mind, Helen, you call me in good time, as if we were going to milk old Buckle's cows.'

Helen forced a smile. 'I will Mary; and though the streets of M. are not much like our own sea-shore, the path of duty is always pleasant, for the Lord shines upon it.'

'I think Helen has turned preacher,' said Mary to herself, 'I never heard her talk in this way before. I wonder if the mill people will mind her. If they don't treat us with proper respect I shall make more dust among them than all the machines that old South talked of. Oh, it is all for want of a little proper spirit that the work-people are made slaves of. I can shew them a better plan.' And the poor child fell asleep to dream of conquests achieved in an imaginary mill.

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HELEN FLEETWOOD.

VII.

LONG before morning had broke on the dull misty town of M. the widow Green and her family arose to pray, preparatory to the departure of the two girls. Gladly would the aged woman have accompanied them to the innermost scene of their labours, but this, she had been assured, was out of the question. However, to send them alone through the streets was not to be thought of; and after seeing them swallow a few mouthfuls of bread, she took Helen's arm, grasped Mary by the hand, and closely followed by the two boys, who would not remain, softly quitted the house.

The air was frosty, and consequently to them more congenial than the foul, dank atmosphere that usually prevailed in those pent-up thoroughfares. It breathed comparative refreshment, and imparted some buoyancy to their spirits. Helen was entering on her future task with a clearer view of its probable evils than any other of the party had taken; but strengthened by a determination to do and to suffer uncomplainingly whatever might be before her. She had spoken truly her prevailing thought when reminding the widow of the cross that every Christian must needs bear, and of their past exemption from all deserving the name. She now realized the daily

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taking up of that cross, and her only solicitude was to be found following Christ under its burden. She would indeed have preferred any species of drudgery among the rural scenes that floated before her mind's eye, with their endearing recollections, in all the heightened beauty of deep contrast; but had the choice been her's, she would not for one moment have entertained a thought of deserting the post of sacred duty beside her benefactors, for the sweetest delights of her own loved native hamlet. In all Helen's pictures of earthly happiness, that family ever occupied the foreground; and an enjoyment unshared by them was a dream that never entered the affectionate girl's imagination.

Poor Mary, who intended to work such wonders in the factories by her unflinching resistance of all aggressive doings, did not feel quite so resolute under the chilling influence of a raw dark morning, as when, in her snug bed, she had watched the flickering candle that cast its ray on the page her grandmother was studying. Gladly would she have been spared the trial that now drew near; but no outward sign of such misgivings was apparent. On the contrary, she endeavoured to trip with a gait as lively as when bounding along the eastern cliff towards old Buckle's shed; but that was impossible. However, she bore up with a sprightly air, frequently turning to cheer her brothers with the promise of bringing home at night a full, true, and particular account of her expected adventures through the day.

At length they reached the mill, and there they found a pale, sleepy, little crowd, who, like themselves, were somewhat too early, shivering in the ungenial air. A large lamp was burning over the

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entrance-gate, and the morning's light had begun to throw a doubtful streak across the sky, blending with its sickly glare. Many curious eyes examined the strangers, and some questions were directed to Mary, whose communicative looks invited them. 'You are too smart,' said a little girl, surveying her dress; 'I doubt your fine clothes won't hold long.'

'Fine clothes!' responded Mary, in astonishment. 'I never wore fine clothes in my life: and this is my common milking-dress.'

'It's too good for the mill,' rejoined the other; and the bystanders confirmed her assertion, both by their words and appearance. Mary stoutly maintained her ground. 'Neatness and cleanliness are never out of place,' said she; 'they make the poorest child look respectable; and so my granny has often told me.'

A burst of rude laughter followed this speech, and the voice of a grown lad exclaimed, 'You'll soon forget your granny's sayings, and learn things more to the purpose, my fine little madam.'

The next moment the gate was thrown open, and a sort of rush ensued, in the midst of which the Wrights were seen elbowing their way. Phœbe cast a glance of disdain on her relations as she passed, and took no farther notice. John nodded; but Charles, after apparently overlooking them, and hurrying on, stole back, as if more than half reluctant to have anything to do with them, and in a hesitating manner said, 'I promised Sarah to see you in; so come along, for I can't stop a minute.'

At the door, the widow was told that she must go no further, unless she had work in the mill; and so great was the press just then, that she scarcely knew

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how the girls had been disengaged from her retentive grasp, and borne inward by the living tide, while she, with the boys, was obliged to turn back. Leaving to Mary's recital the adventures of the former, we will accompany the latter to their apartment at Wright's, where they hastened to pour forth in earnest prayers the solicitude of their hearts for objects so dear to them, launched on a scene of which they only knew enough to render them more anxiously curious as to its details. The widow felt so many misgivings, that she clung more closely to the assurance of being able to withdraw her children whenever she pleased; and already she was secretly weighing the respective merits of different plans, supposing this to fail, as she could not but fear that it would. The dress, language, demeanour of the young people whom she had seen at the mill-gate, was anything but prepossessing: and the multitude of men and women, but chiefly men, whom she remarked repairing to the different factories, were very unlike what her fancy had pictured of an industrious, thriving population. She had lived too long, and seen too much of human nature, to expect the absence of vice and misery in any class, more especially among the lower orders densely peopling a large town: but that ensnaring pamphlet, with the glowing representations of Mr. Stratton and his friend, had spread a colouring over this particular scene not so easily dispelled, even when the naked reality began to force itself on her unwilling perception, confirming the purport of South's remarks, which she would fain have referred to the promptings of a discontented mind.

After a dull breakfast, the two little boys went to

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talk to Sarah, who was not well enough to leave her bed; and Mrs. Green at once commenced an earnest and serious, though affectionate, remonstrance with her daughter, on the evident neglect of parental duties, which could only issue in the ruin of her children. The representation was silently heard to its closing appeal, which referred to the different ine of conduct pursued by the speaker towards her own family when young. 'I know that very well, mother,' answered the other, somewhat softened; 'and I'm sure no children ever had kinder or better parents than we; but a country life makes things come easy enough that one can't think of doing in a town.'

'If you mean those things that I have alluded to, scriptural teaching, prayer, and watchfulness over the young; surely they are rendered even more necessary where temptations abound, as they plainly do here.'

'Ay, but you can't keep your eye on the children, as you do in the country.'

'Supposing it to be so, Sally, ought not that to make you more diligent in teaching them to remember that the eye of God is never withdrawn—that he is ever about their path, and spieth out all their ways; and that no darkness can cover them from his piercing sight?'

'It would not be enough that I chose to teach, if they didn't choose to learn.'

The widow felt that she who uttered this remark was a living illustration of its truth: however, she persevered. 'You, my daughter, have one part to perform, they another. God requires of you to point out to your children the way they should go: and

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whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, you are bound to tell them their duty.'

Mrs. Wright grew impatient; she began to fidget, to look at the clock, and to mutter inaudibly: her mother resumed. 'My dear child, I will not detain you long; I am about to remove from your house, and our future meetings may not be so frequent as I wish. Only give me this satisfaction before I leave you: promise that you will ask help from above, in the very difficult work you have too long neglected, of correcting and guiding those poor young people.'

'What's the good of asking for what I could not use if I had it?' said she, peevishly.

'He who gives the help will also enable you to use it.'

'Mother, it's all folly to begin now. I have such a set to deal with, that you might as easily turn this old table into gold as alter them for the better. You saw the way that undutiful fellow treated me yesterday.'

'It was a dreadful scene: but had you commended him and yourself to the divine care for the day? Oh, Sally, had you honoured the Sabbath in God's house and in your own, and, as far as in you lay, constrained your family to do the same, Satan would never have obtained such an advantage here.'

Mrs. Wright now became irritated: 'I'll tell you my mind fairly, mother; bad as it was, I'd rather have it so than make my house the gloomy place you would wish it to be—filled with long faces, and dismal voices, drawling out melancholy psalms, and texts, and prayers all day along; breaking down the natural spirits of the children.'

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Just then, a sound issued from the other room, of two merry voices carolling a lively rural ditty, accompanied by Sarah's laugh. The widow, considering this the best answer to her daughter's coarse and unjust remarks, remained silent.

'Well, mother, I'm sure you mean it all kindly;' said Mrs. Wright, returning from the cupboard, to which she had gone in some haste, 'but stay a few weeks, and you'll understand the difference better than you do now.'

'I cannot understand better than I do now that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give account of the things done in the body. Oh that I could persuade you, my poor Sally, to taste and see how gracious the Lord is to those who call upon him—how pleasant is that service which you account hard and severe: and what great gain there is in the godliness which you despise!'

'Mind me now, mother: if you don't make something of those boys, by setting them to work, all the gains of your godliness won't keep you long from beggary.'

'I intend them to work, because idleness is sinful and dangerous; and because we are bound to seek God's help in the way of honest industry, not that of slothful expectation; but I will not place them in a factory yet.'

'Do as you please: you'll find you must.'

The widow now went to take leave of the poor girl, whom she found looking much more animated, and who welcomed her most eagerly.

'Dear granny, I am sorry and not sorry for your going away. I cannot bear to part with you all;

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but you will be more comfortable in a place of your own.'

'We will often come to see you, my dear: and now tell me, Sarah, do you know who has afflicted you thus?'

'It was partly done by the machine, ma'am, and partly by the overlooker that used to strap me, and kick me when I used to get too tired to work.'

A chill crept over the widow as she thought of her dear children; but she went on: 'That was not my meaning, my love: who do you think has ordered these afflictions for you?'

Sarah remained silent, looking perplexed. Willy said, in a soft tone, 'It was God, cousin.'

'I don't believe it was,' she quickly answered, turning her full eyes upon him.

'Why not?' said James.

'Because Helen Fleetwood told me that God is very good; and I don't think he would order me to be hurt in this way.'

The two boys looked at their grandmother, who, greatly affected, said, 'My dear child, God's mercies often come to us in a very strange shape; and I trust you will yet find that even these hurts were ordered by his great goodness, for your everlasting benefit.'

'Hush!' said the girl, glancing to the door, where her mother now appeared to ask whether a neighbour, who had a leisure hour, should assist in removing the luggage: the offer was gladly accepted, and in another hour the party had entered their new abode.

The table was scarcely spread for dinner before Helen and Mary hastened in, their clothes already somewhat the worse for a few hours wear in a mill, but with fresh colour, smiling faces, and excellent

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appetites. 'Oh how nice,' cried Mary, 'to have a home of one's own again; and how neat you have made it look!' She was soon assailed with questions, to which she replied, that she liked the mill greatly, but would not begin her story then, as they had only a quarter of an hour out of their dinner hour, some cleaning being required before they went to work again. Accordingly, dinner was soon dispatched, and away they ran, with an alacrity that dissipated much of the widow's uneasiness.

In the evening, Mary commenced her promised recital. 'When Charles Wright hurried us away from you, granny, I was so dizzy with the crowd about us that I hardly know how we managed. He behaved civilly, for him, and took us to a man and said something; and the man bade us come along with him. So Charles left us, and we went on, and all I could make out was that I should be a piecener.'

'What is a piecener?' said James.

'Oh, you'll hear presently. Well, after going through a good many places that I could make little out of, it was so dusk, and we walked so fast, we came to a room, and the man put me in there, and went off with Helen, before I knew what I was about, and what a sight I saw! Nothing ever frightened me so much.'

'Why, you said nobody should frighten you in the mills,' remarked Willy.

'Nobody did frighten me, 'though the man that took me from the other looked as cross and spoke as gruff as old Buckle; but only think, boys, what it must be to see ever so many great big things, frames upon carriages on each side of the room, walking up

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to one another, and then walking back again, with a huge wheel at the end of each, and a big man turning it with all his might, and a lot of children of all sizes keeping before the frame, going backwards and forwards, piecening and scavenging—why, we all stared yesterday when that Mr. South said there was no sitting down; but nobody would even think of it. Move, move, everything moves. The wheels and the frames are always going, and the little reels twirl round as fast as ever they can; and the pulleys, and chains, and great iron works over-head, are all moving; and the cotton moves so fast that it is hard to piece it quick enough; and there is a great dust, and such a noise of whirr, whirr, whirr, that at first I did not know whether I was not standing on my head.'

'How funny!' said James, laughing, 'but what was your work like?'

'Why, you see, the frame goes sloping up so, and the bottom edge is about as high as this little table; and the upper edge has got two rows of little rollers, and over them several other rows, that stand up; and there are a great many cotton threads reaching from the bottom to the top of the frame; and while the machine moves about, the threads go running up, and twist round the little rollers above. Now the threads being thin and fine, they often break, and I have to keep a great watch, to get hold of the two ends when one breaks, and put them together, the same as in spinning.'

'It is spinning,' said Helen.

'Yes, it is; but not a bit like Mrs. Barker's wheel and distaff, with only one thread to mind. The man at the wheel is the spinner, and when the frame

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comes up the room he has to set his hand against it and push it back, which is pretty hard work. The joining, or piecening, is easy enough when you get used to it.'

'And what is scavenging?'

'Oh, that made me laugh. You see, bits of cotton wool will stick to the thread, and they mustn't go on the reels; so there is a little girl huddled up under the frame, and she snatches off all the loose wool, and throws it down so fast! and when the machine runs back, if the little scavenger did not bob and duck, and get very low, she would have a fine knock on the head.'

'Poor thing!' said Helen, 'she can never stretch herself out, hardly; and she is almost choked and smothered in the dust of the light cotton bits that she has to pull and scatter about her.'

'I did not think of that,' replied Mary, 'it amused me to see her so frightened and all in a bustle, so I laughed, and the spinner laughed to see me; and he is like old Buckle, not so cross as he looks.'

'Did the scavenger laugh?' asked James.

'No; she seemed angry, and muttered: I am sorry I was so thoughtless, granny, I will not laugh any more at her.'

'I hope not, my dear: all this is new to you, but you may find it very fatiguing before long; and then how would you like to be laughed at by others?'

'Nobody shall laugh at me.'

'You could not prevent it, Mary. Remember how often I have told you, that the choice of what we are to be and to suffer is not in our own hands. It becomes us all, at all times, to submit humbly to what-

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ever God sees fit to lay upon us; and to help our companions to do the same.'

'Yes, granny; I will always submit to God; but I need not let my fellow-creatures domineer over me.'

'If the Lord makes them the means of afflicting us, Mary, it is to Him we submit. But we may not reason about it, since we have a positive command, "Submit yourselves one to another." "Be clothed with humility." "Resist not evil." There are many more such passages in the Bible.'

Mary said nothing, but she looked unconvinced. Helen remarked, 'There is no resisting in a mill, for nobody can stop the great wheels always kept going by the steam. My work is among much bigger machines than Mary's, in the carding-room, where the cotton is pulled out and prepared for the spinners.'

'Do you walk about?' asked Willy.

'Yes, a good deal. There is plenty of bustling, and crowding, and hurrying, but the work does not seem very hard. Phœbe Wright is in the same room.'

'Is she civil?' Mary inquired.

'I hope I shall do nothing to make her otherwise,' answered Helen: and the widow felt that the question had been evaded. In fact, Phœbe could not restrain for a single day her bad feelings against the girl whom she had scoffingly introduced among her new companions as a mighty great saint; who sang psalms by way of payment for above a dozen years' board, lodging, and clothing, which a silly old woman had given her at the expense of her own grandchildren, now forced to leave a respectable home in

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the country, and to work in the factories for bread. The first part of the information of course excited much laughter, the latter no less indignation: and poor Helen found herself at once marked out for the contempt and dislike of the people around her. She hoped it might wear off; but whatever ensued she resolved in the strength of the Lord to submit, and never to grieve her friends by communicating the trial to which their kinswoman had subjected her.

But as time wore on, this was more difficult than she had anticipated; for Helen Fleetwood with all her advantages was only a poor frail mortal, like others. Often did this determination of keeping her mouth as with a bridle, while the wicked was before her, cost a most severe struggle; often did the silence she was constrained to keep from good words fill her with pain and grief. When she had once or twice attempted to reason with her persecutors on scriptural grounds, and found that her remonstrances were received with shouts of derision, and her quotations from holy writ blasphemously parodied by a few who, being the worst, of course took the lead, she felt that in this instance the pearls were trampled under feet by beings ready to turn and rend her, and she forbore to inflame their bitter hostility. Yet her compassionate heart longed to repeat what might, she thought, be blessed to some poor children around her. The majority of her immediate companions were of her own and Phœbe's age, and seemingly hardened past all fear or shame; but some interesting and modest-looking little girls were mingled among them. Her greatest annoyance however by far, was from the boys, who were often set on to insult her in ways more trying than the rest.

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Still she endured, as seeing Him who is invisible; but when returning to her home, when meeting the affectionate smiles of its beloved and loving inmates, most galling was the restraint that withheld her from claiming their ready sympathy. It would have been so soothing to tell out her sorrow to that maternal friend, and to listen to the simple but sweet comforts that even the children could supply. James would have found many an apposite text in his bible, and Willy have repeated or sang to her the hymns most suitable to such a case. But she saw the burden gradually increasing on her best earthly friend; she discerned in Mary a growing spirit of discontent and disobedience; and she resolved, instead of adding her calamities to the general stock, to take a double share of those which oppressed her benefactress.

One week was sufficient to develope thus far Helen's position in the mill. Mary's was worse, inasmuch as she wanted the wisdom and the strength that Helen derived from on high. Impetuosity, self-confidence, and irritability were the little girl's prevailing disadvantages; her excessively open temper, and love of talk, rendered them evident to all about her, while her unsuspecting warmth of heart made it easy to win Mary's affection, and to impose on her credulity. A little flattering went far with her, if so administered as to suit her natural love of pre-eminence; no child perhaps was harder to drive, but none more easily led. It may be supposed that such a character invited the various attacks of those who, amid the sameness of their disagreeable employment, were glad of any thing to diversify the scene: of others, who felt nettled at what frequently assumed the appearance of a conscious superiority over themselves;

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and of that numerous class whose inherent love of mischief, or desire to reduce all to their own low level of morality, induced them to assail a new comer with temptations, mocks, or malicious ill-offices, just as occasion or their own caprice might prompt. To say that all her companions belonged to one or another of these descriptions would be saying too much; but whatever good leaven there might be in the lump, was hidden beneath the abounding evil, and worked unseen, as to any influence upon the mass.

The widow, as yet, saw nothing of all this: Helen's griefs were carefully hidden, and as the ground which little Mary had at present taken up was that of a very rare and perfect example among her comrades, she sustained the character at home with some success: but the old lady was beginning to see that a life of idleness would prove equally injurious to her boys with one of more general exposure: already they had made some unsuitable acquaintance in the street, for she could not cage them like birds in a narrow apartment—and by sundry pranks within doors had added force to the landlord's remarks on the folly of keeping them 'like born gentlemen, with nothing to do. 'Tis no concern of mine, mistress,' he added, 'but you seem such a respectable, industrious body yourself, and too sensible for any silly pride, that I do wonder you can't see the mischief of spoiling the lads for life.'

'But I want to find some other way of living for them, rather than the mills; and if I don't next week I shall send them to school.'

'Well, ma'am, you are the best judge; but you must pay pretty high for a school where they can learn more than they know now; and I can't see the

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use of going over the same things twice. Boys get as idle at school as any where else, when they've no more to learn. As for employment, if you have friends among the gentry, not being mill-owners, you may get them into some service: or with a good round sum, you can bind them to a trade. But, as I said, 'tis no business of mine; and as long as I get my rent, you're all heartily welcome under my roof.'

The last words sank deep; for the rent of such respectable places was high; and the widow had made some calculations that proved they must all, 'ere long, work for their daily subsistence. The Saturday afternoon brought in the earnings of the two girls; and she felt it was unjust to let them labour alone for the whole family. She therefore spoke to her landlord, who readily promised to obtain admission for Willy into a silk-mill; and pleased at what he considered a very sensible use of the advice he had given, the old gentleman offered to procure a little work at some sort of simple manufacture, such as netting, for James to do at home, until she could make up her mind to engage him also. The Sabbath found them all most thankful to enjoy its privileges unmolested; and poor Helen especially longed for the refuge of those courts of the Lord's house which were doubly and trebly endeared to her by the last few days' experience, and the too just anticipation of what was yet to come.

In the course of the week Mrs. Green had found a Sunday-school far superior to that which she had before seen, and a ministry better suited to her need. Of both these the party availed themselves, and had scarcely finished their comfortable meal, and entered upon the sweet subject of their village home and

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absent brother—when they were surprised by a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of Charles Wright, who civilly asked whether his coming was an interruption. 'The addition of another of my grand-children to our Sunday party must be a welcome one,' replied the widow, drawing a seat near her own for this unexpected guest; who, after paying some compliments on the very neat and pretty abode, proceeded with no small embarrassment to open his commission.

C. E.

"GREAT and precious promises"—yes, not only great, but precious too. Do you ask me *how* precious? Do you require an account of their value? Look only to one text, "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Here is a cluster of promises in one verse: try if you can estimate the value of these alone, and then I may be able to give you some idea of the value of all these "great and precious promises" so thickly scattered throughout the whole word of God.—*Rev. F. Elwin.*

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THINGS OF OLD.

No. I.

MIND AND MATTER.

FEW persons will deny that the study of antiquity is an interesting pursuit; fewer still will assert that it is not a beneficial occupation for the mind; but with these points I am not at present concerned, my object and my earnest desire is to shew that this study of antiquity, its records and its traditions, is highly useful to the cause of our common Christianity.

A large view of ancient times and things is essential to the proper formation of that mental chart of history (or, more correctly, of the Divine dealings with mankind), which each of us should endeavour to possess, and into which we should insert each event of time, in its proper place, and in its due proportions.

In the minds of many persons, some one event or other occupies nearly the whole of this memorial scheme, to the exclusion of all, or at least of many others; and thus a narrow, prejudiced notion of the past is formed, derived from a part of its details, and not from the whole. Parts of a system are never viewed properly when viewed alone; their most important feature is their relative proportion and fitness to the whole.

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Let us take an illustration from a more familiar subject. Imagine two spectators; the one seated by the side of a magnificent river, which is just about, perhaps, to merge itself in the bright and boundless ocean. He sees its beauty and its breadth, he admires its majestic flow, its verdant banks, its romantic scenery,—but that is all.

The other spectator we will suppose to be placed upon the top of a lofty hill; before his eye lies, as in a mirror, the whole course of this mighty river, from its source, among the craggy clefts of the mountains, to the spot where it falls, broad and sweeping, into the sea. He sees it small at first, then gradually increasing,—here lost in a lake, there creeping through a morass, anon dashing over the brow of the cliff, a noisy cataract,—until spreading widely and bearing all before its tide, it rolls majestically through the rejoicing plains, and by the side of the stately cities, hastening to pour itself, in full and swelling magnificence, into the bosom of the tumultuous ocean.

I do not ask my readers which of these two observers most enjoys his prospect; but which has the best idea of the river's course and progress?

It is the same with the stream of time, that resistless flood which bears us all onwards to the shoreless ocean of eternity. From the high ground of reading and research we command a clear connected view of its course, from its early commencement in the wilds of a world now perished for ever, through its various windings among the fields of many nations, and past the renowned cities of Damascus, Jerusalem, Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, and Byzantium; we see all these objects in their relative proportions, in their real situations; and far beyond we discover, by the

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aid of prophetic vision, and in a dimmer distance, the union of the river with the sea,—TIME swallowed up in ETERNITY.

It is my intention to embody, in this and a few following papers, some extracts concerning antiquity, from valuable writers, whose works may not, perhaps, be in the possession of many among my readers; thus attempting to clear and enlarge that mental view of the past enjoyed by some of the younger 'Christian ladies' who peruse this magazine.

The great division of creation, as far as it is yet known to us, is that into things which belong to the spirit, and those perceived by the senses; or, in other words, the separation of all things into the two grand classes of mind and matter.

The first and eternal existence was the Divinity himself, an infinite, omnipotent mind; and His first creation is presumed to have been that of other minds, finite indeed, and immeasurably inferior to Himself, yet in certain respects resembling Him. They were holy, wise, and happy; but they did not all remain so. Some of them 'sinned,' and 'kept not their first estate; but left their own habitation.' Concerning the cause and the nature of this fall, the following account is given by Sharisthani, an Arabic author of the fifteenth century, who quotes it from the old disciples of Zoroaster. I doubt whether a clearer narrative, or one more consonant to the incidental notices afforded by scripture, could be found in even a Christian writer.

'Light produced several beings, all of them spiritual, luminous, and powerful; but their chief, whose name was Ahninan or Arimanius, had an *evil thought contrary to the light; he doubted, and by that doubting*

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he became dark. Hence proceeded all evils: dissension, malice, and everything else of a nature contrary to the light.' By 'light' the Arab means the Divine Beneficence, always termed *light* by the oriental sages, in strict accordance with scripture. See 1 John i. 5, 8. John ix. 5, &c.

Such, then, having been the event among spirits,—among beings consisting only of mind,—a new creation next ensued. A new form of subsistence was called into being; matter was produced; and "God created" the visible "heavens and the earth."

We are not expressly told by the inspired historian whether the heavenly bodies which are unconnected with our solar system were formed previously to the sun and moon, or at the same time with them. The mention of "*the stars*" (Gen. i. 16,) has been considered to imply that they were then created, along with the sun and moon. The Hebrew gives no support to the notion that the planets only are thereby intended; for the word there employed is the same always used to denote those glittering bodies which fill the visible heavens by night, whether planets or fixed stars. We shall enter farther into this subject hereafter.

Be this as it may, the production of matter was a mighty event in the history of creation, and called forth many new and amazing conditions of being. Hitherto, all existence having been comprised in the class of mind, time and space had been unknown to those beings who composed that purely spiritual universe. But now a change took place. All had previously been eternity; but here time began. Periods and revolutions commenced; and not only were the bounds of time appointed, but those of space were

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fixed also. Distance measured the extent of the new creation, and duration assumed its existence. Another fresh and wondrous property of this material formation was motion. 'This was the first existence of motion; for we can have no idea of motion previously to matter. It requires extension, shape, impulse; all qualities of matter alone. The motion of spirit is a contradiction in terms. What can be the motion of bodiless intelligence?' (*Croly's Divine Providence*, p. 19). And again, (*Ibid.* p. 49,) 'If to spirits matter were a new conception, motion, which altogether depends upon matter, must have been equally new.'

Tertullian (*Apology*, c. 22,) has a curious passage on this subject. 'Every spirit may be said to be *winged*, on account of its swiftness; for they can be here, and there, and *everywhere* in *a moment*; the *whole world* to them is but *as one place*.'

How different, then, nay, how opposite are the characteristics of matter to those of mind! The former entirely corporeal,—the latter all mental: the one, even when inhabited by a soul, slow, sensual, sluggish,—the other spiritual, swift, intelligent: the one a cumbered, or even an inanimate substance,—the other a pure, unmixed intellect: matter limited by impassable bounds of space and time, which touch and repress it at every moment, at every movement, —mind free, aye, far freer than the winds of heaven, unfettered by limits which, to its nature, have no existence; to it all the world is but "as one place," and all time as only a point amid eternity.

If then such be the nature of mind, even of created and finite mind, what should be our conceptions of the creating, infinite mind of the Eternal? Space is indeed annihilated to Him who is at once every-

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where present; and what is time to that Being with whom "a thousand years" are but "as one day," or even "as a watch in the night?"

A beautiful allusion to the Divine Omnipresence is made by Dante, (one of the most scriptural Christians that ever escaped and exposed the pollutions of his mother-church of Rome,) in his exquisite version of the Lord's Prayer.

> 'O Padre nostro, che ne cieli stai,
> *Non circonscritto*, ma per più amore
> Che à primi effetti di lassù tu hai,"—
> (*Div. Com. Purg.* 11.)

thereby implying that the immediate presence of the divine glory is not confined to the highest heavens by space, or any other limit, but is induced to dwell there by a supreme love to the heavenly spirits and angels, the first creation of his power. He is not called 'Our Father in heaven' because he is not also present upon earth, but because it hath pleased him to manifest his power and majesty in a higher degree to the spiritual, celestial essences, than to our dim corporeal eyes.

Little indeed is all that we can conceive of Him from his works of creation, or even from the word of his revelation. We know that He is everywhere, that he can do all things, and knows all things; but what do we understand by these brief, yet unfathomable expressions? Can our limited spirit, rendered yet more helpless by the "cage of flesh," in which it is imprisoned, conceive the idea of a Spirit pervading all things? We speak of it, in established and conventional phrases, but can we, for a moment, entertain such a thought, in reality? No; for such an

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effort we must ourselves become infinite; no mind can realize such a property without possessing it.

Of the divine power, glory, wisdom, we can but faintly imagine; 'they are more than human, they are boundless,' we say, and there we stop, for we can say no more. God has not been pleased to make known these His attributes to us under any fixed terms or descriptions whatever. There is but one passage of His word in which He has deigned to reveal himself, by an explicit declaration. 'The only word in which God ever defined His nature is LOVE.'—*Div. Prov.* p. 9.

X. Q.

The civil mischiefs which may arise from Puritanism are to be watched with equal vigilance, and repelled with equal vigour as those from Popery. But the difference between the religious errors of each is immense. I have always regarded Popery rather as an impious and impudent combination against the sense and rights of mankind, than a species of religion; while the differences which divided us from the Dissenters were of so trifling a nature, that their *making* a schism rather than conform, and our *hazarding* one rather than to indulge them in their scruples, will be the eternal opprobrium of both churches.—*Bishop Warburton.*

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STANZAS.

Lov'st thou the page where moves along
In pomp of words, the pride of song?
And are thy daily musings fed,
With visions of the mighty dead?
Deem'st thou that *there* a charm is found,
Above mortality's dull round?
Deep of that spring thou drink'st in vain,
'Twill soon be thine to thirst again!

Or, is it by thine own fire-side
Thy hopes with folded wings abide?
Content, with glad, yet patient song,
To cheer life's daily hours along?
And still the burden of their strain,
Heard at each pause—again—again,
Does one sweet thought recurring come,
'To love and be beloved at home!'

Ah, deem not thou thy lowly hearth
Safe from the storms that sweep the earth!
For know, that day in following day,
Must steal some charm of life away;
And mark a change, though p'rhaps unseen,
'Twixt what is now, and what has been;
Or death, with sudden touch, deface
Each household picture's tender grace!

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Though wisdom's earthly lamp is bright,
Thou followest but a meteor-light!
Though sweet the voice of love may be,
'Tis but the syren's song to thee,
If on the earth it bids thee rest,
Nor seek a home more truly blest,
A rich inheritance above,
Of perfect rest and perfect love.

Thine earthly joys from earth must pass,
Like flowers amidst the new-mown grass,
Which, though they waved in evening air,
When dawns the day they are not there!
Let better hopes thine heart engage,
And may thy lines of heritage
Fall in that fair and pleasant place—
The kingdom of thy Saviour's grace!

M. A. S. B.

WE believe, *because* God hath said it. The unbeliever accuses us of folly in this matter; but to me it seems more of folly that *man* should sit in judgment on *God*, than that he should humbly believe that his Maker hath dealt with him with a "*love* that *passeth* knowledge."—*Rev. T. Dale.*

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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. II.

AMONG the many figures used in scripture, to set forth the probationary state of God's servants in this world, there is none more striking than that in which, under various manifestations, it is represented as a pilgrimage. And what is a pilgrimage? It is a painful, toilsome journey, began with sacrifices, persevered in with sacrifices, sustained by the hope of abundant recompense, and by the ultimate rest and refreshment of home. There is this difference between a pilgrim and a traveller. The former has but one object in view when he sets out on his journey; the latter has many. The traveller inquires how he may vary his way, so as to take in all that can please the eye and gratify the taste in nature and in art: the pilgrim asks which is the direct road to the shrine where he expects a blessing. The traveller endeavours to secure to himself the greatest amount of comfort, and the greatest freedom from personal inconvenience on his journey: the pilgrim thinks not of bodily hardship, or if he thinks of it at all, it is as of one of the voluntarily-incurred consequences of his condition. The one goes forth seeking to enjoy; the other to attain. The one will gladly make a long circuit to avoid peril or loss; the other will be

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willing to incur any danger or difficulty, rather than be delayed in his journey. Nevertheless it may so happen, that, without going out of his road, the pilgrim will occasionally meet with a bower of refreshment, where he may sit and repose after the fatigues of the way, where he may bathe his parched lips in the pure tranquil waters, and lie down fearless and undisturbed in the quiet enjoyment of the bounty and beauty around him.

The analogy holds good with respect to the spiritual pilgrim. Heaven, and the rest which remaineth after its attainment, are the objects which he has in view; for the acquisition of which he is content to forego many present delights, and to endure much present hardship and self-denial. Still, though resolute not to wander from his way at the call of ease or appetite, he finds, as he journeys onward, that all is not barren. On the contrary, he is often surprised at the full provision made for him, and breaks forth into rapture whenever by the power of the Holy Ghost he receives some earnest of the promised blessing, some glimpse of the heavenly rest. Eph. i. 13, 14.

Who can describe the emotions which must have filled the hearts of the pilgrims of Mesopotamia, when they reached their first halting-place in the land of Canaan! The wearisome journey was accomplished, the Syrian desert passed, and Abram and Sarai beheld the land "which they should after receive for an inheritance." It was in the beautiful valley of Sichem that they first pitched their tents; probably in the anticipation that this was "the rest and the refreshing" provided for them, and that here they might dwell for ever. However fertile the

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amidst the rest and refreshment of Sichem, the Lord appeared unto him and said, "'Unto thy seed will I give this land:' and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him." What an epoch was this, not only in the history of Abraham as an individual, but of the world itself. Nearly four hundred years had elapsed since the last recorded "altar unto the Lord" smoked upon the summit of Mount Ararat, and the blessing of God descended upon the only household that had survived the wreck of all the families of mankind. Great and many were the promises made to the sons of Noah on that occasion:—the territorial occupation of the earth, the sovereignty of the creatures, and the assurance of exemption from the judgment of a second deluge:—promises, to the truth and faithfulness of which every succeeding age has borne witness. From this period until the believing patriarch collected his household around the altar of Sichem, we read of no similar manifestation of man's recognition of God as the director of his way, the controller of his movements, the giver of his life, the sustainer of his being. Men may have continued for a while to call upon the name of the Lord; but when Abram builded his altar, it was the only existing shrine where the true God was invoked by his creatures:—the one lone spot of all the earth where, morning by morning, the voice of joy and praise was heard from the dwellings of the righteous. We are not left to conjecture whether Abram was a solitary worshipper beneath the roof-tree of Moreh, or elsewhere in the many places which he consecrated to the service of Jehovah:—we know that he obtained peculiar approbation from God, for commanding his children and his household after him "to keep the

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way of the Lord," to bow the knee before Him, and make mention of His name. What a beautiful and affecting service must that have been, when, for the first time, the pilgrims of Mesopotamia assembled round the altar of Sichem! There stood the patriarch, in the twofold character of head of his household, and their priest also. There, too, stood the childless Sarai, perchance musing in her heart concerning the divine revelation so lately received, "unto thy seed will I give this land:" and there stood Lot, with all that train of homeborn servants which had accompanied him and Abram from Mesopotamia, "the souls they had gotten in Haran:"—there, where in the same valley, about five centuries after, the tribes of Israel, newly put into possession of the promised land, assembled "to hear all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings." It was by no unforeseen coincidence that Joshua selected the same spot for the erection of Israel's first altar of sacrifice, as that where the patriarch himself had made his public profession of the service of Jehovah. Neither was it a matter of choice on his part, but an act of obedience to the express command of God, declared long before by the mouth of Moses. "On the day when ye shall pass over Jordan, into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt build an altar unto the Lord in Mount Ebal; and thou shalt offer burnt-offerings thereon unto the Lord thy God; and thou shalt offer peace-offerings and shalt eat there, and rejoice before the Lord thy God." (Deut. xxvii.) And so we find the descendants of Abram taking possession of the land, in the very spot where the promise of God had been sealed unto their believing progenitor; and we find them

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like him, gathered together with their families in a solemn act of worship; for not only are "the elders, officers, and judges, and all the congregation of Israel recognized as present at this great sacrifice, but mention is also made of "the women and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them."

What a contrast between these two worshipping assemblies! In the first we behold the head of a single family, in a land of strangers, establishing the service of the one true God among his relatives and dependants; treasuring up the scanty revelation of His will, and following with patient hope the leadings of His providence through faith in the Divine promises: and in the last, we behold his seed, multiplied as the stars of heaven, triumphantly taking possession of the promised land, rich in the recorded will and worship of God, and rejoicing in the fulfilment of those very promises which their believing progenitors saw only "afar off," but which they were fully persuaded of and embraced, by means of that faith which gives evidence of things hoped for, though yet unseen. Such are the blessings attendant upon the family altar; such is the faithfulness of God in keeping covenant and mercy with his servants to a thousand generations.

The darkness which covered the nations has in part been dispelled, and now in place of the one family altar, there are thousands of worshipping households, daily drawing near to God, in the way of his own appointment, by means of the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice. But it would be too much to suppose that in every such assembly all are the true servants of the God whom they profess to serve. How

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many a Christian family so occupied might find their prototypes in that which was collected round the altar at Sichem. One of that household, perhaps, like Abram, confessing himself a stranger and pilgrim upon earth, devoted to the service of that God who hath called him to the hope of a heavenly inheritance, and commanding his children and his household after him to keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment:—another, like Sarai, a model of conjugal and matronly duty, but defective in faith, and through that deficiency too often contributing to mar the peace and harmony of her household:—the younger member, like Lot, wearying of the pilgrim's life, thirsting for the acquisition of this world's good; for a settlement in the land, and an intercourse with its ungodly inhabitants. And the servants also: some few like Eliezer, profiting by their privileges, bowing down the head and worshipping the God of their master; fulfilling all their service heartily as unto the Lord, and becoming instrumental in conveying blessings to the families they serve: and others, like those disorderly herdsmen mentioned Gen. xiii. 7, who, in full opposition to the known habits of their employer, and to the precepts of the God of peace, spend their days in strife and contention with their fellow-servants, bringing dishonour on the religious profession of their master, in the sight of his unbelieving neighbours, grieving his heart, and causing disunion, separation, and loss in his household.

God is the author of the family, and of all the blessed results that flow from that master-contrivance of Divine wisdom. He is the God of all the families of the earth, though all do not know him as such. But there is now, as formerly, one family peculiarly

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dear to him. The name which is above every name is upon them, the name of Jesus, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." While strangers and pilgrims below, they appear few and feeble compared with the aborigines of the soil, the children of this world: but in that day, when the Captain of their host, the heavenly Joshua, shall arise to lead them into that rest which remaineth, they will have become a great multitude whom no man can number. The years of wandering completed, the waters of the Jordan passed,—they shall enter with joy and gladness into possession of their heavenly inheritance; they shall dwell there, and go no more out, for their rest shall be glorious.

LYDIA.

DIEU nous a daigné exprimer l'union spirituelle au Sauveur par des symboles les plus touchantes. Il la peigne, dans les Ecritures Saintes, sous les figures de l'union des rameaux à l'arbre, des membres à la tête, de la femme à son mari. * * * Je ne *sais* pas comment il a plu au Sauveur de faire cette union intime entre Soi et son peuple; mais j'*éprouve* que je ne suis qu'un râme flétri, sans être uni à Jésus, comme mon cep; que je suis une membre morte, si je ne suis pas uni à Jésus, comme ma tête; que je suis une âme veuve, sans être unie à Jésus, comme mon Epoux Eternel.—*Dean of J——.*

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A PRAYER,

AS DELIVERED BEFORE A SERMON AT LONG ACRE EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, ON THE 8TH OF FEBRUARY, 1829, BY THE LATE REV. WM. HOWELS, M.A.

O THOU infinitely great and blessed God, whose love and compassion are commensurate with thyself; this glorious truth is revealed to us in the most comprehensive manner in the gift of thy Son, to deliver and redeem us from this world, and to communicate the gift of thy Spirit, to invest us in a love which is to raise us from all the ruin and depths of the fall, and to preserve us in a state of purity and holiness, and consequently of peace for ever and ever. May these sublime truths constitute the delight and glory of our lives. We have been too long feeding on the trifles of time and sense; enable us to ascend above them and to live in thy presence; forgive us the wickedness of our past lives, and do thou be pleased, in the spirit of true religion, to lead us into the recesses of our hearts, to weep over our own sins and the sins of our nation, and at the same time to repose implicit confidence in thy promises, in thy mercy, and in thy love. Enable us to make a holy and wise use of all thy providential dispensations. Bless us at the present moment: and, O thou God of heaven, be pleased to have mercy upon Britain, make her depart from iniquity, and cause thy church

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house to house, where their steps never trod before, where they never may tread again, they go distributing everywhere the Bible, and exhorting the people to walk by the light of this lamp of salvation.

The missionary who goes into heathen lands finds them overshadowed by the gloom of paganism. Like a mighty forest, whose giant trees have for ages past excluded the light and warmth of day, it casts a deadly shade on the life of man, intercepting and perverting the natural blessings and endowments of heaven. The nations of Europe, however, dwell not in darkness such as this: the forest has been levelled to the earth. But how? By the force of human reason? No; the light which modern philosophy does possess, it has drawn from the revelation which it denies: the knowledge which instructs man no longer to bow down before the vain idols of his own workmanship, and conveys to him the idea of one Great Being, the Creator and Upholder of all this material world, was not obtained by the profound researches of the reasoning sceptic, but derived by him, however unconsciously, from Christianity.

A country in which the great doctrines of our faith, though disregarded and disobeyed, have long been known and acknowledged, is in a very different position, with regard to the reception of the gospel, from a heathen land.

The colporteurs, whose labours in the latter would be useless, have been found in the former among the most successful means in reviving, by the help of the Lord, the dormant spirit of Christianity.

The profound ignorance upon religious subjects which prevails among all classes of French society, is well depicted in the following passage, extracted

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from Mr. Hartley's Treatise on the 'Progress of the Reformation on the Continent.' 'Melancholy, however,' says that author, 'as has been the inroad of infidelity amongst Protestants, its victory has been far more complete in Roman Catholic countries. It appears to me, that almost the whole body of the male population in France and Italy are without any faith in the divine origin of Christianity. If we except the priesthood, the female sex, and a portion of the lower orders, the rest of the community have appeared for a considerable period not only to be without the faith of Jesus Christ, but scarcely to believe the immortality of the soul, or the existence of a Supreme Being. There are *millions* in France, and other Roman Catholic countries, who have never read the Christian scriptures in their lives. I once met with a professor in the University of Paris, who confessed to me that he had not read them!'

It is to remove this ignorance that the labours of the colporteurs are directed, and the united voices of their Protestant brethren bear witness to the importance of their sphere of labour. 'The want,' says one of the Protestant agents, 'in which I stand of a colporteur is very great: I do what I can, but the prejudices of Popery are strong. Our brethren do what they can, as they have an opportunity; but their number is small. We want a person, impelled by a proper motive, to sell the scriptures; to obtain entrance into private houses for the purpose of moving unfavourable impressions, destroying prejudices, and interesting the people in favour of the true gospel, and paving the way for the minister. We believe the scriptures are in many houses, but not read; and that we are, generally speaking, re-

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spected: but our doctrines are not known, nor our objects understood: we want in our work a colporteur.' 'Le Colporteur Chrétien,' says the Rapport de la Société Chrétienne de Bourdeaux, 'bien qualifié pour son œuvre, est, humainement parlant, un des ouvriers les plus utiles à l'extension du regne de Dieu. C'est lui qui sillonne péniblement la terre encore inculte, et y répand cette semence qu'après lui l'instituteur, l'evangeliste, et le pasteur viennent cultivar, et dont ils recueillent les fruits avec actions de graces envers celui qui les a fait germer et mûrir à sa gloire.'

The occupation of the Colporteurs, however, will be better understood by a few extracts from their journals; the following is from that of a colporteur named Kilfenhein, and dated from Lyons. 'Of the persons who have been discharged from the military hospital, some have come to the house to acknowledge their thankfulness for Bibles received, and have sent others. An officer of the third light foot, many sergeants and corporals of different regiments in the garrison, read with interest the holy scriptures, and other works of a profitable kind. In the number are some Protestant soldiers.' I received a letter from a corporal of the 41st regiment of the line, in which he says: 'On the first day of our march I was very unwell, but my courage did not fail me, God gave me such hopes of meeting my parents. On the day after my arrival, I mentioned to them the happiness which I had in meeting you in the hospital, and your success in pointing out the way of salvation; you may imagine how happy I found myself in explaining that which you had previously communicated to me.' What Christian heart

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will not rest with pleasure on that pictured scene in the French peasant's cottage! the son repeating to the aged parents the lessons of grace, learned on his sick-bed in the hospital! those parents, too, who probably scarcely knew before that there was a Bible, or ever heard mention of the name of God. Henry Lefebvre, who labours in the northern districts, in one of his journals writes thus: 'In the inn where I slept there were three young women, who were about to play at cards; I asked them whether it would not be better to read a chapter in the gospel, or to sing a hymn? They and others who were present approved, the cards were thrown aside, and we sung some hymns, which gave me an opportunity also of making some suitable remarks.' It must be obvious to every reflecting person, that a vast source of good is opened, by persons thus travelling in every part of a civilized and populous country with the Bible in their hands, ready to offer it to all who are willing to receive it, and accompanying the gift with exhortation and instruction. The word of God has even been carried to Algiers, by those who heard it first in a French hospital, from the lips of the colporteurs.

It has been said above that the very existence of the Bible is unknown to some of the French Peasantry; we might say, probably to far the greater portion: nor only so, but it is unknown at Paris, even amongst those whose occupations would seem to render such a fact impossible; as an evidence of which we have the following anecdote:—At one of the suburban villages of London, lived a small shopkeeper, named T——; this man happened to be chosen constable, an office from which he used, in

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vain, every endeavour to be excused, being aware that it would involve him in considerable difficulty and distress.[1] The village was one in which neither the laws of God or man, with regard to the Sabbath, were obeyed; T—— felt, when he became constable, it was his duty to insist upon the shops being closed, and the outward appearance of business, at least, put a stop to, on the Sabbath. This end he steadily pursued, though aware of the consequences he should draw down upon himself, and which came in the desertion of his own shop by those whom he had thus offended, and the ruin of his little trade. The European Missionary Society being applied to, appointed him one of their agents in Paris, whence he has since continued; it is by him that the following fact is related. In the course of his visits he met with a person who requested him to procure a French Bible. T—— not having one, went to a shop in Paris to purchase it. 'We asked for a Bible; it was an unusual request: the woman who kept the shop did not think she had such a thing: after long search, however, she produced a copy, not of the Bible, but of a Roman Catholic history of the Bible; perhaps it may be said that there was nothing remarkable in not finding a Protestant version of the scriptures at a French bookseller's; but this was not a version of the scriptures at all, not even a Roman Catholic version.' The agent objected, 'that was not the Bible.' '*Not* the Bible!' exclaimed the woman, very angrily, 'do you think I do not know the Bible?' T——, of course, persisted in his assertion, upon

[1] The name of the person and of the village are both known to the writer, although not mentioned, having been heard at a private meeting, in the house of a friend.

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which the woman grew yet more angry, and declared that for twenty years, she had kept a bookseller's shop in Paris, and never seen any other Bible than that!

The spirit of Protestantism, rejecting all human doctrines and traditionary records, rests its faith only upon the Bible. It would therefore fain carry this lamp where it deems the light of salvation to proceed, to every corner of the habitable earth; it would have its sacred words repeated in every language pronounced by the tongue of man, that all may "know the Lord," according to His own word,—"Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." May he bless the labours of his servants, and cause the knowledge of his word to overspread that fair kingdom, whence it has been so long proscribed, yea, even almost banished.

B.

[If any of our friends are disposed to lend a little aid to this work of the colporteurs, we can inform them of a most providential opening for the employment of a large number, where the men are ready for their work, and nothing wanting but funds to carry it on.—ED.]

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ON THE PHRASEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

No. I.

By L. H. J. T.

In the excellent preface to the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, drawn up by Dr. Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, deputed to perform this task by his fifty-four brother translators, we find the following passage:—

'*Reasons inducing us not to stand curiously upon an identity of phrasing.*

'Another thing we think good to admonish thee of, gentle reader, that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because they observe that some learned men somewhere have been as exact as they could that way. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that which we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places, (for there be some words that be not of the same sense everywhere,) we were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But that we should express the same notion in the same particular word, as for example, if we translate the *Hebrew* or *Greek* word

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once by *purpose*, never to call it *intent*; if one where *journeying*, never *travelling*; if one where *think*, never *suppose*; if one where *pain*, never *ache*; if one where *joy*, never *gladness*, &c.; thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the atheist, than bring profit to the godly reader. For is the kingdom of God become words or syllables? We might also be charged (by scoffers) with some unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words. So if we should say, as it were, unto certain words, stand up higher, have a place in the Bible always; and to others of like quality, Get you hence, be banished for ever—we might be taxed, peradventure, with St. James' words, namely, "*To be partial in ourselves, and judges of evil thoughts.*"'

Nothing can be more sensible or more just than the preceding remarks, or more in accordance with the usual procedure of the inspired writers, who are by no means *nice* or *curious* in their quotations from the Greek of the Septuagint, or their translations from Hebrew into Greek.

Still it is very desirable to know the precise and exact import of words. The Greek scholar[1] soon perceives this when reading the New Testament in the original tongue, for he will frequently find that an English word occurring twice or oftener in the same passage, is the representative of different Greek words, resembling each other indeed but by no means alike. This will be evident from some examples shortly to be adduced; and the object of the present

1 Amongst *Greek scholars* I am confident I may include many of the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine, as the delightful accomplishment of Greek and Hebrew is daily gaining ground amongst the charming and better half of human kind.

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papers is to point out these differences wherever they are so remarkable as to throw a new light upon any passage of scripture, or to shew in more striking colours the "*manifold wisdom of God.*" A right knowledge of the true import of words will also frequently prevent us from basing argument or controversy on the supposed identity of words which in reality differ.

REST.

A most striking instance of this is to be found in Heb. iv. 1.—*Let us therefore fear lest, a promise being left us of entering into his* REST, *any of you should seem to come short of it.* ver. 3. *For we which have believed do enter into* REST, *as he said, As I have sworn in my wrath, if they shall enter into my* REST: *although the works were finished from the foundation of the world. For he spake in a certain place of the seventh day on this wise, And God did rest the seventh day from all his works. And in this place again, If they shall enter into my* REST. Running over the parenthesis to the 11th verse—*Let us labour therefore to enter into that* REST, *lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief,*—and now turning to the verses in the parenthesis, which contain the explanation of what the REST is, and the analogy between it; and the Almighty's REST from the works of creation as well as the REST of the Israelites, after the wanderings in the wilderness,—we read in the 8th verse—*For if Joshua had given them* REST, *then would he not afterward have spoken of another day.*

Now the word REST has occurred six times as a noun substantive and once as a verb; and when, in the 9th verse, we find, as a corollary to the propositions contained in the parenthesis,—*There remaineth*

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therefore a REST *to the people of God*,—the English reader naturally concludes that the word REST is the same throughout the passage; but this is not so. The word REST throughout this chapter (excepting only in the 9th verse, which is, in fact, the key-stone to the whole argument) the word in the original is ανπαυσις (*anapausis*) cessation from toil, turmoil, and disquietude—REST. It is the same word which our ever-blessed Redeemer uses in that address which sounds so sweetly and so tenderly in the ears of the oppressed and 'wasted with misery'—*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you* REST; and it is the same word which sounds with so awful an import in Rev. xiv. 11.—*And they have no* REST *night or day, who worship the beast and his image; and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name.*

But the REST which St. Paul (Heb. iv. 9.) logically proves *to remain to the people of God* is something more than an *anapausis*. The word here used occurs but this once in the New Testament. It indeed signifies all that *anapausis* does, but it embraces a much wider signification. It is σαββατισμος (*sabbatismos*) a Sabbatism; that blessed REST of which the earthly Sabbath (precious privilege!) is a faint and imperfect fore-shadowing. This most important view of this passage opens a sweet field for meditation and reflection—a vein of 'fine gold' which I will not cause to 'grow dim,' by unnecessary comment. But I must venture humbly and with diffidence to suggest that this passage offers a striking corroboration to the Jewish tradition, that the seventh millennium (or period of a thousand years) of the world's duration is to be the season of the accomplishment of the glorious promises to the church.

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ON SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

MAY the new year, recently ushered in, have brought with it an increased interest in behalf of the children of our land. How many young ladies are there whose talents and piety (consecrated to the glory of God) might be usefully employed (on that portion of the Lord's day not engaged in the public services of the day) in teaching in Sunday schools already established, and making efforts to establish *them* where there are none. Oh! my dear young friends, as a Sunday school teacher, I ask, will you not help forward this blessed, this important work? Will you not do what you can to sow *good seed*, while the enemy is so busy sowing tares? Popery is on the increase. Infidelity is on the increase. Shall we sit still and do nothing. Let me entreat those who have hitherto done nothing to further this work, to ask themselves one question, (if professing to follow Christ), Why am I not a Sunday school teacher? And if it should please God to make this humble appeal a means of stirring up any one to join themselves to the ranks of those who are labouring amongst the young, to Him be all the glory who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" "My word shall not return unto me void."

A LOVER OF BABES.

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EXTRACT

FROM THE THIRD ADDRESS OF THE HERTS REFORMATION AND PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

LET us be assured of *the certain triumph of the gospel of Christ* over all its enemies; this will animate us to intercessory prayer. It is predicted of our Lord, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for his law." Every changing scene of Providence, all the subtle schemes and politics of men, all the stubbornness of evil, all the temporary triumphs of his enemies, only prepare the way for the wider, deeper, fuller, and everlasting triumph of Christ our Lord over every Antichrist opposing his truth and grace, and all his purposes of love to man. In the assured conviction of this we are taught by our Lord to direct our first and chief prayers for this glorious issue, "Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

It may further quicken us more largely and fully to unite in fervent prayer, to remember that *the Papists have formed a Society to pray for the conversion of England to Popery.* They profess to feel that prayer is the mightiest engine for working on the human mind, and they are putting this engine to work in their way, by addresses to the saints, and by idolatrous masses. Let their zeal, not according to knowledge, stir us up with scriptural wisdom and enlarged love, fervently to pray to the

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Father of our spirits, the God who is a Spirit, and who reveals himself to us as light and love, and to whom we may always, by Christ, have access through one Spirit, that he would effectually succour his true church in these her last conflicts with his enemies.

The ways by which prayer will express itself are various and multiplied. It is not requisite here to enlarge upon these ways. All the passing events which come before us, such as the assembling of Parliament, the Queen's marriage, and public measures affecting our common Protestantism, will furnish the Christian with fresh occasions and calls for intercession. Let the same desire which marked the dying prayer of our good King, Edward VI. come more into our daily prayers, "O my Lord God, defend this realm from Papistry, and maintain the true religion, that we and all thy people may praise thy holy name, for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake." *Private prayer* in our closets is to be first attended to. In this we can freely enlarge according to our time, circumstances and knowledge, as Abraham did for Sodom, and Daniel and Ezra for the Jews. Earnest intercession, not only for our country and its deliverance from those sins which bring down God's displeasure, and that system of corruption and tyranny which is equally dishonourable to Christianity and enslaving to all its adherents, should first be made; we should also enlarge our prayers, that God's people, now immersed in Babylon (for never let us forget there are real Christians ensnared by this apostacy), may come out and be separate from it, and escape those last plagues which God has predicted. (Rev. xviii. 4.) *Prayer in the family* gives the Christian parent or master another opportunity of fulfilling this great duty. Let the welfare of the Protestant churches be more and more

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thought of by us in domestic worship, and an increasing volume of prayer, like holy incense, ascend from all the families of the faithful through the land in behalf of our country. *Prayer in social and religious Meetings*, may well be made to include petitions and intercessions on a subject so vitally connected with our national prosperity, and the ultimate success of every other religious, or charitable, or social object of interest. In times of apostacy and avowed wickedness the servants of God should and will often meet together to encourage each other in God's ways, and they will be spared and blessed in doing so. (Mal. iii. 13—18.) In *public worship* the church of England has important Protestant anniversaries, especially the 5th of November and the Queen's Accession, when there are suitable prayers for those interesting occasions. Let those days be more observed by us. Our church also leads us constantly to pray that God would deliver us "from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism," which are the very characters of Popery in our country. It leads us also to pray that it may please God to "bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived;" and well may we include our erring brethren of the Roman church in such petitions.

Let us only really feel the unutterable and primary importance of that high and positive duty and that great privilege of prayer, which is in the power of every faithful Christian, and let us in all practicable ways "lift up everywhere holy hands without wrath and doubting," and soon the present clouds would pass away, and the Sun of Righteousness in fuller splendour than ever shine on our beloved land, and make us the salt of the earth, and the light of the world.

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CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.

No. I.

"THE poor ye have always with you," was the declaration of one who saw at a glance the world in all its conditions, present, past, and future, of happiness and misery. He knew, that so long as earth remained the abode of sin, it would also be the abode of sorrow; and that his people should ever meet in their pilgrimage some to claim their sympathy, some to whom, having freely received, they might freely give. And while he pleaded the cause of the poor, and preached his gospel peculiarly to the poor, never did he for a moment suggest the thought, that before the glory of the latter days a time would come, when the poor should cease out of the land.

More than eighteen centuries have passed away, and still there are poor. Their number is not smaller, nor their wants less pressing, in England than in Judæa. And the Redeemer's commands respecting them remain unrepealed, and shine in the same page with those promises of divine forgiveness, which form at once the motive and example for human mercy.

Christ has not changed—the Bible has not changed—the wants of the poor have not changed: but neither has man's nature changed. That still remains as

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ever, cold and selfish, adorned with the name of Christianity, but uninfluenced by its power. So that except where heavenly grace has descended into the soul, or an uneasy conscience sought peace in its own efforts, men, though Christian in name, have left their poorer brethren as wretched and miserable as they were when heathen.

Still the gospel has shone amidst the darkness of human nature. It has illuminated and warmed many a heart, and melted the icy chains in which the breasts of men are bound by nature. Its unmeasured mercy has imparted something of its own kindly glow to all who have received it, rendering them, at least in will, lighthouses to cheer and gladden the world in which they are placed.

Every advance of true religion, every triumph of the gospel over the power of the prince of darkness, has a natural tendency to increase the number of those lighthouses, and brighten the lamp within them; so that in our age of scriptural knowledge we may well expect peculiar illustrations of Christian benevolence.

It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that various societies for charitable purposes should spring up in every part of the land. We have a right to look for District Societies, and Benevolent Societies, and Clothing Societies, and other similar institutions, having for their object the relief of the spiritual or temporal necessities of our poorer brethren. It is scarcely a matter of congratulation that they exist; it were so deep a disgrace if they existed not.

The mere existence however of such societies is of little use, unless they effect their proper object. If in any respect their aim be wrong; if their princi-

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ples of action be unsound; if their practice be formed on another model than that laid down in scripture—it is not enough to say that they are inefficient, or even that they are useless. They are worse than useless, they are positively injurious; for such societies are the window, through which the scattered rays of Christian benevolence are admitted into the dwellings of sorrow—the reservoirs which collect the treasures of skies and brooks, again to distribute them in channels through the thirsty land—the heart into which the rude supplies of vital energy are collected to be thence discharged through the arteries into every part of the system; and if the windows be too contracted—the reservoir unsound—the heart inactive, they only obstruct the transmission of water, and light and life, and prove the sources of misery rather than of blessing.

It becomes therefore an object of interest and importance to examine well whether these powerful engines are planned, and framed, and worked in such a manner as to effect the intended good and avoid incidental evil. For it is idle to expect satisfactory results from the machinery, if the wheels are clogged, the pins loosened, or the valves improperly adjusted. From such a state of things nothing can follow, but complete failure and the gradual wearing away of the machine itself.

The class of societies to which I have alluded, and which may be all comprehended under the general name of Benevolent Societies, differ from that other class of Auxiliaries to Parent Institutions, as in many other respects, so especially in this, that they differ from one another. One Bible or Missionary Association is an exact type of all other Bible or

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Missionary Associations. But with Benevolent Societies the case is very different. Almost every institution, with many features of family resemblance, has some distinguishing characteristic, which divides it from all others, sometimes to its injury, sometimes to its advantage. It would therefore be unfair to include all such societies in one sweeping sentence of praise or censure; and to examine the details of each separate one apart is evidently impossible.

But as we are able, without censuring either particular individuals or whole communities, to take notice of prevalent errors, so, while approving the general plan of these societies, and not throwing blame on any specific member of the group, it may not be difficult to trace the rise and growth of evils gradually spreading into the system, infecting perhaps one part fatally, another slightly, and a third scarcely at all; yet insensibly poisoning the life and vigour of the whole frame.

L. L.

THIS 53rd chapter may well be called the Gospel of Isaiah. Subtract names of places and of persons, (Herod, Pilate, and so forth,) from the four evangelists, and they scarcely give a more minute picture of Jesus' sufferings than does this chapter, even down to the particulars of his burial.—*Rev. F. Goode.*

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THE INFANT DANGEROUSLY ILL TO ITS MOTHER.

With Jesu's arms around me,
With Jesus ever near;
Though pain and sickness bound me,
My mother, canst thou fear?

I see thee watching nightly
My hurried breath as now;
I feel thy loved hand lightly
Upon my chill damp brow.

Yet One who loves more dearly
Is watching o'er my rest,
And He who seeth clearly
Will govern for the best.

Though pangs succeed each other,
Each struggling for my breath,
Fear not, my own loved mother,
He hath the keys of death.

And oh! if he should call me
To all the joy above,
Could greater bliss befal me
Than share a Saviour's love?

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I've heard thee speak in anguish
Of friends who left life drear,
But, there I could not languish
O'er broken links held dear.

The struggle of the spirit,
The warfare for the crown,
Unfelt, I should inherit
The bliss without the frown.

Yet, mother, he may leave me
To bless thine anxious prayers;
But though the grave receive me,
'Tis love that crowns or spares.

Ah! seek to mingle sadness,
With trust in Jesus' love;
And we shall meet in gladness,
My mother dear, above.

ALICE GERALDINE.

LET God alone to do His own work. There never was, apparently, a more grievous day for the church than this, on which her Head was slain, and His humanity lay in the gloomy grave. But had the church had eyes to see it, this was the most glorious of all days to her; her redemption was accomplished, her leader had said, 'It is finished!'—*Rev. F. Goode.*

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LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

IV.

SCOTIA, Hibernia, Irelanda and Ogygia were names given to Ireland. The sons of Milesius called it Scotia, in honour of their mother, Scota, who was slain in a battle fought at a mountain in Munster, called *Sliabhmis*, A.M. 2737, before the birth of Christ 1296 years. This is said by the best of the early Irish historians. Others of a later date, attribute the name to other causes; but all agree that it was called Scotia Major, and Scotland Scotia Minor.

Scota was the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and the mother of Gadelus, from whose name the Irish language is called Gaolic, or Gelic. He was one of the eight sons of Milesius. From another of whom (Eberus Fionn) Ireland was named Hibernia; and from his fifth son Ir, being the first of his race buried in the island, it was called Irlanda.

The name of Ogygia (which signifies a very ancient thing) was given by reason of its remote antiquity. Plutarch calls it *Insula perantiqua*. The Gadelian monarchy lasted 2468 years.

Policronicon and other foreign authors, call the Milesians, or posterity of Gadelus, Scyti, or Scythians. Sir James Ware says, 'The learned know how common the name of the Scythians is among ancient writers, and it is a received opinion of the

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most diligent enquirers into the antiquities of Ireland, that the European, or Celto Scythians, divers times sent colonies into Ireland." From these Scythians proceeded that race of kings which ruled Ireland so long; in number 181, all of the same blood, in a direct line from Milesius and his son Gadelus.

The Scythian language is one of the most ancient, and found to be the same as the Irish language.

Scota was the daughter of Pharaoh Cingris, whose grandfather was the great Feniusa Farsa, king of the Scythian nation, who applied himself to the study of letters, and the knowledge of the several languages which the confusion of Babel introduced into the world 60 years before, according to the account of chroniclers of great antiquity. The number of languages was 72.

> 'From the confusion at the tower of Babel,
> Till Finiusa Farsa from the north arrived,
> Was sixty years.'

He founded a university at Magh Seanair, near Athens, where Niul, his second son, was born, and educated for twenty years. All which time Finiusa Farsa remained president over the schools, and invited to them all the youths of the adjacent countries; that they might attain the knowledge of the universal languages. At the invitation of Pharaoh Cingris, Niul went to Egypt, in order to instruct the youth of that country, and the king was so much pleased with his learning and wisdom that he gave him his daughter in marriage, a princess of rare beauty, &c.

Niul erected schools and seminaries of learning in Capicirunt, and taught the sciences and universal languages to the Egyptian youths. Pharaoh Cingris was the king of Egypt who, with all his host, was

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drowned in the Red Sea; and by his successor, Niul, with his family and adherents, were driven out of Egypt, according to the account of Walsingham, in his Hypodigma. 'The Egyptians being overwhelmed by the Red Sea, those that remained drove out a Scythian prince, who resided among them, lest he should take advantage of the weakness of the government, and make an attempt upon the crown. When he was expelled the country, with all his followers, he came to Spain, where he and his people lived many years, and became numerous, and from thence they came into Ireland.'

At the time of a great scarcity, when, by reason of a long period of dry and parched weather, provisions failed in Spain, these people, having much confidence in the courage of their soldiers, resolved on seeking out a more plentiful land to dwell in, of which, by force of arms, they might acquire the possession. To this they were in some measure directed by the prediction of the chief among their priests, or Druids, Caicer by name, 'that the posterity of Gadelas should obtain possession of a western island,' which was Ireland.

After much consultation, Ith, the son of Breogan, was despatched to make the discovery, and he arrived upon the northern coast of Ireland with 150 resolute men.

Before he proceeded to explore the country, he offered sacrifice to Neptune, but there were inauspicious omens.

The landing of such an army attracted a number of the inhabitants, with whom they had no difficulty in communicating, their language being Scythian, as well as their own, all being of the same race, the descendants of Magog.

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The language of Nemedius, the Scythian, and his people, and consequently of the Firbolgs and the Tuatha de Danans,[1] were the same.

Ith left one-third of his men to guard his ships, and with the remainder, and his own son Lugha, he advanced into the island, escorted by the people who came to meet him with unsuspicious courtesy, and giving him all such information as he required. He, in return, satisfied their inquiries by telling them who he was, and from whence he came. Being desirous of knowing something of their government and rulers, he was directed to Oileach, a northern district on the confines of Ulster, where he had a conference with the three kings who divided the land amongst them, and at this time had met by mutual agreement, in order to decide about a rich possession of jewels which had been bequeathed to them by a relative, in so uncertain a form that they were at a loss to find out whether only one or each of the three might claim the inheritance, they being brothers. After a short conference, Ith gained their entire confidence, and they submitted themselves to his decision in regard to the subject of their dispute.

Ith carefully concealing the real motive of his visit, told them that stress of weather had driven him upon their island, and that as soon as possible he would take his departure. Instead of which he made all possible delay, traversing the country to the different residences of the three princes, where he was hospitably entertained, and by his wisdom,

[1] There is a mistake in the spelling of this word by the printer in the former numbers of the Magazine. *Danaus* instead of Danans. There are found many other mistakes in the orthography, of the Irish names chiefly.

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discernment, and learning, gained more and more their esteem. He gave them much good counsel, setting before them the abundant cause they had for living in tranquillity and unanimity among themselves, under such advantages as were rarely to be found; a country so fruitful, sufficiently watered with ever-flowing rivers and streams, the air so balmy, the woods, hills, and dales so luxuriant in foliage and verdure, so that no other country could be comparable to it for pleasantness and beauty.

At length the time came when Ith said he must return to his own land, and he took leave of the three kings, each in their turn, who were the sons of Cearmada of the Tuatha de Danans. But his praises had stirred up in their mind strong suspicions that he had some concealed intention of possessing himself of that which he so greatly admired, and that they should feel the effects in the intrusion of a foreign foe, which, no doubt, on his return he would collect. In order to prevent such consequences, they hastily summoned a number of followers equal to those by which their visitor was attended, and unexpectedly fell upon him in the rear. Ith stood the attack with unexampled bravery, and forced a retreat, until he came to a place afterwards called Muigh Ith, from the events of that day. Here his little army faced about, and after a desperate and bloody conflict, they escaped to their ships, bearing with them their leader, mortally wounded.[1]

[1] By some it has been said that this account of the invasion of Ireland must be a fabrication, by reason of the art of navigation being unknown, as also the use of the chart and compass; and that there was no such thing as shipping known in the world at that period of time when it is said the Milesians invaded Ireland. But this assertion is founded in the grossest ignorance: for since the deluge there has at

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least been some kind of shipping. Noah's ark was a great ship, built by the order and under the direction of the Almighty; and this vessel may have served as a model for other vessels, whereby, soon after the flood, men passed from island to island, peopling different nations, accordingly as Divine Providence marked out for them the bounds of their habitation. Several islands, far remote in the seas, were inhabited by the increasing posterity of Noah, long before the use of chart or compass was discovered. To deny this, would be to deny what the most early accounts affirm. And cannot that God who endowed man with intelligence and the means of inventing the chart and compass, be his pilot without them? Great and small ships are mentioned in the Bible. St. Paul sailed in a large ship, since there were on board 276 souls. There are many records in Irish history, of Africans who, at several periods of time, visited Ireland, and gave accounts of certain stars worshipped by the mariners as their good or evil guides over the deep and distant seas.

Eusebius and other historians speak of the Grecian fleet before Troy, and of much shipping and long voyages, 1249 years before the birth of Christ, when the use of chart or compass was unknown. Why then should the Gadelians be excluded, who were accounted an ingenious, adventurous, and warlike people, from seeking out an island for their habitation?

We do not hear of chart or compass to guide St. Paul over a dangerous and tempestuous sea. The stars Castor and Pollux were their compass. And we hear of the storm which Jonah for his disobedience encountered at sea, 862 years before Christ. David, in speaking of the great and wide sea, says, "There go the ships." Psalm civ. 25. And again, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." Psalm cvii. 23—30.

THE awakened sinner sees that throughout the extent of the universe he hath not a single friend—even an angel cannot befriend him, though he may look down with all the anxieties of pity and sympathy. Nature cannot befriend him; and even God himself must be his enemy—then he feels that he is indeed poor, that he hath not a single friend to flee unto.—*Rev. Dr. Cooke.*

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Review of Books.

"THE FLOWER FADETH." *Memoir of Sarah Jane Isabella Wolff, eldest Daughter of the Rev. M. S. Alexander, Professor of Hebrew and Rabbinical Literature in King's College, London, and Missionary to the Jews. Written by her Father.* Wertheim; Hatchards.

DELIGHTFUL as it always is to trace the unfolding of a blossom which the Lord has prepared, that he may gather it in its opening beauty for himself, there is a rich enhancement of the delight when that blossom has sprung from a natural branch of the good olive tree, again grafted in, by the mercy of God, upon the true stock of faithful Abraham. The parents of the dear young girl, the subject of this brief memoir, and of whose infant beauty and sweetness we have a very touching recollection, are both wholly of the race of Israel, "beloved for the fathers' sake," and "accepted in the Beloved." They are devoted servants of Christ,

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long and deservedly endeared to the church: and even in recording a few most interesting facts respecting his young daughter, Mr. Alexander has kept in view that which is the prevailing desire of his heart, that his "brethren after the flesh" should be saved.

Sarah evidently was a child of God from the first: her short course was very bright: its close exceedingly beautiful: and she now rests before the throne of Him who was pleased to take on him the seed of Abraham, that he might become a light to lighten the Gentiles, and be the glory of his people Israel. The memoir is written with great simplicity, to make it more profitable to the young. It is a sweet little book; and we trust that by its means the bereaved parents will see much good springing out of their heavy affliction.

A DISCLOSURE *of the Principles, Designs, and Machinations of the Popish Revolutionary Faction in Ireland. By John Ryan, Esq. M.R.S.L., Author of "The Life of King William III;" "The History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow." &c. &c.* Edwards, London; Bleakley, Dublin.

If Mr. Ryan were not himself a native Irishman, we would not notice his book. Not that he has failed in the promise held out in the title; for, alas! the picture is as just as it is appalling, and no one can deny the facts which, trumpet-tongued, speak for themselves. What we should demur at is the extreme severity of the author's remarks on the race from which he springs, as a people. In an English-

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man or a Scotchman, even of a line long naturalized in Ireland, we should call it an anti-national prejudice; but as Mr. Ryan avows himself of the aboriginal race, his name also importing it, we want to plead with him a little for his brethren after the flesh; and in him with a very large class of valuable men.

As to the Popish priests and the demagogues of Ireland, if Mr. Ryan would enumerate all their discovered villainies, and multiply the sum total by the frauds of the priesthood and the lies of O'Connell, we would certify that the final product fell short of the reality. No language is too strong, no censure too sweeping, for the denunciation of those selfish deceivers who do Satan's work, and almost overdo it, for the sake of his present wages in filthy lucre and personal aggrandizement. We plead not for them: but the victims of their cupidity, the tools of their murderous plots, form a very different and truly pitiable class. Mr. Ryan has powerfully shewn the absolute control exercised by the crafty priesthood over their ignorant dupes—more ignorant he makes them out to be than we have reason to suppose them: he also gives lengthened specimens of the irritating, inflammatory productions by which their passions are kept in a state of perpetual excitement, prepared for any work of violence against their Protestant neighbours. Admit the facts of their ignorance, their susceptibility, and their natural proneness to superstition, and behold them as being carefully, from the cradle, fostered in these things, and kept from whatever could tend to enlighten their eyes, to inform their minds, or to soften their asperities—we ask what other result can possibly follow than what

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we see and deplore? Mr. Ryan is every whit as hot in a good cause as his poor perverted countrymen are in a bad one: he is all earnestness, zeal, devotion to the laws and government. In his natural state he would have made a formidable Ribbonman; and the happiness that he cannot but feel in promoting the right cause, so heartily as he does, by means of that truly Irish temperament to which lukewarmness is abhorrent, should render him a powerful pleader for his misled people; anxious to bring into the ranks of good order those whom we assert to be, if rightly directed, one of the most generous, kind-hearted, and intelligent races on the face of the earth.

We appeal to Mr. Ryan's book for awful proof of what misgovernment is doing in Ireland by its wicked connivance at Popery; and we appeal to the author for his aid in bringing to bear against the confederated enemies of his country that which alone they dread—a scriptural education for their sons.

COTTAGE DIALOGUES. *On the Gospel of St. Matthew. By D. H. W.* Baisler.

We perfectly agree with the author as to the difficulty of finding books suited to the circumstances of children and the poor, the language of which is not above their comprehension. We have frequently made the experiment, by questioning such individuals as to the meaning of words in common use, but to which, as we anticipated, they could attach no meaning. In the volume now under review we

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meet with nothing of the sort: the language is simple enough to be intelligible to any little child in a charity-school, and at the same time sufficiently pleasing to attract readers of all ages.

Sound doctrine is, as it ever ought to be, the foundation: practical obedience is shewn to be the superstructure for which that foundation is given to us. Being particularly pleased with the book, we tested it farther by placing some copies in the hands of the classes whom it is intended to benefit: and we found these most despised, though often best qualified of critics, unanimous in awarding to it the pre-eminence to which we thought it entitled. If this volume meets the acceptance that is justly its due, we are promised a continuation on the three other gospels. The dialogues are quite in the narrative style, interesting and entertaining.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE REV. R. MONTGOMERY, A.M. *Oxon. A new edition, revised by the Author. Vol. VI.* Symington and Co., Glasgow.

THIS is the sixth volume of the elegant edition which we have before had the pleasure of noticing. It consists of one poem, "The Messiah." Among the numerous striking beauties of Mr. Montgomery's poems, we consider some descriptive passages in this of surpassing brilliancy; for instance, that which pourtrays the closing night after the finishing work of our redemption on Mount Calvary. Often reprinted, we cannot introduce these pieces as new to our readers: but we hope the author will ere long enable us to

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point to some effort of his still more matured judgment, and more enlightened piety; for the servant of God is ever progressing.

THOUGHTS OF PEACE FOR THE CHRISTIAN SUFFERER. *A Selection of Short Passages from Scripture and Sacred Poetry.* Hamilton and Co.

THE solace of a Christian sufferer's painful hours, and very well adapted to soothe those of many others among God's chastened children. It is a very pleasing little selection, and appropriate throughout to the purpose for which it is designed.

THE PROTESTANT EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL; *their Persecutions and expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish Church, and embracing the Reformed Faith. Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald, of Berlin. By John B. Saunders.* Hatchards; Nisbet and Co.

OUR readers are already acquainted with the outline of this story. It is here given in full, with a very pretty engraving for a frontispiece. We have only one objection to make: the translator says in a note, quite at the commencement, that "throughout this narrative the word *Catholic* must be taken as synonymous with Roman Catholic, or anti-Protestant;" and so having been induced to call evil good, and to put sweet for bitter, he continues to compliment his Protestant readers by informing them in every page that

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they are heretics, by conceding to Popery the term Catholic. We are resolved never to let this dangerous inconsistency pass unnoticed; and having expressed our regret that the word Romanist was not employed where Romanist is to be understood, we acknowledge it to be the only drawback on much gratification experienced in reading the little history.

It is, very properly, dedicated to Queen Adelaide; and the fact is with equal propriety brought forward of our own King, William IV. having been the first to move in the cause of these afflicted Protestant confessors. The mischief perpetrated by the useful-knowledge-mongers of England is clearly shewn; and a good lesson may be gathered by some who call themselves staunch Protestants, from the contents of the narrative.

We have seen the Protestant Magazine for 1839, in a neat volume; and a broad sheet containing the thirty-nine Articles of our church, in most conspicuous type, published by Mr. Baisler: also several numbers of the new Protestant French journal, "L'Esperance," which fully deserves the encouragement of English Christians; and the new series of that valuable periodical, "The Dublin Examiner; or Church of Ireland Magazine," which is now stamped, and so rendered transmissible by post.

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THE PROTESTANT.

'You cannot feel this as I do,' remarked my uncle, as I completed the fixing of a band of crape round his hat; 'it is true you retain a vivid recollection of the royal lady for whose decease we are now called on to display the symbols of mourning; but you are not, like me, carried back to the period of that lady's youth, when, with all the ardour of a young sailor, I looked upon the blooming family of my king, and gloried in the privilege of being commissioned to defend them from the approach, yea, from the apprehension of danger. My old heart feels the severing of every link in that chain of by-gone days, when England stood a queen among the nations, and her sceptre indisputably ruled the waves.'

'And will she not, in that sense, rule them still, uncle?'

'It is to be hoped she may; but her flag has been repeatedly insulted, and her once-dreaded thunders set at nought. I do not wish to dwell upon that theme now, niece; if God be still for us, we may yet, as of old, defy the world in arms, and that He has not forsaken us I desire to believe.'

'Look at the recent interpositions in our favour. Have we not just seen a populous town saved from fire and the sword by one unarmed watchman putting thirty armed rebels to flight?'

'Ay; and where, I pray you, did that occur?' said

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my uncle, with the utmost animation; 'at Sheffield, than which no town has more manfully stood forward on Protestant principles; at Sheffield, where the gospel, the pure gospel of Jesus Christ is preached from every pulpit of our church; in Sheffield, where those responsive cheers so lately recorded in your pages, rang to the reiterated NO POPERY watchword of M'Ghee, and to the masterly exposure of that accursed system by our eloquent M'Neile. "Them that honour me, I will honour," saith the Lord. I do conscientiously believe that a Protestant Association is, in these days, the best safeguard of any neighbourhood.'

'I believe so, too; and you well know that if that shield be withdrawn from the neighbourhood where I dwell, I was not consenting to the purpose or deed of those who flung it away. Never was anything of the kind more firmly established. God so blessed the efforts of a few individuals whom it was my privilege to bring together for the purpose, that not only was the Association formed, with one of the county members at its head, but the most numerous, most animated meeting ever seen there took place in the very large public room usually devoted to such purposes. We were enrolled as one of the earliest branch associations of the Society; and we sent up two petitions to the legislature, one of which roused O'Connell himself to oppose, though unsuccessfully, its reception. To this day I know not when, how, or why our branch association disappeared; it was burked, uncle—put to death secretly and unfairly, and in the absence of its parents and first friends. I call God to witness that I am guiltless of what I consider to have been a most unprotestant act; and of the whole

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party who first joined me in setting it on foot, I am certain there is not one who would have acquiesced in its destruction, could he have averted it.'

'Wait a while, my dear: wait till all our pulpits become Protestant, like those of Liverpool and Sheffield, and you will see the like results. Meanwhile remember it is accepted according to that which a man hath, not what he hath not: and if in this matter it can be said of you, "She hath done what she could," be thankful.'

'I am so: the consciousness of that serves instead of bolts and bars to my humble cottage, and weapons of defence against those deluded men who are now terrifying the land, even if they be not commissioned to pass a sword through it.'

'In truth, the "pestilence" of Popery, the "noisome beasts" of Socialism, and the "sword" of Chartism seem only waiting the divine permission to ravage these islands. The seasons menace us with 'famine' too in the literal sense, and spiritually there is nothing wanting to famish us, if while the dissenting bodies become political zealots the blight of Puseyism rests on the church. That the land has sinned against the Lord by trespassing grievously, no one but an infidel can dare to deny: and if he sends his "four sore plagues," we need no addition to what even now exists: merely that power should be given to the present evil to spread and enlarge itself. So it was in impious France: so, if we repent not, will it be in faithless England.'

'Indeed, I know nothing to which Puseyism may so aptly be compared as to a famine. God appoints his ministers to feed us with the finest of the wheat flour, and with honey out of the stony Rock. That

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bread is Christ, the bread of heaven: wheat, sown in the soil of our earth, and ripened, and bruised, and shattered, till no form or comeliness remained, that by it our souls might be fed, and nourished up into life eternal. The stone, the sure foundation-stone, chosen of God, elect, precious, whereon alone we may safely build; the Rock of which all his Israel drink, smitten and wounded, that refreshment sweeter than honey might flow forth to us. This is what the stewards of God's mysteries are commanded to divide among His people—the portion that their heavenly Father sends them. But the Puseyite teachers have another gospel: they first adulterate our bread, then gradually withdraw it, substituting the wretched messes whereon Popery starves her victims. Their rock is not as our Rock: it yields not the honey of sweet assurance, pardon, and peace, and joy in the smitten Saviour, but the bitter apple of man's miserable doings, his penances, his will-worship, and voluntary humility. It, most aptly, turns away from the people the priest's lips that should keep knowledge for them, and bids him mutter and gesticulate to an imaginary something hung up at the east end of the building, and that something we are left to conjecture must be the Popish pix, containing the rubbish of the mass-wafer, which no doubt will be restored when they have famished us a little lower, and taught our empty stomachs to crave whatever may present itself.'

'They certainly have taken one step towards the restoration of the pix,' said my uncle: 'for in the new pattern church at Skipton, we are told that a piece of furniture called the credence is placed within what they are pleased to term the *altar* rails,

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whereon to set the 'sacred vessels and sacramental elements, previous to oblation.' In scriptural churches it has been deemed sufficient to have a table always standing there, ready for the celebration of the Lord's supper: but this contrivance of a separate place for the elements before consecration, is symptomatic of a design to provide us with another to hold the bread after it is consecrated, a perpetual object of idolatrous veneration to the famished souls who must be content to look on such an empty shadow instead of receiving Christ into their hearts by faith through the hearing of the word duly preached.'

'What is meant by the expression, 'previous to oblation,' as applied to the sacramental elements?'

'To a Protestant, it means nothing: there are in the communion service of our church several oblations mentioned. In the first instance it is connected with the word alms, in the prayer for Christ's militant church: and that it is meant to express the same sort of offering is apparent from this, that in the rubrick it is directed the deacons, churchwardens, or persons appointed for the purpose, shall receive the alms and *other devotions* of the people in a decent bason: it is likewise ordered that when there are no alms and oblations the words shall be left out: yet, that such omission does not imply an absence of the act of communion is evident from this, that the minister is directed to lead in this prayer, after he shall have placed the bread and wine on the table. Again, the Lord is intreated, after communion, to accept our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving; which may be called an oblation; and shortly after to accept us, our soul and bodies, which we offer and present unto Him as a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice.'

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'It seems then, that the oblation, previous to the offering of which the elements are to be kept on the credence, is the putting our alms into the bason or plate.'

'Yes: but these gentlemen will tell you, one and all, that the bread and wine, being consecrated, are offered up to God, as symbolical of the body and blood of Christ: if they can venture to use the term symbolical, seeing they have asserted, as you noticed in your last number, that an episcopally-ordained minister has power to perform the MIRACLE of transforming the sacramental bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ.'

'Nay, if they first transform, or transubstantiate the elements, and then make an oblation to God of what is so transformed, we have the Popish mass complete!'

'All but the recognition on the part of the people, by an act of prostrate worship, and this we cannot withhold, if they succeed in persuading us that Christ is bodily present.'

'It is an awful spectacle to behold the deadliest errors of Popery thus creeping back: but the rubrick of our prayer-books is, I should think, a sufficient safeguard against these abuses. The cautionary remarks, appended to the communion service set that matter at rest.'

'True: and as they cannot shake off the anti-popish testimony so wisely and skilfully interwoven by our martyred reformers with every part of the service-book which they left us, these gentlemen now openly impugn the reformers themselves, appealing from them to the mystic dreamers of an age when divine truth was becoming clouded with man's super-

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stitious fancies, and that glorious beam was already in part obscured which never burst forth again in its pristine splendour till, at the blessed reformation, it prevailed, and chased the shadows of darkness far away.'

'"God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light;" and if we suffer men to place an extinguisher on the flame that he has graciously kindled to illumine our paths, we must expect to grope at noon-day as in the dark, and to abide all the consequences.'

'Man cannot extinguish the sun, my dear: he will shine forth, and all who love the light will rejoice in it. The worst that can as yet be done is to shut us up with our own consent in a building the darkness of which is made visible by the wretched glimmering of human inventions. If we consent now to the process, we place within the grasp of our fellow-men a power by which, as in the days of Mary, they may force us into dungeons, and leave us no alternative but popery or death.'

'How strikingly illustrative are some of the present doings, uncle, of what we are warned to take heed of! You know, the churches, in their original state, as planted by the Lord, are called "golden candlesticks," and the angels, or chief pastors of those churches are likened to "stars,"—bodies of pure, brilliant, unextinguishable light, the immediate workmanship of God himself. As if to mark the striking contrast between such a church and one framed after the devices of our zealous friends who pant to restore what they absurdly call primitive order, we have two huge wooden candlesticks, gilded to *resemble* gold, but possessing not one property of that precious metal; and crowned, not with stars,

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but with cotton wicks, which any idiot's hand may light, and any infant's breath extinguish! Verily, they furnish us with a poor type of the types that in the early Jewish church foreshewed the glory that was afterwards revealed, and the revelation of which for ever did away with such shadows.'

'And to render it more striking, these same candles are lit up in the blaze of the mid-day sun. The more I ponder on the subject the less excuse can I find for such as are led away to follow a palpable absurdity, in the face alike of revelation and of natural reason.'

'We must pray that God will recall from these paths of error as many of his ministering servants as have strayed into them, and withhold the rest from entering. We shall best insure our own safety by interceding for theirs.'

'And now, niece, what have you to say on a subject whereon ladies, loyal, English Christian ladies, cannot well be silent—the approaching marriage of our young Queen?'

'I say, as a lady, that I fervently wish her all happiness: as a loyal English lady, that I desire to see her majesty, with the partner of her choice, surrounded by a host of devoted subjects, and placing the court of England where our queens have been wont to keep it, in the zenith of purity and honour: as a Christian, I pray from my inmost heart that the Lord our God may purge that court of all unholy leaven—banishing far from the smiles, from the presence of my Queen, the enemies of that country which God has deputed her to govern for Him, the assailants of that church over which He has appointed her the nursing-mother.'

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'Ay, I trust the young prince will not disgrace his noble lineage, nor act in any instance a part unworthy the descendant of Martin Luther's illustrious, intrepid protector!'

'Uncle, you said when I wound this crape around your hat, I could not enter into all your feelings. Perhaps you failed to sympathize in all mine,—perhaps you thought not of another house of mourning, nearer in its locality, and scarcely farther removed from the tender concern of English hearts, than that of Hesse Homberg. Perhaps you did not remember one who shone in beauty as in rank, gracing the court of our beloved old king when the princess Elizabeth adorned it too.'

'No, no: if I could forget the family of Hastings at this especial juncture, I should lack a principal clue to some of God's recent dispensations in this land. The fact is, I fear the entanglement inseparable from that subject: wait until the Lord in his merciful providence has removed from about the person of our sovereign the actors in that double tragedy, and then we may venture to give utterance to our feelings without incurring the stigma of disloyalty, of which we are wholly guiltless. Within twenty-four hours of each other, those souls winged their flight; and while in dutiful, unfeigned attachment to the daughter of my good old king I wear these symbols of mourning, there's not a pulse in the heart which throbs beneath that does not sympathize in the anguish so patiently sustained by the noble, the loyal, the oppressed and bereaved house of Hastings.'

'She forgave all: led by "the path of sorrow" to "a land where sorrow is unknown," she has fol-

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lowed her child. Like you, uncle, I curb my expressions: but I wait in trembling dread the issue of this unparalleled crisis in our national history: for the Lord has more to require at our hand than many of us may choose to remember. In the midst of these judgments, may He cause his mercy to shine forth.'

This passed some days ago, and my uncle has since been in a fever of excitement concerning the recent extraordinary proceedings of the House of Commons. He says there never was such a crisis in the whole history of English liberty; he keeps a record of every name that appears on the list of the minorities, calling them Runnymede men, and making remarks that I dare not publish, until it be decided how far the privileges of the Hon. House extend, where the boundary of their power—if a boundary it have—is situate, and whether the supremacy of the law, and liberty of the subject, in which we and our forefathers have been wont to boast ourselves, be a reality or a dream.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

VIII.

'FIRST, then, grandmother,' said Charles, 'mother is sorry she hadn't time to pay you a visit yet.'

'I did not expect it, my dear: I knew it was a busy week with her as well as with me.'

'All right;' responded the lad, whose affectation of the man was rendered more uncouth by his appearance, and the strange contrast it formed to the real manliness of Richard, who never aspired to be more than a boy; 'All right; but ma'am, every body is not so reasonable, and there's poor Sarah fretting like a fool about it. Nothing will serve her but the fancy that we've all quarrelled, though we told her you were ill, and all sorts of lies, to pacify her.'

The Greens were horrified, and shrank back as

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this unprincipled declaration was made, evidently on purpose to shock them; but the widow's steady gaze seemed to abash the young profligate, who hastily added, 'We wanted to keep her from making herself ill; but she set her heart upon sending a message to you, and getting an answer; and so to save the ninny any farther moaning I came about it myself.'

All the party now looked complacently at their guest: James sidled up to him, and said, 'I do like you for being so kind to poor Sarah.'

'All very fine, my little gentleman-at-large,' replied the other, with a patronizing stroke of the boy's head.

'But what is the message you have been so kind as to bring us?' asked the widow.

''Pon honour, I believe I've forgot it! Oh—ay—let's see; 'tis precious nonsense I know. Ah, I remember now: why it seems you'd a kick-up last Sunday with old South concerning some word that you couldn't agree about'——

'It was gospel,' interrupted Willy: 'Mr. South said it meant truth, and we told him it meant good news.'

'And granny proved that it was both,' added James.

'Bravo, bright memories!' exclaimed Mr. Charles, theatrically, 'there's nothing like rustic genius. Well, grandmother, the poor girl's fancy was tickled by this learned debate, and she wants you to send her word by me why this same gospel, whatever it may be, is good news.'

Painfully disgusting as was the studied, sneering levity of the boy, his message rejoiced them all. The

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widow began, in her most striking and affectionate manner to give such a reply as she deemed suitable no less to his case than to Sarah's; but after a minute he stopped her.

'Oh, mercy, ma'am! surely you don't expect my poor knowledge-box to hold all this, and to carry it safe through the streets all the way home without spilling! Make the answer as short as you can: any thing will do for that simpleton.'

'Charles,' said the old lady, kindly but solemnly, 'I cannot allow you thus to jest and trifle with a subject so awful—a subject no less important to you than it is to Sarah and to us. You have done a most brotherly thing in coming here on such an errand: do not spoil all by your unsuitable behaviour.'

The boy coloured with anger, and seemed about to rise; but did not. Suddenly recollecting himself, he said, 'Come do it your own way, and I'll take down the heads:' then producing a bit of pencil, he opened the cover of a dirty song-book, so as to display the many offensive things that were already scrawled on it. The widow calmly closed the disgraceful volume, and laying upon it a piece of clean paper said, 'Now, proceed to make your notes.'

Affecting to suppress a laugh, and putting on a face of mock gravity, he looked up for his instructions.

'We are all sinners,' commenced the widow, repressing, by a look that she had seldom worn, the jeer that seemed about to pass his lips: 'we have the eye of an all-seeing, all-holy God continually upon us; and every thought of our heart is known to him. Pride, falsehood, uncleanness, intemper-

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ance, wrath, envy, all these are terribly sinful: and so is every act, every word, every feeling, that is not according to the holy will of this just God.'

It was evident that Charles, though he scribbled away, was not taking it down faithfully: but he could not help hearing it, and with this she resolved to be content.

'The wages of sin is death: God has declared it; and that death is not the end of an existence, but an eternity of torment hereafter.

'Every one of us has sinned: every one lies under this condemnation.

'When we were thus helpless, thus condemned, God accepted a ransom for our guilty souls, even the precious blood of His only Son, who became man that he might suffer and die on the cross for our iniquities.

'This sacrifice is sufficient before God, to atone for all the sins of all the sinners upon earth, from the creation to the judgment-day: but it is only made effectual to them that believe, and come repentingly to ask it.

'We are so blinded and hardened by sin that we can neither believe nor understand, nor serve God, without the aid of the Holy Spirit: and this aid is given to all who for Christ's sake implore it.

'Christ having suffered for our sins, and risen from the dead, now lives, at the right hand of God, to intercede for us: and all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven to them who come to God by Him.'

The energy, the vivacity with which the old woman detailed these important heads of doctrine, speaking deliberately, and pausing after each, while her hand

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placed on his arm seemed anxious both to arrest his attention, and to decide his movements, quite overawed for a moment even the dissolute young scoffer whom she addressed. At length he looked up, and with somewhat of his usual pertness remarked, 'So then, this is all the good news we have had such a fuss about?'

'Not all,' replied Mrs. Green: 'but this is enough of it to make you happy now and for ever, if you receive it into your heart by faith.'

'Oh, many thanks to you, it is no affair of mine: the silly girl yonder sent me upon a fool's errand, that's all. However, I am much obliged to you, ma'am,' he added more respectfully, 'for the trouble you've taken. 'Tis one thing to answer a question when a body asks you, and another to come preaching into people's houses whether they will or no.' Then crumpling the paper, and thrusting it into his pocket, he shook hands with the old lady, nodded to the rest, and placing his hat on one side of his head, walked out, whistling a jig.

'I'm glad he came,' remarked James; 'and to tell the truth I'm glad he is gone.'

'I wished him a hundred miles off,' said Mary, 'till I found he brought a message from poor dear Sarah. He interrupted us talking about Richard; and indeed if I wasn't thinking of Richard, Charles would always put me in mind of him.'

'How can you say so, Mary,' exclaimed Helen; 'how can Charles Wright possibly remind you of our own dear Richard?'

'Just the same, Helen, as a dark, dull winter's day in this foggy town makes me think the more of the warm bright sunshine of our morning walks by

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the sea-side, with the little waves dancing to the tunes the birds sang.'

'But remember, my love,' said the widow, 'that what you complain of, both in the place and in your cousin, is owing to the absence of light. The bright sun in the firmament cannot dart his rays through the thick mists that hang over this town, or it would be very different; neither does the brighter Sun of Righteousness shine upon poor Charles to drive away the unlovely darkness from his character.'

'Charles is ugly enough,' observed Mary; 'but Sarah is much worse crippled than he; yet I think her quite a beauty when she looks so fond at us, and thanks us for shewing her any little kindness, and asks questions about the Lord Jesus. Well, I hope now we shall have the rest of the Sunday to ourselves.'

But this wish was scarcely uttered when another tap at the door ushered in Mr. South.

'Glad to find you so comfortable at last, neighbours: I thought I'd come in for a bit of chat; but 'twas hard to make out your lodging. I met Charles Wright in the next street; he told me he had no idea where you lived.'

'Oh, what a wicked story-teller he is!' cried Mary, 'why he has just left us.'

'Ay,' muttered the visitor, with a shrug, 'that's factory morals; he didn't like me to suppose he had been in such good company.'

'It was owing to you that he came here, Mr. South,' said Helen, 'and I dare say granny will tell you all about it.'

Thankful for such an opening, the widow took the

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hint, and succeeded in making her new friend listen to a pretty full statement of truths that he would as willingly have been excused from hearing; but she was not one of the inconsistent Christians who put their candle under a bushel when those who most need to have the light placed before them enter into the house. As a guest in other places she was necessarily sometimes under comparative restraint, and therefore she preferred her own home, where full liberty of speech prevailed on the subject most important; contenting herself with the conviction that those who loved the theme would enjoy it; while those who loved it not, were in the way of profit if they staid, and free to depart when they chose.

South, however, came to talk about the mills, and resolved to let the old lady have her say first, in the hope that she would then listen to him. He was disappointed; for when, on her coming to the end of her lecture, he began his discourse, she mildly but decisively interrupted him. 'Excuse me, neighbour, but this being the day of rest from worldly labour, we must hallow it by shutting out all worldly thoughts and subjects too. If you will join us in reading and conversing over the bible, in our hymns and prayer, we shall be most happy to have you make one of our party: if not, don't be offended, neighbour, that we must go on, even if it be the means of our losing your company.'

'Oh, ma'am, I'm sure it would be a great pleasure to me to join you in all those good things, if you think a little rational talk so wicked on Sunday; but I have outstaid my time already, and must bid you good bye.'

'Dear granny,' said Helen, 'how glad I am you

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got him to listen so long. Poor man! I fear he has a very uncomfortable home, and that was why I was so bold as to speak about Charles' message.'

'If he tells it again,' remarked Mary, 'Charles will get finely laughed at, and that will make him more spiteful than ever.'

'Then perhaps I did wrong,' said Helen, looking distressed.

'No, my dear child, you did perfectly right. It is our duty to use whatever opportunities God gives us of being faithful to others, for their good: consequences belong to God.'

'You know, granny, the apostle warns us against doing evil that good may ensue; but I am afraid I often hold back from doing good for fear evil may ensue—that is, something unpleasant to myself or to those I love.'

'We are all tempted to do that, Helen; but we must pray to be made valiant for the truth, and never to shrink from declaring it. The fear of man often bringeth a snare.'

Helen deeply felt that it did; and she laid up in her heart the counsel now given by the friend who little knew what was passing in her thoughts. She had, at the moment of speaking to South, been almost withheld, from the apprehension of a fresh burst of malignity on the part of Phœbe, if he should repeat it at Wright's; but she overcame the suggestion, and boldly called forth what she hoped would profit the poor man. He was not an ill-natured person; and though on the same afternoon he saw some of the family, nothing passed his lips on the subject. Our poor cottagers, meanwhile, enjoyed their Sabbath exercises in peace; attended an evening service, and

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closed the most comfortable day they had yet passed in M. with the united voice of tuneful praise.

Next day, the landlord brought tidings of what he called fine luck: there was an excellent opening for Willy in a silk-mill not very far off, and the person under whose charge he would be was a friend of his own. 'Just the sort of man for you, Mrs. Green; for when I went to his house last night, they were singing psalms as loud as they could bawl, and I had to come away without seeing him: however, I met him this morning, and he's ready for the boy.'

This was an inducement not to be slighted, and when, on a short interview, the widow found Mr. Parkins a serious man, with every appearance of being what the landlord represented him, she committed Willy to his charge; while James was half reconciled to remain at home by the old gentleman's assurance that he was to have some very nice employment, which was realized the next day by his bringing in a few tools, with sundry bits of wood, and instructing the boy how to set about making small articles for sale.

The widow visited her daughter; but Sarah, after much suffering, had been ordered an opiate, and was in a sound sleep. She therefore got no information as to the result of Charles' mission, of which his mother evidently knew nothing, by her apologizing for not one of the family ever going to see them yet. Mrs. Wright seemed sulky and downcast, and the manner in which she received a present that her mother insisted on making, in return for the trouble and expence incurred by entertaining so large a party, proved that money was just then highly acceptable. She brightened up as soon as the gift, after many

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pretended objections, was safely deposited in her tea-caddy, and became so sociable that the widow hoped to lead her to listen to spiritual counsel; but here, as usual, she was disappointed.

We must now leave them to take a peep into the mill of the Messrs. Z.

Mary had described the spinner to whose wheel her frame was attached, as looking equally cross with old Buckle, but being, like him, better than his looks. This was true; the poor man was soured by a life of extreme labour, and his health so materially affected as to increase the gloom of his countenance; but he was not habitually ill-tempered. With the rest, he could enjoy any variety in his monotonous path; and Mary was so unlike all her companions, that she afforded him frequent amusement.

The little scavenger whose feelings the thoughtless girl had hurt on the first day was now become her special protegé; and woe to the person who should inflict any needless annoyance on Katy Malony, such woe at least as Mary Green's most eloquent and energetic rebukes could inflict. She had, for a wonder, met with a heart quite as warm as her own, a poor, persecuted, solitary child, simple as a babe in the cradle, but sensitive to an extraordinary degree, and gifted with that power of attachment which, like the ivy to its supporting oak, clings round the object of its grateful veneration, and would rather perish than be torn from it. Besides, poor little Katy had been struck by the respectable dress and deportment of the new piecener, and readily yielded her a degree of deference quite delightful to Mary Green who, although she would have been really distressed at the idea of being thought proud, had more than the

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average share of that corrupt principle within, and dearly loved to be regarded as a superior. The expression of Katy's uplifted eyes, as she peered through the whirling threads at her companion above, and the pretty soft brogue, an accent quite new to her protector, in which she uttered 'Miss Mary, ma'am,' were more gratifying to her than she was aware of, from the deep respect that they implied: while the zealous devotion of the scavenger in picking from Mary's can the woolly particles that often covered its contents, to the total neglect of her own poor portion, and the eagerness with which she volunteered every possible good office, shewed that love was the root from whence all sprang.

Katy's extreme simplicity, together with some occasional mistakes which they were pleased to call Irish bulls, rendered her quite a butt to those around her. She happened to be the only one of her race in that part of the room; and having but lately come over, that is, about a year before, she was considered fair game for the very poor witticisms of her neighbours, whose attempts at correcting the Irish girl's phraseology sometimes diverted Mary beyond bounds; for she was too well instructed not to discern that the teachers were frequently further astray from accuracy than their pupil. This she failed not to point out, often with so much humour as quite to overset the spinner's gravity, and to provoke unmeasured resentment on the part of the mortified persons, which they usually contrived to wreak upon poor Katy, as the most effectual way of making Mary excessively angry. Her occasional reports of these matters, cautiously as they were given, convinced her grandmother that she was in a very unsafe position be-

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tween the two parties, as regarded her own humility and forbearance; but Katy became, from her recitals, an object of such interest to the household, that no one could wish to check Mary in her generous line of conduct towards the poor desolate little creature.

There was a press of work; nobody could afford to go home to breakfast, even of those who lived, like the Green's, within five minutes run of the mill; and all took their cans, Mary's always replenished with bread and milk, Katy's with sometimes a spoonful of stirabout, sometimes a broken crust, and not unfrequently empty.

'What are you doing there at my can, you little meddling fool?' said a big girl to Katy one morning.

'Sure, then, 'tisn't your can I'm touching, at all; 'tis Miss Mary's own.'

'Miss Mary forsooth! Why don't you say Lady Mary?'

'Lady Mary's can,' repeated Katy, with great simplicity.

An immoderate roar of laughter followed, in which the spinner joined; Katy blushed, and looked indignant, for she was sure the laugh was at her expence. Just then Mary returned to her frame from the farther end of the apartment, and a general shout was raised of, 'Room for Lady Mary.'

'What's all this riot about,' said the overlooker, approaching with no gentle aspect, 'take care you don't get some sauce to your breakfasts,' and he drew a strap that he was preparing to fix to some part of the machinery through his fingers.

'What does he mean?' asked Mary, in a louder tone than was prudent.

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'Hush!' whispered Katy, 'it's a bobbying we'll get, ma'am, if we ben't quiet.'

'A bobbying!'

'Yes; that's a strapping; a very sore thing it is.' And the little girl writhed as if under the recollection of such discipline.

'Nobody shall bobby me, Katy; and nobody shall bobby you; so make yourself easy. How nicely you have picked my mess! it was all over flue, for I saw it: come, let's see, what have you got for yourself?'

'Mine's all done, Miss,' and she shewed her empty tin; it had evidently contained nothing but water, a few drops of which had trickled down the sides.

'Here now, hold it quick, Katy, I have plenty to spare.'

'Oh no, Miss, avourneen, I've had all I want, and why should I be after robbing you?'

'Do as I bid you: there, sup it up: I wonder,' she added, looking round, 'which of all you would have refused it.'

To this challenge no reply was given, but it excited much anger, and before the day was past Mary was made to feel it through her poor little friend.

Many of our greatest blessings, the deprivation of which would rob life of its best earthly comforts, are enjoyed from day to day without a thought on the peculiar mercy that makes them ours; or an attempt at computing the amount of painful loss that their withdrawal would entail upon us. Among these every-day advantages is the protection afforded by those equal laws that recognize the right of Englishmen of every class, every age, to the fullest protection both of person and property. Those enactments which make the rich man's house his castle embrace

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to his subsequent exaltation at the right hand of the Majesty above. And these have been especially recorded for our instruction, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.

Nor is the splendid scene of the transfiguration less important or attractive than other events in the life of Christ. It is too frequently referred to in the New Testament, to allow us to think lightly of its value. It is related by three evangelists—Matthew, Mark, and Luke; it is referred to as a well authenticated fact by John, in the first chapter of his gospel, where he says, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father." And the apostle Peter alludes to it in terms which cannot possibly be mistaken, where he says—"We have not followed cunningly-devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, and this voice, which came from heaven, we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount." Here the apostle contrasts the reality of the Saviour's transfiguration with the cunningly-devised fables of metamorphoses of heathen gods, related by profane authors; and bears his testimony to that glorious event as a real transaction to which he was an eye-witness, and not as a visionary scene. The apostle James was so soon martyred by Herod that he left no written testimony. We have here, then, five witnesses to this event, clearly proving its great importance, as it stands connected with the Saviour's work. Let us then, in a spirit of devout and humble adora-

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tion, meditate on this divine transaction; and do thou, O Eternal Spirit! under whose superintendence the Man of Sorrows travelled through the darkness and desolation of his sufferings in the flesh, enable us to approach this sublime and mysterious subject with feelings of dependance on thy guidance; impart to us the spirit of the Patriarch, when he said "Surely the Lord is in this place; this is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven."

In reading the inspired history of the Saviour's transfiguration, the first circumstance which naturally arrests our attention is the specific mention which is made of the time when it occurred. "After six days Jesus taketh Peter, and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart; and was transfigured before them." Not one of the events of the Saviour's history was out of place. The time when each occurred was selected and arranged long before, by the infinite wisdom of Jehovah. As there was a special season, called the "fulness of time," determined for the great mystery of the manifestation of the Godhead in human flesh, so every incident that occurred during the life-time of the Man of Sorrows took place in its own proper and appointed season. There are some remarks connected with this part of the subject from which we may derive some profitable instruction.

It was very soon after the apostle Peter had given expression to his remarkable conviction of the divinity of his Saviour. The words which contain his confession of faith are written in the preceding chapter, in the 16th and 17th verses—"And Simon Peter answered and said, thou art the Christ the Son of the

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living God." No man ever yet acknowledged the glory of the Saviour, and recognized him as the Son of God, who was not richly rewarded by divine grace. Our confession of faith in the divinity and saving power of Jesus now, shall be recompensed by our being privileged to see the personal glory of the Redeemer hereafter.

It was, also, very soon after Jesus had told his disciples of his approaching sufferings. It is written in the 21st verse of the preceding chapter that "Jesus began to shew unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." The apostles were, no doubt, dismayed by this announcement, which came into collision with their fondest hopes and expectations at the time, but Jesus was so touched with a feeling of their infirmities, that he supplied an antidote to their sorrow, by giving a distinct representation and prophetic type of the glory into which his sufferings were to conduct him.

Jesus was transfigured very soon after he uttered the memorable declaration which occurs at the end of the previous chapter: "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." This declaration is connected with the account of the transfiguration by all the Evangelists who related that event, by Matthew, Mark and Luke. And it is evidently prefixed as an introductory preface to that account, as is manifest from the narrative being immediately introduced by all the three by the word "and." This declaration should, therefore, be looked upon as a solemn and prophetic announce-

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ment of this event, and the transfiguration was a living and substantial commentary upon this announcement, analogous to that which he will give to his people hereafter of all that the scriptures say of his majesty and glory, when he shall make them eye-witnesses of that glory which they now apprehend only by faith. The transfiguration is a foretaste and exhibition of Jesus coming in his kingdom, when he shall appear in the glory of his Father, and of his holy angels, and in his own glory. So that Christ not only spake of glory, but he gave a representation of it. Neither had the apostles, on this occasion, nor shall any of his believing people ever have reason to say of the promises of Christ, that they seemed unto them as idle tales. The promises of the Saviour are written in his own blood, and can never be effaced until they are fully and completely accomplished.

The transfiguration took place after an interval which elapsed between this announcement and its fulfilment, about which nothing has been said. This is noticed by the three evangelists, but by Luke in different words from those employed by Matthew and Mark. Matthew and Mark say "After six days;" Luke says "About an eight days after those sayings he took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain to pray." These apparent discrepancies are proofs of genuineness. They shew that there could have been no collusion, or previous arrangement between the different historians of the Saviour's life. And they are easily shewn to be only apparent, and not real. In this case Matthew and Mark speaks of the six *entire* days which intervened between the day on which the promise was given

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and the day of its accomplishment, whereas Luke includes the two latter with the six days mentioned by Matthew and Mark. This is evident from the language adopted by each. Matthew says, in distinct and unqualified words, "after six days;" but Luke qualifies his statement of the time, by the word "about," as he included *portions* of two days in his calculation.

But how was this interval occupied? On this it is unnecessary and useless to indulge in any speculation. Its events are passed over in silence: they were known only to the disciples, to the Saviour, to the angels, to God; but it has not seemed good to the Holy Ghost to reveal them to the church. Probably these days were days of suffering, anxiety, and sorrow. If so, they were typical of the interval which elapses between the believer's apprehension of the Saviour's promises of glory, and the time when they shall be realized, which may well be disregarded as comparatively a period of no importance; "For I reckon," says the apostle, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Or, probably, they were days of enjoyment, during which the disciples felt much of that peace which passeth all understanding, and in which God smiled upon them with a countenance full of love, and which seemed to be the first emanations of that glory which they shall hereafter enjoy in the light of his presence. Still any such enjoyments are passed over unnoticed and unrecorded, for even "that which was made glorious" in the experience of the apostles during this interval, "had no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth."

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Or probably the days which elapsed between the Saviour's memorable declaration and its accomplishment, were employed in preparation for that great event, during which even the angels were anxiously and earnestly occupied in making every thing ready for the splendid exhibition of the Saviour's majesty which took place when he was transfigured. Such is the exceeding greatness of every department of the Redeemer's work, that even he himself requires time to prepare for its manifestation. It required time to prepare the world for his first advent in the flesh. It requires time to prepare the church for his second coming in glory. It requires time for Christ to prepare a place for his people. It requires time for the Holy Spirit to prepare his people for that place. It requires time for God himself to bring every thing in this world into that state of complete subjection, when they shall be made the Saviour's footstool. And so likewise, this interval was necessary, in order to prepare that scenery of light which was displayed on the mount of transfiguration, and to prepare the disciples and the Saviour himself, by seclusion, meditation, and prayer, for the important honour which was soon to be conferred on them.

It is thought that this great transaction occurred on the Sabbath day. If so, we learn from this, as well as from several other circumstances referred to in different portions of scripture, that God puts honour upon what he himself appoints, in order that his people may learn to do the same. And what day could have been more suitable for such an event? It was a day of rest and joy and refreshment to the Saviour; on which he experienced a brief respite from the miseries of his humiliation, in order that his manhood,

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being strengthened on the mountain by a foretaste of his future glory, might descend with renovated and devoted ardour into the vale of suffering through which he was passing for the benefit of fallen man. And it was a day sanctified by a sublime and peculiar ceremony, to be a standing type to the church, of that eternal sabbath that remaineth for the people of God.

We should learn from the Saviour's fulfilment of his promise to his disciples on this occasion to trust implicitly in his faithfulness. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words," said Christ, "shall never pass away." Oh! how many pledges did he give on earth of his faithfulness, as well as of his love. But we need not go beyond the case before us for a proof of this. "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." Was not this promise fulfilled? and not only for the benefit of the disciples themselves, but likewise for ours? For, although we were not present at its accomplishment, yet the certainty with which it was accomplished, was intended to impart confidence to his whole church, that all the exceeding great and precious promises which extend to it shall as surely receive their fulfilment. There are promises of glory, more lasting than that which was seen on Tabor, vouchsafed to all the people of God. Let these be our staff and consolation during the short interval of waiting; and let us "be patient and hope to the end, for the glory which shall be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

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II.—The Place.

There is a powerful instinct in the mind of man, which leads him to feel peculiar interest in places which have been described, either in sacred or profane history, as the scenes of great and important events, or in which persons of distinguished character have lived and acted. With what ardent and absorbing emotions have the classic grounds of Italy and Greece been trodden by the literary traveller! What hallowed sensations of gratitude and devotional love has the Christian traveller experienced in surveying those places which have been associated by an imperishable consecration with the important transactions of our Saviour's life! Who could stand unmoved upon the hill of Calvary, or walk the streets of the city of God, or cross the sea of Galilee, or visit the Saviour's birth-place, or ascend the mountain on which his transfiguration took place, without having his heart overwhelmed with feelings of intense and grateful love! We may well suppose that the Saviour himself looks down with triumphant satisfaction and joy upon the land in which he once tabernacled in the flesh for man, and if Jesus thus regards the localities and events of his earthly humiliation, with what solemn and thankful reflections should we think upon them, for whose benefit every place was visited, every sigh was heaved, every tear was shed, and every agony sustained by the son of God in mortal flesh.

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The place which was chosen for this great transaction is here said to have been a "high mountain." How frequently do we find it mentioned in scripture that mountains were selected as the scenes of solemn or important events. Isaac was offered upon Moriah. The law was given amidst thunders and lightnings from Sinai. The temple and the palace were built upon Zion. On a mountain the Saviour delivered those lessons of pure and sublime morality which excited the admiration of the multitude that surrounded him. On a mountain he suffered the pains of crucifixion, and shed his precious blood to procure the redemption of the lost. And on a mountain his transfiguration took place. There is little, if any, ground to doubt the correctness of the tradition which represents this to have been Tabor in Galilee. Some reasons may be stated for our Lord having selected this place to be the scene of so bright and grand an exhibition. It was a place that required labour and fatigue to reach. Hence we are taught this important lesson, that labour must precede our enjoyment of the presence and glory of God. True it is that the ways of piety are ways of pleasantness and peace, yet in our present state they require to be reached by much previous weariness and toil. There is much self-denial necessary to be cultivated by every Christian; much resistance of carnal inclinations; much opposition to natural predilections; much crucifixion of the flesh with its affections and lusts; much seeking, and wrestling, and striving, and warring; much up-hill work in Christian experience. Hence our Saviour says to his people, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to everlasting life;" "strive to enter

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in at the strait gate;" "if any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me." And hence the apostle speaks of our *striving* for the mastery, and *labouring* to enter into rest; for, verily, the life of a faithful follower of Jesus is not one of carnal ease or worldly pleasure, nor of indolence and inactivity, but one of active labour and persevering toil, yet still of labour and toil which is succeeded by everlasting enjoyment and repose. There is enough of bliss and joy awaiting us on the summit of the mountain to compensate for the trouble and fatigue required in the ascent.

A mountain was calculated, from its elevated situation, to have an effect upon the disciples suitable to the splendid nature of the transaction they were about to witness. There are always feelings of grandeur and sublimity associated with high and lofty positions. When we ascend them, we feel as if we had entered into another clime; we breathe a clearer and a purer atmosphere, and feel ourselves invigorated by the freshness and the greatness of the prospect that surrounds us. And so it is with the Christian, when he ascends into the loftier regions of more intimate communion with God. He is strengthened in his soul by the high and holy privilege in which he is permitted to engage, he feels himself to be raised above this world, and to breathe, as it were, the very atmosphere of heaven; and the very labour that preceded his enjoyment of fellowship with his heavenly Father imparts such an energy to his spiritual desires, that he can say with David, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul, after thee, O God."

The place selected for the transfiguration was re-

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tired and secluded from common observation. This great event was far too glorious for unbelieving Scribes and Pharisees to witness. It has been aptly called the "holy of holies," in the Saviour's earthly history, into which none but selected spectators were permitted to enter. Thus the believer has meat to eat which the unbeliever knows not of; he has privileges to enjoy which no unregenerate or carnal taste can appreciate. We should exclude the world from our more special seasons of communion with God. We should take advantage of every thing calculated to nourish and increase devotion. All situations are not suited for the devotional engagements of the humble and earnest Christian. As the prophet Daniel retired to his chamber to pray, as Isaac went out to meditate in the field, and as a greater than Daniel or Isaac frequently retired into gardens to hold communion with his heavenly Father, and to send up fervent supplications to his throne of grace,—so the follower of Jesus will seek for places of privacy and solitude for meditation and prayer, as being more conducive to the promotion of spirituality. The Saviour did not consider it beneath him to give directions about "entering into our closet," and "shutting the door," as a preliminary to prayer. Such instructions as these, instead of being mean or trivial, are founded upon an intimate acquaintance with the weakness of human nature. We continually stand in need of these circumstantial helps to devotion. We require to have recourse to every little expedient to keep out the bustle and turmoil of the world. We should endeavour to leave all temporal care and distraction below, when we ascend the sacred mount of supplication. And if the

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sweetest moments the believer enjoys on earth are not those which are spent in public worship, though these are sweet,—or those which are spent in Christian intercourse, though these are sweet,—but those which are occupied in private meditations on the grace and love of his exalted Saviour, let us not despise or neglect any contrivance which may serve to shut out every care, and cause the spiritual to predominate over the carnal, and leave the soul free and unshackled, to soar with unimpeded wings into the third heavens, and gaze with intense and absorbing feeling upon the amazing mercy of our Redeemer and our God!

But another reason may be given for the selection of Mount Tabor as the scene of the Saviour's transfiguration. It was a place which commanded the most extensive and lovely prospect in the land of Israel. In whatever direction the eye of the admiring spectator might turn itself, it gazed upon a noble and attractive specimen of the beauty and grandeur of creation. The scenery by which it is surrounded is described by modern travellers as unequalled in magnificence, but beautiful as it was, what was it in comparison with the surpassing glory of Jesus, on this occasion? And for this very reason it might have been selected to shew how insignificant is nature in her finest garb, in comparison with even a scantling of that magnificence which belongs to brighter worlds, and which is associated with him who is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely! For what is the majesty of nature in comparison with the majesty of nature's God! What is the sun in all his splendour, in comparison with Him who is the Sun of righteousness, of whose glory

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the natural sun is but the shadow, and who is the unfailing source of life, and light, and joy to every region of his wide creation!

We may imagine another cause for the selection of a mountain, as the place where this great event was to occur, connected with the typical nature of the transaction itself. The church and the throne of the Saviour are both spoken of in scripture under the symbolic designation of a mountain. The prophet Isaiah speaks of the church, in the second verse of his second chapter, in the following words, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it." And David, likewise, in the second Psalm, speaks of the Saviour's throne as erected on the "holy hill of Zion." So that the Saviour's object in being transfigured on Mount Tabor might have been, to shew that it is in his church, and as he is connected with his church, that he manifests his glory; and also to add further confirmation to this principle, which is the key to the interpretation of this event,—that it was intended to be a view of Christ coming in his kingdom. Let the church, then, rejoice in the greatness of her exalted Saviour and King, for his exaltation upon his eternal throne, as well as his sorrows and sufferings in the flesh, is for the benefit of his believing people. "Cry and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the holy one of Israel in the midst of thee."

(To be continued in our next.)

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WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE,

OR, THE LITTLE PROTESTANT'S RESOLVE.

We won't give up the Bible,
  God's holy Book of Truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
  The guide of early youth;
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
  O'er every dreary road;
The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
  And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible,
  For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
  From being sent to hell.
And it alone can tell us how
  We can have hopes of heaven,
That, through the Saviour's precious blood,
  Our sins can be forgiven.

We won't give up the Bible,
  Nor heed the crafty tongue,
That would this treasure take away,—
  Ye wicked ones, begone!
For ye would fain condemn our minds
  To glooms of moral night,
But we defy your hateful power,
  And God defend the right!

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We won't give up the Bible,
But, could ye *force* away,
That which is as our life-blood dear,
Yet hear us *joyful* say—
The words that we have learnt while young,
Shall follow all our days,
And *those*, engraven on our hearts,
Ye *never can erase*.

We won't give up the Bible!
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide,
'Till all shall know that we, tho' young,
Withstand your treach'rous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll *never, never* part.

WALDO.

Brighton.

ALL creation is but a plan of Deity to honour Christ. Every particular of it brings about his glory. Vain man is displeased, forsooth, that the innocent should suffer for the guilty; he would find fault with divine justice: but "*it pleased Jehovah*," because the humiliation was only introductory to the glory.—*Rev. F. Goode.*

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THINGS OF OLD.

No. II.

CREATION.

We are accustomed to apply the term creation especially to the formation of the material universe; and in this conventional sense I here employ it, having already spoken of the spiritual creation which preceded the existence of matter.

The precise period when "the heaven and the earth" were first formed (Gen. i. 1.) we are not told, nor how long a time elapsed before the chaos was reduced into a revolving orb, by the "moving" of "the Spirit of God." In fact, it is impossible that we could have been informed of these things; what date in the annals of eternity could be fixed for the creation of even an universe? What era in the existence of Him to whom our past, present and future are one, and to whose mind are present, as in a mirror, the things that as yet are not, even as though they were? Again, what length of time can be imagined to have passed, when all was dark, and periods and revolutions had not begun to mark duration?

'The interval between the production of the matter of the chaos of which the universe was formed, and the formation of light, is undescribed and unknown; because there was no motion to mark and measure

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it.' 'The six days begin to be counted from the first emergence of light from the chaos;' for the rotation of the earth on its axis, 'while all lay in darkness, as all must have done till light was, produced no sensible change, and afforded no measure of duration.' (*Bishop Horsley's Biblical Criticism*, v. i. p. 2.)

We begin then to count time from that eventful moment when God said "LET THERE BE LIGHT, and there was light." All our ideas of duration are derived from motion. Our days are only rotations of the earth, our years are but revolutions round the sun; and what are our centuries, our ages, nay, even our millenniums, but hundreds or thousands of such revolutions, succeeding each other? We have no notion, no computation of time, save from the movements of our earth; and how, 'ere those movements commenced, could duration be measured, or its lapse be recorded? Some among the more devout of our geologists, who try to keep peace between the scriptures of truth and those 'oppositions of science, falsely so called,' which abound in the present day, have striven diligently to prove that this chasm includes their favourite "periods of ages," "age of reptiles," "age of birds," and other epochs, which forcibly remind an impartial reader of the "long-tailed chronology of the Hindoos," as some one facetiously termed those fabulous narratives so well-known in the Indies.

But perhaps these writers will take the trouble to inform us how their gigantic vegetables grew without light, and what use their saurians, birds, opossums, &c., made of their eyes, as they could not employ them for seeing; unless, indeed, these organs resembled those most useful of eyes which belong to

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modern cats, bats and owls, and could assist their owners to see in the dark. For I do not recollect that any of these writers have placed these epochs of their fossil history *after* the production of light: consequently their vegetable and animal life must have been carried on in the primeval darkness.

Another important dispute has arisen as to how light could be made on the first day of creation, when the sources whence we derive it, the sun and moon, came not into being until the fourth day.

Dr. Croly endeavours to settle this difficulty, by supposing all the celestial bodies to have been created with "the heaven," in the first verse: filled with light, in the third verse, and simply appointed to their offices, in measuring time, on the fourth day, by the commencement of the planetary revolutions. The orbs had previously had their diurnal motion; they now received their annual one.

Horsley (*Biblical Criticism*, vol. i. p. 4.) explains the point in another manner. 'Neither the sun nor any of the celestial luminaries were in being when light was produced. For light was a work of the first day: the luminaries of the fourth. The luminaries therefore are not the cause, nor the makers of light, as the principles of materialism require; but merely the receptacles, or magazines of light previously made." This is implied by their original name, which though translated "lights," is literally "*causers to shine*," or light-bearers, not essentially light in themselves.

I will leave it to the consideration of my readers whether these conflicting opinions may not be reconciled, by supposing that the creation of "the heaven" included the fixed stars and planets. 'The

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heavens,' says Croly (p. 32.) is 'an expression destitute of all meaning, if it does not mean the heavenly bodies.' These stars might receive light as soon as it was formed; while the sun and moon were made on the fourth day, and not merely then appointed to their offices. The mention of "the stars," after the sun and moon, in ver. 16, does not positively imply that they were created with them; for "*he made,*" in the end of the verse, is an interpolation, and not found in the original. It may possibly be only implied that the stars have a share with the moon in "the rule of the night."

The six days' work has been by several writers, some of them most estimable Christians, extended over a period of time varying from six thousand years to thirty-six thousand; a scheme wherein by attempting a compromise with infidel geologists, they have lost themselves in the mazes of a truly 'endless genealogy.' It ought to be enough for us that God has called the period "SIX DAYS," using the term always employed in scripture for a period of twenty-four hours, and never *historically* used in any other sense whatever.

But, as Croly well observes (*Div. Prov.* p. 96.) 'We have the limit also fixed by a document with which the pen of Moses could have had no interference. The Ten Commandments are the direct language, not of Moses, but of God. Yet they declare that "in *six days* the Lord made heaven and the earth, the sea, and *all that in them* is;" thus with plain precision circumscribing the *whole* time of creation. In every view of the case compromise is at an end.'

And why, we may well ask, was it ever attempted?

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Are the systems of French, German, or English unscriptural philosophers so perfect, so wise, or so unchangeable, that our bibles must be misinterpreted, if not contradicted, to favour them? Are they not often crude and foolish, and perpetually undergoing alterations? Did not Leibnitz teach that the world is 'an extinguished sun, a vitrified globe'? Buffon, that it is 'a fragment of the sun, struck off red-hot—and must be finally a globe of ice'?—Lamark, that 'microscopic insects' were the first inhabitants of the world, which 'in the course of ages, *magnified themselves* into the larger animals,' and so on progressively? Did not Monboddo maintain that man was originally an ape? and Demaillet, that he was a fish? And have not all these theories been successively entertained and discarded, believed and abandoned? What would have become of Christianity, if the scriptures of truth had been twisted, transposed and metamorposed to suit them all in their turn? Why then should we attempt to compromise with theories, newer indeed, and less absurd, but quite as contrary to the inspired record? At any rate, let us wait until some system of geology has as many years upon its head as the Bible has centuries, before we mutilate the word of God, in order to accommodate it to the wild vagaries of men.

The chief argument that has been put forth to palliate this immense folly, is, that it must have taken a period of time far exceeding six thousand years to reduce the universal kingdom to its present state: and indeed, before Crosse's invaluable discoveries, almost a million of years were pronounced necessary for the formation of a crystal. Admitting the fullest force of this argument in itself, we dispute the pre-

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mises on which it rests. It takes for granted that the minerals, earths, &c., were created in certain simple states, whence they have been changed to their present conditions; but who can *prove* this? We may well address the asserters of such a proposition in the sublime language of the most ancient author now extant,—"Where wast thou when God laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in search of the depths? Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare, if thou knowest it all. Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born? or because the number of thy days is great?" (Job xxxviii. 4, 16, 18, 21.)

No; we can only know what God has been pleased to tell us of those primæval days: and He has not informed us whether He created metals in the massive or the crystallized, the native or the acidulated state; nor whether the simple minerals were at first unmixed or compounded. We only know that there reigns throughout the works of Omnipotence a vast and harmonious analogy, and we may thence infer that the universal kingdom was produced at first in as great beauty and perfection as we know (upon express Divine authority,) that the vegetable and animal kingdoms were? Were the "green herbs," the grass, and the trees created as puny seedlings? No; they sprang up at once, "bearing seed," and "yielding fruit, each after his kind," in their full maturity. Were the animals produced in the infant state? No; the original Hebrew gives the creative command thus—"Let the waters be alive with creeping things that have life, and let fowl fly in the open firmament of the heavens;" they started into life at once, swim-

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ming, creeping, flying, in their full strength. Was man created "an infant of days?" No; it has been universally admitted by all rational disputants, that the first man was created in the prime of life; if he had not been so, how could he have tilled, dressed, and kept the garden of Eden? an office to which he was immediately appointed. If, then, all other things were formed in a state at which they now arrive only after various periods of growth, why might not metals be at first created in their crystals, and minerals in their compound structure, as we now find them?

Before I quit the subject of creation, I must invite the attention of my readers to a curious passage from Eusebius (book 3, c. 11). He says, 'The Egyptians call the Creator by the name of Kneph, and relate that he sent forth an egg from *his mouth;* which in their symbolic language denotes that He produced the universe.' Now, among ancient nations, the egg was the emblem of the universe; which is supposed to have arisen from a corrupted tradition of the Creative Spirit moving (Heb. *fluttering*) over the deep, whence they imagined Him to have been in the form of a bird, and the production to have been an egg. Thus the Chippeway Indians say that originally the world was 'one vast and entire *ocean*, inhabited by no creature, except a mighty *bird*, whose eyes were fire, and whose glances were *lightnings*, and the clapping of whose wings was *thunder*.' This bird flew down to the sea, when the earth rose out of the water, and remained stationary. (See Mackenzie's Travels.) But the Egyptian idea that this egg proceeded from the mouth of Kneph appears to me very striking, when we recollect the declaration of the Psalmist:— "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made,

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and all the host of them by the *breath* of his *mouth*."

Thus even the idolatrous figments of ancient Egypt, and the romances of the wild Indian, approach more nearly to the truth than the theories of some who call themselves Christians, and who have the word of God lying open within their reach.

Alas for modern wisdom and philosophy!

X. Q.

If you be one who passes current with the world for a good Christian of the average stamp, but no *enthusiast*,—one who has just religion enough to make a decent show, just as much as gives a zest to carnal enjoyments, but never disturbs the conscience,—one who is only a Sunday-worshipper and a festival communicant,—one who takes a glance at the cross of Christ on the Sabbath, and enjoys a surfeit of mammon during the rest of the week,—one whose religion is all of times and places, just such a religion as the devil most delights in,—if you be such an one, "suffer, I pray you, the word of exhortation." You are trying to make an union between Christ and Belial, but it will *not do*; you are endeavouring to effect that which is *impossible*; *you* cannot join the two—*all hell* can't do it!—*Rev. T. Dale.*

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PETRARCH—A PROTESTANT.

DEAR MADAM,

As every testimony against the mystery of iniquity is valuable, I think it may prove beneficial to the good cause, to give insertion in your valuable Magazine to the following most apocalyptic sonnet, written in the fourteenth century, by the illustrious Florentine, *Francesco Petrarca.*

I remain, dear Madam,
Your faithful servant,
L. H. J. T.

SONETTO CVI.

(*Edizione di Firenze*, 1815.)

FONTANA di dolore, albergo d'ira,
Scola d'errori e tempio d'eresìa,
Già ROMA, or *Babilonia* falsa e ria,
Per cui tanto si piagne e si sospira;
O fucina d'inganni, o prigion d'ira
Ove 'l ben more, e 'l mal si nutre e cria;
Di vivi inferno; un gran miracol fia,
Se Christo teco al fine non s'adira.
Fondata in casta ed umil povertate,
Contra i tuoi fondatori alzi le corna,
Putta sfacciata; e dov' hai posto spene?
Negli adulteri tuoi, nelle mal nate
Ricchezze tante? or Constantin non torna,
Ma tolga il mondo tristo che 'l sostiene.

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CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.

No. II.

WHEN the more charitable portion of a parish propose to found a benevolent society, they think and speak much of the wants of the poor, the necessity for assisting them, the pressure of the coming winter, or the dreadful sufferings to which they have been exposed during the last severe frost. The society is formed, and henceforth all will be well with the poor. None can be sick, without being relieved; none unemployed, without being idle; and if any beg from house to house it is a sure sign that they are not 'deserving persons.' Accordingly, a report is issued, containing the balance of accounts, a few interesting cases of distress, some just observations on the duty of Christian benevolence, and, in conclusion, probably an earnest exhortation to the friends of the society, not to encourage the system of begging, as prejudicial to the poor, and so inconvenient to themselves—an exhortation generally effectual.

Now it is manifest that a society, which thus puts itself between the poor man and the brotherly kindness of his wealthy neighbour, which claims to be the only channel of communication between the prosperous and the afflicted—which dries up every other stream or turns it into its own, is bound upon every

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principle, not only of Christian duty but of common honesty, to convey to the hearth of the needy every comfort which he ought to receive from the benevolence of others. If unable to effect this the society has no right to stop up other fountains, even though the waters which flow from them be less clear and healing than its own.

Let us leave the published report, and turn to some cottage within the sphere of the society's labours. The husband is out of work, the wife ill, the children, five or six of them perhaps, all too young to earn any thing beyond a few pence. The district-visitor comes to the house, hears the sad story, and, in conformity with the society's rules, either refuses 'upon principle' to afford any relief, because the husband is out of work, which ought never to be the case; or gives, for a fortnight or three weeks, one shilling, or perhaps two, as the treasurer's coffers are empty or full; or carries back the matter to the committee-room, where a quarter of an hour is spent in debating whether the starving family shall receive eighteen-pence or half-a-crown. In the meanwhile, through want of sufficient nourishment, the wife becomes incurably sickly, the husband loses his strength, so as to be unable to take work when it is offered, and the chubby-faced children grow pale and unhealthy. And why? Because God has sent sorrow, and his people, whom he has prepared to relieve it, neglect to do so.

It must not be supposed that all this proceeds from any want of compassionate feeling. Far otherwise. The individual managers and agents of the society may possess the most painful sympathy with the distresses of the poor—the most earnest desire to do

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right—the most Christian tenderness of spirit. The scanty measure in which they dole out relief may be to them as great a trial as to the poor man himself. But they act 'upon principle.' And this forms the worst feature of the case. If the visitors were hard-hearted, if the committee were cruel, other committees, other visitors might be found endowed with a more Christian spirit. But this parsimony of charity is to be attributed not to the character of those who bestow it, but to the baneful influence of some wide-spread principles of error. To transplant individuals is far easier than to root out errors.

The bodily senses, in the opinion of some philosophers, do not confer upon the mind the various sensations of which they are the media, but rather restrain them within certain limits the best adapted for the purposes of our present existence. So that a disembodied spirit may be conceived to see and hear, not, as at present, by means of separate material organs, but with its whole undivided being. Now, in some respects we may look upon charitable societies as the organs or senses of the universal body of Christ's church. They are the eyes to see and the ears to hear the wants of the distressed, and also the hands to supply them.

I have already complained of the hands as not sufficiently liberal in the discharge of their duty; I have now to find fault with the eyes as prejudiced and incorrect. And though it may be said for the hands, that if left empty they cannot give, the same defence may not be urged with respect to the eyes, as their office is simply passive—they have but to transmit.

Charitable societies are in the strictest sense the eyes of the church. A large proportion of those who

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subscribe for the relief of the poor never come into personal acquaintance with them. They know their wants, their characters, their virtues, and their vices only from the reports of others. They form their judgment upon those topics principally on the authority of the publications of the different societies, or on that of the speeches and conversations of their supporters. And this judgment, modified in a measure by their cast of mind, is the rule by which their benevolence is directed. In fact they have and can have no other.

What, then, is the image of the poor man conveyed by those eyes to the mind of the Christian world? He is represented as in a state of great wretchedness; but altogether by his own fault. He is out of work; but it arises from a want of industry. He has a larger family than he can support; but it is the natural consequence of marrying while in poverty. He is sick, and hunger presses upon him; but he ought to have laid by for a time of need. And then to assist him is impossible; for the poor man, seen through these eyes, is always or almost always wasteful, extravagant, thoughtless, untrue, deceitful, ungrateful, with nothing to inspire any confidence or hope of improvement. To relieve his wants, is to pour water into a leaking vessel, and more injurious to him, by encouraging his evil habits, than beneficial by saving him from starvation. These eyes are most quick-sighted in detecting, and most prompt in exposing, cases of imposture, and, as all love to consider men by classes, rather than by individuals, every cheat of every London swindler is attributed to the whole collective order of the poor. And thus the picture which these eyes convey to the mind of the Christian

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world, becomes gradually darker and darker, until pity itself is almost turned into dislike. The name of a poor man and of an ungrateful cheat become almost synonymous, and many would be more surprised at being treated honestly by a beggar than at being robbed by a gentleman.

Now it is my belief, that if any one, with a mind unwarped by this dark representation, will himself, and by himself, visit in the poor man's cottage, he will soon be persuaded that the notion of his character conveyed by those societies to the mind of the Christian public, is a mere phantom, a distorted dream, having no existence in reality.

He will find, indeed, that, alike on the throne and in the cottage, man is a corrupt and fallen being. He will often meet deception instead of truth, dishonesty in the place of uprightness, and if he choose he may trace out almost every action to some evil motive, mingled with, and often overpowering, the good; to learn which, he need not have crossed his own threshold. But this he will not find—that a believer in Christ is less consistent, or an unbeliever more depraved, when poor, than when rich. He may perhaps discover in the cottage a tenderness of spirit, a generosity of mind, a spirit of forbearance and forgiveness and brotherly kindness, a disinterestedness of conduct, a self-denying charity, which may make him ashamed of his own equals, and possibly of himself.

Wealth is not the source of refinement: it is rather its opponent. Wealth without education produces that state of mind the reverse of which we call refinement. The man accustomed to educated society may be refined, though wealthy; and the man who

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is poor may be refined, though unlettered: and perhaps the ever-fluctuating state of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, in which one, who is placed on the border-line between fire-side comfort and absolute want, continually vibrates, has in some degree a tendency to draw out those more delicate traits of character, which may be easily effaced under the pressure of luxury.

At all events this is certain that, whatever be the natural sensibilities of the poor, the gospel is their heritage, and must be effective in enlightening and elevating their souls. But a poor Christian—and by the word poor I mean to describe the lowest grade of social life—a poor Christian is in general a Christian of the most consistent character. He is commonly benevolent to his neighbours, full of gratitude for the smallest kindness, and not barely honest, but even scrupulously exact in his dealings, for this very reason that to be dishonest is the poor man's temptation. These are the outward fruits of that faith which he carries in his breast.

If all this be true, what shall be said of those eyes of the Christian world, which form so dark, so distorted an image of the poor man's character?

I will say but this—it was happy for Lazarus that he fell under the eyes of Christ, and not of the church, or it had never been recorded of him, "The *beggar* died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."

L. L.

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DEITY OF CHRIST.

[The following beautiful lines were addressed to a clergyman, after having preached a Sermon on the Deity of Christ.]

DEAR faithful servant of the Lord,
Thou hast most clearly proved "the Word"
To be Jehovah God;
The Father's co-eternal Son
In essence, power and mercy One
Whose name must be adored.

But that He might for sin atone,
He joined our nature to his own,
And perfect man became.
The God-man Jesus, matchless grace!
Died to redeem his chosen race
From everlasting shame.

The sacred, co-existent Dove,
Revealed to thee that scheme of love
Planned in eternity;
He taught thee sweetly to proclaim
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
The Saviour's Deity:

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What, tho' discouragements arise
From those who Jesu's love despise;
He will thy labours own.
The Holy Ghost will Satan foil,
And fertilize with grace the soil
In which the seed is sown.

Defend thy dear Redeemer's cause,
Regardless of the world's applause,
Soon thou wilt hear him say;—
Well done, thou good and faithful friend,
Enter my joy, to heaven ascend;
Here spend an endless day.

A crown of righteousness there is
Laid up for thee in realms of bliss,
By God's Eternal Son;
He's gone *thy* mansion to prepare,
That where *He* is, thou mayst be there,
Soon as thy work is done.

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ON THE PHRASEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

No. II.

By L. H. J. T.

(4.) AMEN—אמן—AMHN.

Verily, verily.

THE word which I have selected for elucidation in the present paper, is one of greater importance than we are in the habit of attaching to it. It is truly a precious and a wonderful word.

Most of the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine will know that the VERILY, VERILY, with which our LORD commences his discourses, is, in the original, AMEN, AMEN, which form of asseveration is used by none but Him. The word *verily* does occur in the Acts and in the Epistles, but is there only the representative of some insignificant Greek particle, γαρ, δε, &c., and not of the solemn and impressive AMEN.

Every reader of the Apocalypse must have been struck with the remarkable assumption of this word by our LORD as an appellation. (Rev. iii. 14.) *These things saith the* AMEN, *the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God.* Here we have the word AMEN used as a proper name, and joined

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to a verb in the third person singular, Τάδε λεγει ὁ Ἀμην (*Tade legei ho Amen*). The name AMEN is left untranslated. Our Lord speaking of himself, says, *These things saith the* AMEN, and I wish to show, that when he commences a discourse with this name, coupled with a verb in the first person singular, it should likewise be left untranslated.

We thus find it rendered in *Theodore Beza's* Latin translation of the New Testament:—

John iii. 3. *Respondit Jesus et dixit ei; Amen, Amen dico tibi, nisi quis genitus sit iterùm, &c. &c.*

And the same passage in Jerome's Latin Vulgate:

Amen, Amen dico tibi, nisi quis renatus fuerit, &c. &c.

And, although it may sound strange to our English ear, I am of opinion that it should be thus left as an indeclinable, untranslateable name in our own versions, or at least, that all Bible-readers should be fully aware of the importance of this expression of our Lord's, which in reality signifies

I, the AMEN, *say unto you, &c.*[1]

It becomes necessary now, however, to examine into the true meaning of the word Amen, premising that the inspired writers of the New Testament merely wrote down such Greek letters as would best convey the sound of the Hebrew אמן.

I will now proceed to show that this untranslateable, immutable word[2] in its various Hebrew in-

1 The Irish translation is as follows:—'Go *Deimhin, Deimhin*, a deirim riot,' and the Gaelic, 'Gu *Deimhin, Deimhin*, a ta mi ag ràdh riut,' in both of which interesting languages the word *Deimhin* is used, which evidently contains the root of the Amen.

2 An eminent and learned divine to whom these views were submitted, has favoured the writer with the following remarks on this word:—

'It seems to me that originally the word is the mysterious name of God, and that its use in the sacred language in compounding terms of

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word which we should use cautiously and reverently. Each time that we utter it, we are calling upon the Almighty by one of his most solemn names. Let us take heed lest we take this name in vain, not knowing it to be the LORD'S.

ERRATUM.

Page 158, lines 23 and 27, for *home* read *house*.

CHRIST'S soldiers must obey him; they must look always to Him for directions; they must not act for themselves. We must not think that we can be of His army, and yet refuse to take the sentinel's post when He calls us to it. We must not throw away the sword (no, nor yet the scabbard,) without His commands. Whatever place He appoints us, we must fill, be it the post of danger or of observation.—*Rev. Dr. H. Cooke.*

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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. III.

NOT long did the family of Abram continue to enjoy the repose and refreshment of Sichem. The first remove brought them to Bethel, and from thence a succession of journeyings led them southward throughout the length of the promised land. The sacred historian informs us that, at this period, the whole plain of the Jordan was "well watered:" and where now from the rocky heights of that sterile chain of mountains, which intersects "the hill country of Judea," the eye looks down upon a desolated waste, "a salt land and not inhabited;" that was then a beautiful and fertile district, luxuriant in its increase as the garden of the Lord. But though as yet the towers of Sodom and Gomorrah stood, based upon their proud foundations; and though the translucent Jordan still imaged on its waters the stately structures of four flourishing cities, all soon to be involved in one common overthrow,—yet had the curse of God in part descended; and famine stalked throughout the land in all the ghastliness of its death-bringing power. The parched earth thirsted for the fructifying rain-drops, and for the refreshing dew, but neither dew nor rain descended. The cry

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of the blackened land went up to heaven, but the heaven above was brass, and the earth iron. Not man alone; but all the creatures, had share in the suffering attendant on his sin. The wild asses of the wilderness, drawn from their deserts by the scent of water, snuffed up the torrid air through their dilated nostrils, and rolled their failing, fiery eyes by the fountains where hitherto the gushing waters had never ceased to flow.

"The famine was grievous in the land," and in this emergency the patriarch and his household, unfettered by the tie of property in the soil, which might bind the settled inhabitants to a permanent residence, needed only to strike their tents and remove further and further from this scene of desolation, until they at length crossed the boundaries of Canaan, and entered upon that granary of the ancient world—the land of Egypt. In that proud region, the earth could yield her increase, independently of seasons or of skies. Drought might consume the neighbouring nations, but to the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile the periodical swelling of their noble river was a never-failing pledge of a superabundant harvest. The patriarch could scarcely have become acquainted in any measure with the character and habits of the race then in possession of Canaan, when he was compelled by a stern necessity to remove yet farther from the land of his birth, in order to seek supply for the temporal necessities of his household. Had he indeed been "mindful of the country from whence he came out,"—had he sat down amid the withered wastes of the famine-stricken land of his future inheritance, and thought upon the flowing waters of Euphrates, till every image of his

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forsaken home stirred within him the yearning desire to revisit those scenes; he "might have had opportunity to have returned:" but here his faith failed not. He had counted the cost when he forsook all at Jehovah's bidding. He looked not back, but nerved his heart to go forward from one stage of his pilgrimage to another, at the command of his God. Previously, however, to his entrance into Egypt, he appears to have collected some information relative to the customs of the land, since we find him, when still on the borders of Canaan, exacting from Sarai the promise to conceal their mutual relationship while sojourning there. It was "when he was come near to enter into Egypt," that "he said unto Sarai his wife, say, I pray thee, thou art my sister." The giant structures of this once renowned land, whose very fragments breathe a wondering awe into the mind of the traveller, as he ponders over the wrecks of their shattered greatness; or thrill with fear the breast of the wandering Arab, as he passes in silence by: these all attest that even at this remote period Egypt had attained to a high degree of civilization among the nations; while their thickly inscribed surfaces, whose mystic characters are now made to speak in words of intelligible import, bear contemporary witness with the records of holy writ, that the pomp of royalty was then within her palaces, and the glitter of a high-born aristocracy encircling her throne. But whatever might be the regulations of her policy for the welfare of her own people, the stranger and the sojourner, it seems, could not reckon upon security for either life or possessions. "They will kill me, but they will save thee alive," was the foreboding of the harassed patriarch, when he looked upon the

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fair form of her who had left, for his sake, the temperate regions where the day-beams dawn upon the snow-crowned Ararat, to domicile among the swarthy and violent sons of Ham.

Let not any suppose, when they have made sacrifice upon sacrifice in the cause of God, and shewn themselves very ready to surrender their worldly interests in his service, that there remains no point on which their trust in God could be brought to trial and not come off victorious. With unhesitating faith Abram had forsaken houses, and brethren, and country, and friends at the command of his Maker; and so implicitly did he rely upon His promises, that not even famine itself could drive him back to an idolatrous home: but he could not trust God with the one beloved object of his ardent affection,—he could not adventure the bark which bore his heart's best cargo, upon the perilous waters, without endeavouring to ensure its safety by some short-sighted scheme of his own devising. And thus even the trustful Abram stained his hitherto unspotted profession with an equivocation, which if it did not amount to absolute falsehood, was altogether unworthy of his character as a man, and as a believer; and induced his confiding and obedient wife to a participation in his guilt. But the ungodly artifice availed him not; nay, it seems to have been the very means of bringing about that forcible detention of Sarai which he so much dreaded. In some eastern countries at the present day, where the will of the monarch is for the most part the law of the people, it is by no means a rare, or unheard of exercise of authority to claim for the haram the unmarried daughter or sister of a subject. Some such recognized act of despotism may

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possibly have obtained at that time in Egypt: at all events Abram appears to have had no power of appeal when bereaved of his wife; and the expostulatory tone of Pharaoh's address—"Why didst thou not tell me she was thy wife? why saidst thou, she is my sister?"—seems to imply that, had the patriarch himself held on in the same truthful course he had hitherto followed, he would both have escaped the dreaded danger, and saved his soul from sin.

How strange, if we were not ourselves human, and did not recognize the workings of the same unequal faith in our own hearts, would this conduct of Abram appear! The promises of God which had allured him from his home in Ur, to brave the perils and chances of a wanderer's life, and which should have been to him as an assurance of safety in all places whither he went, faded from his mind when the shadow of a coming danger fell on the supreme object of his earthly love. And who has not felt, as the gourd of his soul began to droop before his anguished sight, in token of ultimate decay, that, however great might have been his previous sacrifices, however unbounded his trust in the never-failing providence of God, there was something in his possession too precious to be staked with unflinching firmness; too dear to be adventured in that dark and unknown land, whither, when the fountains of life begin to fail, we are fain to descend with our best and dearest? Happily, when the king of terrors is the despot from whose rapacious grasp we would screen our beautiful and our beloved, we cannot by falsehood and equivocation build up a barrier of supposed defence against the encroachments of the foe; or who dares to say he would use only lawful means to ward

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off the danger of impending separation? But there are cases in which the mistrustful conduct of Abram often finds a parallel. There are those believers in the truth as it is in Jesus, whose over-wrought anxiety to screen the objects of their tender affection from the world's rough usage, will often betray them into a course of conduct alike hurtful to their profession and dishonourable to their God. There are promises of provision and protection specially vouchsafed; but the faith which can embrace these for its own support and sustenance, cannot realize them for others; and therefore it is no uncommon spectacle to see a Christian husband and father toiling with undue care to throw around his beloved wife or daughters, every adventitious circumstance which shall command the respect of the world, or keep off its rude approach. And too frequently it falls out, that the very precautions which were trusted to, as a talisman to ward off the dreaded evil, are eventually the inciting causes to invite its advances; and the fictitious embellishments with which, at a sacrifice of his spiritual health, the husband or father has invested a wife or child, become the glittering baits by which they are led away captive.

In the temporary separation which ensued between the patriarch and his wife, how different must have been the feelings which agitated the bosom of Abram from the more simple grief of Sarai. Shut up in the palace of the king of Egypt, and surrounded by the Cushite women, whose dusky forms, and scarcely intelligible language must have combined with the grand gloomy halls in which they met to fill her mind with dim uncertain terror, still there would be little if any remorse mingled with her sorrow. The tie

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that bound her to Abram, rather than any exercise of faith in the promises of God, had made her a stranger and an exile upon earth. No distinct personal revelation of the divine will had, as yet, been made to her; and that which she had learned concerning the character and purposes of Jehovah, she had learned from the lips of her husband. If she had erred in participating with him in the falsehood of concealing their near connexion, she had erred in the path of obedience to him who was at once the guardian of her earthly interests and her spiritual guide. Certain it is that no word of reproof is ever breathed against her in scripture for her unvarying submission to the will of her husband, while there is a most direct testimony in favour of her conjugal obedience. As a sharer in the equivocation which Abram had practised, she was also a sharer in its consequences; but upon him must have fallen the bitterness of its punishment, when left alone to reap in anguish the fruit of his own devices. Bereaved of her who was the light of his existence, a dishonoured man in the eyes of his attendants, who must have been acquainted with, if not accessory to the guilt of his dissimulation, how terrible to the patriarch must have been this combination of remorse, suspense, and calamity! But the servant of God had yet one refuge; and he who could plead so fervently for the guilty cities of the plain, would not cease, we may be sure, urgently to sue for the pardon of his own sin, and for the removal of its consequent suffering. Jehovah interposed for his afflicted servants. The doors of the plague-stricken palace were thrown open, and the wife of the patriarch restored, through the instrumentality of Him who "reproved even kings for

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their sakes;" who, "while they went from one nation to another, and from one kingdom to another people, suffered no man to do them wrong;" in whose hand are the hearts of princes, to turn as the rivers of water, whithersoever He will.

LYDIA.

How great a change would be produced in what is *commonly*, but *unfitly* called Divine Worship, did we open our minds to the solemn conviction that the service is performed before God, even the Father. What hosts of idle wandering thoughts and vain desires would then be banished from the mind; what solemnity would be thrown into the sacred duty. A stranger entering the place, and enquiring 'Why this sincere devotion? why this fervent adoration? why this humble prostration?' would be answered—'God is here—they are worshipping before God, even the Father, and they dare not worship him otherwise than in spirit and in truth.'—*Rev. T. Dale.*

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LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

V.

ITH, who was the son of Breogan, survived not to give a report of the good land which he had seen. He died of his wounds before the landing of his men, with his son, Luighaid, on the coast of Spain. The dead body was brought on shore, and exposed to the view of the assembled multitude of the Milesian race, who, at this tragical sight, vowed vengeance against the whole nation of the treacherous murderers. Their determinate purpose was to extirpate, root and branch, the inhabitants of the newly-discovered island, and to form for themselves a settlement.

Preparations were set on foot, and soon a gallant fleet was ready, well manned with resolute Gadeliens. Spain was at this time rent in pieces with civil wars, as well as by the continual incursions of foreign invaders. Here then was another motive for the sons of Melisius to abandon the country. They took with them their widowed mother, Scota, who declared her resolution to share the fortunes of her sons, be it prosperous or adverse.

Forty Milesian chiefs commanded the forces, from whose names so many places in Ireland were afterwards called. They took with them their substance,

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their families, and all which appertained to them, having no intention to return to Spain.

The climate of Ireland is noted for its humidity. The fruitful shower often descends, and clothes the fields with verdure.

When the ships of the new invaders approached the island, in that age of dark superstition, it was probably a rolling cloud, in which they imagined they saw the similitude of some hideous monster, raised up by the enchantments of the Tuatha de Danans, to prevent their landing; and in much terror they sailed along the coast to Inbher Sceine, in the west of Munster, where, meeting with no opposition, fancied, or real, they came on shore, and marched forward towards a high mountain, called Sliabh mis, where they met one of the queens, attended by a train of beauteous damsels, druids, and soothsayers. Amergin the Milesian chief, addressed himself to her, and with much frankness she made answer to his inquiries, informing him that she was the queen-consort of Ceathur, the eldest of three brothers, the sons of Cearmada, who reigned each one year alternately over the island, and during that year the king gave the name of his wife to the land, which was now called Inis-Banba, her own name, being the year of her husband's reign. The residence of the second and third princesses were also near, or upon mountains. Sliabh Eibhline is mentioned as the place where they encountered Fodhla and her train; and at Visneach they met with Eire. An old Irish poem describes them. It begins,— 'Sanna bunadhus na ngaoidhiol;' and is thus translated:

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Banba they met with all her princely train,
On Sliabh Mis; and on the fruitful plain
Of Sliabh Eibhline, Fodhla next they spied,
With priests and learned druids for her guide,
And all her attendant ladies were by her side.
Then virtuous Eire appeared in pomp and state,
In Visneach's pleasant fields, majestically great.

Another part of the poem tells of their lords.

'These Irish kings alternately reigned; and for their consorts chose three princesses, Fodhla, Banba, and Eire.'

They found the three kings at Teamair, where they kept their court in much kingly state and magnificence, surrounded by their guards, on whose magic arts they relied for security.

The Milesian chief Amergin, drew near with undaunted courage, and reproached them for the barbarous murder they had committed in depriving the unoffending Ith of his life: for which treacherous act, he declared his determination to be avenged by the blood of many in battle, if the reins of government were not quietly yielded to him. In short, he plainly told them that the only expiation he could receive was the possession of the island, to be delivered up to him and his brethren.

In reply, the princes freely confessed that they had no means of defending their island by force of arms; but they had other resources which they were resolved on trying. They complimented Amergin, and said they would be content to abide by the arbitration of a chief so wise and able as they perceived him to be. Amergin cautiously heard the bland expressions of a treacherous foe, yet deemed it expedient to accede to the proposed conditions, which were to return promptly, with his Gadeliens, to

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Inbher Sceine, where their ships were in the harbour, from thence to sail back nine waves, and then to watch the effect of the enchantments. If the spell could be broken, and the vessels could ride on in safety, until all their army should set their feet upon the shore, the country should be their own undisputed possession, and its present inhabitants should become tributaries.

For a time the elements seemed to favour the Tuatha de Danans, in driving back the invaders. A tempestuous wind buffetted the Milesian fleet, and drove them foul of each other.

It has already been said that eight sons of Milesius were chiefs in this expedition, whose character was that of nobleness and generosity. Five of these brave youths perished in the wrecks made by this terrific tempest. The ships were driven hither and thither, widely separated from each other. Ir, one of these noble brothers, was driven upon the western coast of Desmond, where his vessel split upon the rocks, and every soul perished. The body of the unfortunate prince was cast upon the shore, and being afterwards recognized, it was buried in a small island, called Sceilg Mithill. This island deserves particular notice. It is chiefly formed of rock in the sea, some leagues from the shore.

Since the time that Popery was established, this place has been much frequented by her superstitious devotees.

The top of the rock is flat, with little depth of earth; in its entire breadth, it measures not more than three acres, and is the resort of numerous wild fowl which fatten upon it, and as they afford a delicious repast to all who brave the danger of taking

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them, many expose themselves to it for this purpose. Round the islet are high and inaccessible almost precipices, which hang in towering magnificence over the foaming surge beneath. There is but one way of ascent, which is extremely difficult and dangerous.

Against this rock the impetuous waves impelled the ill-fated vessel of one of the bravest of the Milesian princes. He was always seen in the front of the battle, and never fought without being crowned with victory, insomuch that the very name of Ir brought terror to his enemies. The three valiant sons of Milesius, who escaped the fury of the elements, were, Heremon, Heber, and our first-mentioned hero, Amergin. Heremon, with great difficulty, landed, with a part of his fleet, at Inbher Colpa, or Drogheda, as it is now called; the other two at Inbher Sceine, and were soon after attacked by the enemy, where a desperate battle was fought, in which their mother, Scota, lost her life. This was the first contest for the island, between the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danans, in which these last were defeated, as the old Irish rhyme celebrates.

On Sliab Mis our wárlike squadrons stood,
Eager of fight, and prodigal of blood.
Victorious arms our stout Gadeliens bore,
Ruin behind, and terror marched before:
A thousand of the enchanted host are slain,
They try their charms, and magic arts in vain,
For with their mangled limbs they cover all the plain.
Three hundred only of our troops are killed,
Who bravely turned the fortune of the field.

Inbher Sceine, in the county of Kerry receives its name from the wife of Amergin, who was drowned in it. Inbher signifies *river*.

After two or three more contests, the Milesians

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were completely victorious, and made a division of the country between Heremon and Heber, which statement is also found in a very old poem.

> The two commanders shared the isle between them;
> The north division Heremon enjoyed,
> From the rich vale, where, in delightful streams,
> The Boyne, the darling of the ocean, flows;
> Southward from thence the royal Heber reigned,
> And his dominion to the sea extended.

For about a year there was no rivalship between the brothers. After that period the fatal seed of discord was sown by the interference of the wife of Heber, who thought the division of the land was not equal, and in wishing for more, she lost all; as the life of her husband fell a sacrifice in the contention which she caused. And Amergin also was slain, in consequence of which, the island remained in the hands of Heremon alone.

During the reign of Heremon, the first incursion of the Picts is thus recorded, by the venerable Bede, in the first chapter of his Ecclesiastical History of England.

'It happened, as fame goes, that a nation of the Picts from Scythia, setting to sea in a few long ships, after they had, by the varying of the wind, sailed round the coast of Britain, came at last into Ireland, and landed in the northern part of the island; there they found the nation of the Scots, among whom they desired a settlement, but their request was denied.'

From other accounts we hear that they landed in the harbour of Wexford, at a time when Leinster was governed by Criomhthan Sciathbhiel, a descendant of the ancient Firbolgs. He was appointed by Heremon, and was a man of worth. At first he re-

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ceived the strangers kindly, but soon it appeared that they had formed a conspiracy to possess themselves of Leinster. When Heremon was made acquainted with their designs, he sent an army to drive them from the country. Aware of their inability to resist the Milesian troops, the Picts fell prostrate before the king, imploring his clemency with the most abject submission. Heremon generously pardoned the imbecile invaders, and dismissed them with advice, that they should seek for themselves another settlement, in a country lying east and by north of Ireland, which they did, taking with them to Scotland some Milesian wives, and leaving instead, six of their men, who were suffered to remain on the portion of lands assigned to them.

One of these six was called the learned Trosdane; he became useful to the Gadeliens in subduing the Britons, who had come over and committed great depredations on both sides the river Slainge, and violated the law of nations by fighting with poisoned arrows. To turn away the deadly venom Trosdane discovered an efficacious remedy.

The Chronicles of Ireland state that Heremon sent with the Picts a number of the posterity of Breogan, the father of Ith (the first invader), and grandfather of Milesius. From Breogan originated the Brigantes, who afterwards formed large settlements in England.

He also sent, on this occasion, a number of the Tuatha de Danans.

The following account is given in the annals of Inisfail, &c. 'Ereamhon, the first of the Milesian race in Ireland, reigned fourteen years its sole monarch. In the beginning of his reign a people came into Ire-

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land from Thracia. They were called Picts, because they coloured their faces with several sorts of colours, which gave them a fierce and horrible appearance. They landed in the east part of Leinster, and fought with the Lageniens, in which battle the prince of Leinster was wounded, and many of his men slain. When this news reached Ereamhon, he went out with a considerable force against the Picts, whom he completely defeated; nor would allow them any footing in Ireland, and sent them off to a country north-east of this island, which is that now called Scotland, where he also sent many of the progeny of Breogan, called Brigantes, and of the Tuatha de Danans.

Cathluan was the first king of the Picts in Albain, (Scotland now.) After him sixty Pictish kings reigned, ending with Constantine.

Of the Tuatha de Danans, I find another record, which states that a grievous battle, called the Battle of Tailtean, had taken place between the Milesians and the Tuatha de Danans, in which the latter were totally defeated, their kings slain, and most of their forces. All who escaped fled for concealment to the woods and caverns of the earth, leaving the land to the conquerors. In time they crept forth, and by degrees becoming familiar with the new inhabitants, they obtained the liberty of subjects.

I shall here conclude my letter, which I fear you will find tediously lengthened. After I have done with Keating's early details, of which I have merely taken short extracts, I think you will find a considerable improvement in Irish history. I have taken up Keating, from finding that the different accounts of the same time, which I have read, have evidently

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been taken from his, (or principally so,) which makes me think that no documents more authentic than his have been discovered.

THE ROYAL BRIDAL.

A SHOUT of joy, both deep and loud
Burst from the lips of that dense crowd,
And spoke a nation's pride,
As moving through the crowded street,
With courteous smile, and glances sweet,
Came England's royal bride.

And when the glorious sun went down,
Gaily through London's olden town,
Shone forth a gorgeous scene;
Wreath, star, and coronal gleamed there
In honour of the young, the fair,
Of England's wedded Queen.

Yet put those bridal flowers away,
Life is not a summer's day,
Of long festivity;
Rather let the prayer be made,
Rather be the blessing said,
Our royal bride, for thee!

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Hush, oh hush, the music's strain!
Or, if its chorus breathe again,
  Rather let it be,
A supplication loud and long,
Breathed from the lips of that vast throng,
  On lowly bended knee!

Prince, peer, and peasant—each must know,
In changeful guise, of joy and woe,
  Their hourly, daily share;
Yet would we not this day, the less,
Ask for some boon thy life to bless,
  Then what shall be our prayer?

Oh! be thou queen, or peasant girl,
In cotton robe, or braid of pearl,
  As wedded wife,—above
All earthly boons, that can be given,
Or asked for thee from bounteous heaven,
  We'll ask, for Home's fond love!

M. A. S. Barber.

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NOTES ON GENESIS.

CHAPTER III.

1. THE first art the deceiver practices against the woman is to infuse into her mind discontent against the will of God; the manner in which the question is put "Yea, hath God said you shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" evidently implying a supposed hardship in the restriction.

2. The woman at first feebly vindicates the goodness of God by admitting that they were allowed the use of all the trees save one, but at the same time she makes no observation calculated to discourage and silence the tempter.

4. This assertion is, in a sense, true. Natural or bodily death did not immediately occur, though the body then became subject to death; but a far heavier than bodily death was connected with the act of disobedience—spiritual death—death from the life of God that was in them.

5. This is also true: they did acquire a new knowledge; but the tempter concealed from her view that for the acquisition of blind, contracted, human knowledge they were to forfeit the heavenly wisdom, which had hitherto flowed into, and ruled their hearts. (See note on ii. 17.) It is by partial truth more frequently than by open falsehood the devil deludes and destroys the blind followers of error. Misapplied truth

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was one of the weapons he used against the Lord himself in the temptation, which he parried, putting Satan to silence by quotations from scripture, shewing the false use he made of the truths he asserted. This, be assured, my child, is the only method of developing the deceptions of Satan, whether silently instilled into your mind or openly taught by his human ministers. Whatever interpretation of any given passage of scripture does not coincide and harmonise with the general scope and tenor of the whole must be false, since God is the author of all, and will not contradict himself. Observe here into what fatal error the smallest deviation from the truth of God may lead us; we may believe many truths and yet be lost from our misapprehension of others.

6. The woman must, no doubt, have before observed that the fruit was pleasant to the eyes, and appeared good for food; but knowing it to be prohibited, she had viewed it without desire, until the idea, now suggested, of hardship in the prohibition, combined with the desire of independence, which is inseparably connected with discontent under the commands of a superior, awakened her wishes to such a wild and frantic height as cast aside every restraint of fear or gratitude, and induced her to commit the crime to which, perhaps but a few minutes before, she had not even an inclination.

"And gave to her husband, and he did eat." We here find no arguments urged; he loved the creature more than the Creator, and yielded to her instead of obeying Him.

As on this great and awful event, the fall of man, turns every thing most deeply and lastingly important for us to know, it behoves us to pause here, and

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enquire what have been the effects produced on Adam, and, in him, on his posterity. Some people speak as if nature had been wholly subverted and destroyed, but this language tends to confusion of ideas, and consequently to dangerous and misleading deductions from principles not thoroughly understood. The nature of every thing, natural and immaterial, is that mode of existence which the Creator has bestowed on that thing. The nature of man, in this sense of the word, is not destroyed, but perverted. The original nature of man, the original intent, and design, and fitness of all his powers and faculties, or, in other words, the thing man, acting up to his true nature, ought to be, and but for sin would be, is just the same now as at his first creation. "God created man upright, but he has sought out for himself many inventions." Sin has corrupted all his powers, and faculties, and inclinations; has turned them aside from their true end and object; has withdrawn them from terminating in God, the only source of good, as their Creator, and reduced them to terminate in himself; and, consequently, in such narrow, contracted views of good as come within the reach of a finite, limited being, unenlightened by the light which cometh from above. Hence it follows that the more man obeys the present corrupt bent of his nature, the more deeply he is involved in sin, and the more he follows his genuine, original nature, now corrupted not effaced, the more he resembles the image in which he first was stamped. There is not a single habit of vice in the mind, or act of vice in the conduct, that does not, on examination, bear experimental evidence to the truth of this assertion. Every power, every passion of original human

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nature is capable either of good or evil, according as it is directed. Vice does not proceed from the genuine nature of any passion, but from its corruption and its application to selfish ends and purposes:

> 'Think not your passion from corruption springs,
> Though to corruption now they lend their wings.'

The same powers and passions that, under the guidance of God, were instruments of good, are, in the hands of Satan, instruments of evil. But how shall the fallen, corrupted creature turn back, through all the mazes of corruption, to his great, original destination? How free his powers and faculties from the grasp of Satan, and restore them to the guidance of God? With man this is impossible. It is impossible that those very powers which are corrupted, blinded, and enslaved, should still retain the capability of perceiving and breaking through their thraldom, renovating themselves, and returning to their original purity. If we only consider the natural tendency of sin to produce sin, we shall be fully sensible that it is indeed impossible. "But with God all things are possible." To renovate fallen man, to graft him back again into the living vine from which he had been broken off, (see John xv. 1—7,) the second Adam became a living head, "that as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." All who truly wish to return to God; who feel their inability, in their own powers to return; who, consequently, feel the want of a Saviour, and gladly embrace him as their redemption from the evils from which they could not deliver themselves, will find in his enlightening, strengthening, purifying grace, that it is possible with God to "create a clean heart and renew a right

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'spirit within them." But where is this wish, this sense of inability, this conscious want of a Saviour to be found? Not surely in the blinded, perverted heart of man, ever prone to "put evil for good and good for evil." The wish to return to God, the sense of inability to do so, the conscious want of a Saviour, the knowledge that such a Saviour is provided, "able and willing to save," must all come from God. They constitute repentance and faith, and both are the gift of God. Acts v. 31. Eph. ii. 8.

For want of a due distinction between the original and the corrupted nature of man, I have often heard religious persons rail at human nature in language which has appeared to me almost reproachful against the Creator, and more becoming avowed misanthropes than professed Christians; while the libertine is often, from the same cause, left unanswered when he pleads his natural passions, in behalf of sins which are the result, not of the natural, but of the corrupted state of his passions. From the same want of a due sense of the awful difference there is between man such as he now is, and man such as he was originally created, and but for sin might still be, multitudes remain ignorant of the necessity of renovation; and many who acknowledge it are far from being aware of the full extent in which it is requisite. Hence many coldly believe in the history of Jesus Christ, and call him their Saviour, without that conscious sense of the want of His salvation, which would induce them really to cling to Him as such; but, on the contrary, if they can discern in their dispositions some beautiful fragments of the original nature of man, they are apt to content themselves with them, and build their fallacious hopes on them as passports to eternal glory and feli-

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city, instead of regarding them as sad evidences of the height from which they had fallen. Man, in disobeying God at the suggestion of Satan, transferred to him his allegiance, himself, and his possessions, this fair creation. All are now under the dominion of Satan, all are defaced, corrupted, poisoned by his influence, so that conversion is not merely the introduction of some beautiful qualities into the human character, nor the removal of some that are more palpably defiled and hateful; but it is the complete and entire translation of the individual "from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son."

7. The first effect of their newly-acquired wisdom was shame. They sought in outward covering some substitute for the inward glory and purity they had lost.

8. Fear had now taken place of the love of God in their hearts, and the blindness and folly of their human wisdom is strongly evinced in the vain attempt to hide themselves, by the shade of the trees, from the all-seeing eyes of God. Dread and consequent hatred of God, and a desire to hide from His inspection and our own, by shades easily penetrable to His eyes, though often fatally impervious to those of man, naturally dwell in the human heart in its fallen and separated state. "The carnal heart is enmity against God."

12. The soul no longer dwelling in God as its centre, but each becoming individually his own centre, selfishness must necessarily become a part, if I may not rather say the whole, of the creation, and is now strongly evidenced in Adam's endeavour to cast the blame from himself, even on the beloved object for

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whose sake he had sinned. There seems a reproach levelled against God himself in the words "The woman whom Thou gavest me."

13. Here the woman attempts to weave a flimsy covering for her sin, by casting the blame on the serpent. Note on 8.

15. This is the opening of the glorious, blessed promise which is confirmed, unfolded, enlarged, and acted on throughout the Scriptures, and has been fulfilling, and is now fulfilling, in the world. Christ came to bruise the serpent's head, to crush the power which man had given to Satan over himself and the whole creation, and to rescue them from his dominion. It has been asked, why has he suffered nearly 6,000 years to elapse before He has fully accomplished this deliverance? and why are not the whole human race delivered from the power of Satan, instead of a few selected individuals whom we see brought to God, while the world in general continues to this day lying in wickedness? One answer serves for both questions. The facts are manifest. But *why* God has determined they should be as they are, He has not seen fit to reveal, and we have no means of knowing the mind of God but by his revelation of himself. To me it seems most unfitting that the creatures of His hand should expect that God would explain to them the reasons of all His acts, which must, in the very nature of things, be high above their comprehension. "Shall not the Lord of all the earth do right," whatever judgment His poor short-sighted creatures may form of His dealings?

The word "seed" being used in English both for plural and singular, does not point the promise to an individual, as distinctly as in the original, Gal. iii.

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idea of the mercy of God, or of his own imagined merit, to feel the necessity of the true life, "which is hid in Christ," and thus gladly to receive the promised Saviour.

Or perhaps we may consider this tree of life as simply signifying life; not the life that is in Christ, neither a substitution for it, but simply life, such as was originally promised, and was to be obtained only by obedience. From this life man was, by his disobedience, necessarily excluded, and all access to it was prevented by the "flaming sword which turned every way." Taking it in this light, it would appear that this tree represented life under the first promise, or covenant of works; and the tree of life, in Rev. xxii. 2, life by the second promise, or covenant of grace. The flaming sword, in this view, appears to be the sword justice, which turns every way, guarding every part of the law. Oh, why will man dare to encounter and defy this awful sword, by grasping at life through the deeds of the law, instead of accepting it as it is freely offered by Him in whose precious blood, "shed for the remission of sins," that sword is sheathed.

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AT HOME.

HOME is to man's natural affections what the nest of its young is to the affections of the fowls of heaven; but if we should see the birds of heaven forsaking their young and callow brood, in order to contend in song, in beauty of plumage, or in the rapidity of flight,—to enjoy themselves in flocks, when they ought to be providing for their young, and teaching their young how to provide for themselves,—what would we say, but that natural affection had intermitted its course, and a wonderful thing had come to pass in the animal creation? But, ah! how truly doth it so fare in *families* in these times; when all the day is spent in business or in vanity, and all the night in feasting or in greater vanity. Between the oppression of business and the oppression of fashion, the tender, and delicate, and blessed abode of our natural affections, which our fathers called HOME, hath been almost crushed to pieces, and the very word hath changed it meaning; so that '*At Home*' now signifies being surrounded by a multitude, and '*not at home*' almost signifies being alone with your children.—*Irving's* '*Last Days*,' *page* 167.

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prove to be God's appointed minister to execute vengeance against us. It behoves us, in this day of gross national backsliding, to give good heed to such lessons and examples as are vouchsafed us in the recorded experience of other lands; and in the work of Count Krasinski we have one peculiarly applicable. The first volume was noticed in a former number of this periodical. The work is now complete; and we trust its excellent author will find this his labour of Christian patriotism is not coldly welcomed by the Protestants of England. If it be, the loss is theirs more than his.

NARRATIVE *of the Revival of Religion at Kilsyth, Cambuslang, and other places, in* 1742. *By the Rev. James Robe, A.M., Minister of Kilsyth. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. Robert Buchanan, Minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow.* Collins; Whittaker and Co., &c.

THE Introductory Essay is a valuable piece of writing. It sets forth, with powerful effect, the deep-seated root of all our national evils; and presses upon each individual believer the part which it behoves him to take towards their removal. In reference to the 'revival' of religion, Mr. Buchanan closes with this striking simile,—'But this painful sensation among worldly men which a religious revival creates, is not therefore to be regarded as an evil: on the contrary, it is one of the most important blessings such a revival involves. It is like a spring breaking out under a stagnant pool, sending up by the first rush of its waters the mud which had lain quietly at

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the bottom, but destined by its continued flow to purify and sweeten that which had before been only the parent of corruption.'

The narrative itself is very interesting.

We have seen a most beautiful engraving now in progress, under the skilful hand of Mr. Walker, from a fine painting by Cattermole, the subject of which is of no common interest. It represents the glorious Reformers of Germany, at the Diet of Spires, presenting to King Ferdinand, by the hand of the Elector John, that Protest from which we, the pure scriptural Catholic church, derive our distinguishing name, as Protestants against the antichristian apostacy of Rome. Authentic portraits of Luther, Melancthon, and others whose names are enshrined in our hearts, as well as of the royal personages engaged, stamp a high value on the piece. It will be splendid when complete; and it is gratifying to see the names of our two Queens heading the subscription list.

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THE PROTESTANT.

'I WONT go,' said my uncle, as with folded arms he stood at the window of my study, debating within himself a point where I was equally undecided.

'The weather seems to forbid it, indeed,' I remarked.

'The weather! when did you see me in the character of fair-weather Jack, my good niece?' asked the old sailor, somewhat nettled. 'No, it is not a shower, or a torrent of rain could withhold the expression of those loyal feelings that must, and will cleave to the House of Brunswick. The fact is, I cannot forget that on the last occasion when I saw my sovereign, mine was the only hat in a rather large group of silent bystanders, lifted to greet her with the respect that royalty must ever claim from its subjects. I could not bear to witness such another slight put upon my Queen.'

'Neither would you, dear uncle: the circumstances are changed. There! that distant gun even now gave signal that the ring is placed upon her finger: she has plighted the vow that binds her to one in holy bands, appointed of God—Another report! Oh, may the Lord confirm the blessing which that young royal pair are now receiving from the lips of his venerable minister!'

'Amen, Amen!' exclaimed my uncle, on whom

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the sound of the far-off cannon had operated with magic effect. 'Come, order a carriage without delay: we'll go towards Kensington, and have one look at the young couple.'

A few minutes saw us on the road: but the transient gleam of fair weather was soon followed by a heavier fall of rain.

'There is brightness in the horizon, nevertheless,' remarked my uncle, as he closed the window against the pelting storm; 'and we will abide patiently the dispersion of those stormy symptoms.'

Before we reached our destination in Hyde Park, the weather had sufficiently changed to admit of our carriage being thrown open, which afforded us a wide survey of the animated scene. We were near the Kensington gate of the Park, and as some little uncertainty at first prevailed as to which road the royal pair would take, this, where in either case they must needs pass, became an attractive point. Handsome carriages were drawn up on each side, equestrian gentlemen grouped themselves to the best advantage, and a dense throng of determined pedestrians pressed even to the wheels and horses, which lining the footway, rather impeded their prospect. My uncle stood erect in the carriage, his dark-blue surtout conspicuously displaying the white satin rosette on which I had lavished all my skill, the hat somewhat raised from his open forehead, and the glow of healthy old age, heightened by the moment's excitement, mantling on his cheek. Many gazed at the honest veteran; and he, in return, cast a look of speaking benevolence on all around him.

'How many changes,' he abruptly said, 'have come over this scene since, as the school-boy guest of

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an old family in Kensington, I bowled my hoop along this road!'

'Changes, indeed! uncle: but the mightiest change is in the living department of the scenery.'

'Ay; I doubt whether there be one in many of the hundreds now present who have numbered my years.'

Just then an old lady, dressed with as much regard to the fashion of former days as could be retained without extreme singularity, was seen advancing across the Park, and anxiously seeking an interval by which to pass into the front rank. A pretty waiting-maid was apparently bent on dissuading her, but the dame would not be deterred; and after a rapid survey through her spectacles, she boldly advanced into the throng. I remarked, half-laughing, 'How strong is the passion of sight-seeing in some people!'

'Say not so,' replied my uncle in one of his gentlest tones; 'rather call it the passion of loyalty, which, in spite of all discouragement, will throb to the last pulse in the bosoms of those who knew what it was to call George the Third their king, while one of his race wears the British diadem. To me there is something beautiful in the eagerness of that old lady, to catch a glimpse of her young, wedded Queen, at the expense of personal inconvenience, and even peril, to say nothing of the weather. I have noticed several such to-day; and trust me, my dear, the silent prayer that will be sent up from their hearts, will do more for their object than all the courtly homage of the glittering circle by whom she is even now surrounded in the palace.'

I felt reproved; and had not the old lady already been lost in the crowd, I believe I should have invited her into the carriage.

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Meanwhile my uncle's thoughts had taken another turn, glancing at a subject in which he is deeply interested. 'Could the paternal eye of our revered old king have beheld the mighty masses this day congregated around his palaces, and known how immense a proportion of them were as sheep not having a shepherd—left to the ravening wolf, for lack of that which church and state are alike bound to provide, he would not have given sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eye-lids, until means were devised for supplying the deficiency.'

'Indeed, uncle, though the numbers drawn out on paper look formidable, and plead forcibly, their effect is as nothing compared with the actual sight of these our neglected fellow-sinners, left as a prey to every spoiler, with the certainty upon us of again meeting them all—awful thought!—before the judgment-seat of Christ.'

'There is a great outcry against dissent, in some quarters,' proceeded my uncle; 'but with this spectacle before us, and the consciousness that the Papist, the Infidel, yea, even that loathsome abomination—the Socialist, are prowling all around to ensnare these souls to their eternal ruin, he must be a singular specimen of a Christian churchman, who is not led to bless God for every orthodox dissenting chapel in the land.'

'What is the proportion among these crowds of the poorer classes, for whom no accommodation is provided in parish churches, or in Episcopal chapels of ease?'

'I cannot correctly say, with regard to those before us, my dear; but I know we have the authority of Her Majesty's ecclesiastical commissioners, for stat-

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ing that if only one church were allowed to a population of 3000 individuals, we should require in London alone 279 churches in addition to all that we possess, even including every proprietary chapel now standing. To a population exceeding a million, only 139 ordained clergymen are assigned.'

'One hundred and thirty-nine stewards rightly to divide the word of life among ten hundred thousand of starving souls! It is fearful to think on.'

'Ay, but many are fed by our dissenting brethren: yet, alas! the multitudes who are left an undisputed prey to Popish idolatry on the one hand, and to all the horrors of atheistical depravity on the other, are sufficient to provoke the wrath of the Most Highest, to blot out from the face of the earth such a nation as this.'

'And they furnish in themselves ready instruments to wreak his vengeance too. Now, uncle, how can we assist to stem this terrific torrent of desolation, which seems ready to burst, as in some places it has indeed done, over the land?'

'Petition, petition: lay before the throne piles of petitions; let the tables of either house groan under their weight. Cursed as our legislature already is with so many who care not one atom whether the object of the nation's faith be the Lord of Hosts, or the dead virgin, the impostor Mahomet, or the reptile Owen, or Satan himself, in whose existence they do not believe, still we are not arrived at such a pass as to embolden any number of them to stand up and stifle the cry of a whole people for their spiritual rights; or the demands of those who know the truth that it should be imparted to their reckless fellow-conntrymen, the most deadly symptom of whose case

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is that they feel not the privation which destroys their souls.'

'Well, I will do my best to rouse my friends in this cause; but, uncle, the Commons House is too busy now in taking care of our legal privileges to bestow any of their valuable attention on our ecclesiastical concerns.'

'Let them go on,' said my uncle proudly; and he began to hum a certain favourite stanza of his, beginning,

'Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,

when a movement and a buz among the crowd, with a distant glimpse of some splendid liveries put us on the *qui vive*, and checked his national melody.

It was, however, the Duke of Sussex alone, returning from the breakfast: all hats were respectfully raised, as the carriage drove rapidly by.

'I could almost crave,' said my uncle, 'the gift of prescience as to the results of the eventful work in which that royal duke has just been engaged. When he placed the hand of our fair Queen in that of the young Prince, oh what a doom, for weal or for woe, was probably sealed to my country!'

He sat down, as if overwhelmed by the thought, and seemed in mental prayer.

'Dear uncle, these are wrestling days for all of us: turn where we will, a battle is raging, and on all sides on the increase. The church of England is engaged at once with many open foes from without, and waging the good fight of faith within against the perilous old novelties of Puseyism. The third estate of the realm, lately in collision with the second, has turned from it to prosecute a more vigorous combat against

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I trust, at eventide it is beginning to be light; stand firm, for yours may be the lot to build up the breach you helped to make, and to retrieve our heavy loss.'

Since the day of the royal nuptials, England has had a deeper lesson presented to her reluctant study, touching the nature and extent of the Lord's controversy with her. She impiously thought that the surrender of her national Protest might be made, without endangering her civil liberties, or loosening the bonds of social order. What sees she now impending over this vaunted home of freedom? A democratic tyranny, equally irresponsible with that of the most absolute autocracy, and far more dangerous. She sees the individuals, who by that unfaithful act were admitted to her senate, aided and abetted by those who admitted them, invading the fireside sanctuary of her sons, immuring the officers of her law in a felon's prison-house, and affording practical illustration that the foot which could dare to spurn the Bible from the schools of her children will never scruple to set its heel on the boasted Magna Charta of her hitherto inviolable rights.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

IX.

A SHORT period sufficed to shew the widow Green the nature of the difficulties in which she had been plunged, in common with thousands more; and which utterly defied her skill when she cast about for some means of extrication. The gradual decline of many comforts, the increase of privation, and pressure of anxiety as regarded worldly things, were felt as flesh will feel them. The consciousness of having been deceived, entrapped, and fraudfully expatriated from the scene of long respectability and the bosom of a friendly neighbourhood, wounded her natural feelings, and mortified the pride that constantly lurks in every human heart. But these were light afflictions indeed compared with the poignancy of her self-re-

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proach when contemplating, as she was compelled to do, the change that came over the children of her love. Helen was evidently unhappy, and as evidently strove to conceal from her the cause of her dejection, while positively denying that it arose from bodily fatigue or illness; a line of conduct so inconsistent with the ingenuous character of the girl as to create involuntary misgivings, wrongful to their object, but of which she was happily ignorant. Mary was becoming proud and passionate to a degree that called for frequent rebukes, and these again seemed to add fuel to the fire of her unholy feelings, or were met with a levity even more distressing still in the eyes of her pious grandmother. Willy appeared to lose the childish simplicity of his character; he, the petted lamb of her little flock, now seemed to shrink from her eye; and the laugh excited by his whispered communications to Mary or James, was cautiously checked as soon as it attracted her observation. This rankled in her bosom more painfully than any thing else, for she could not bear to lose his loving confidence, to see him stealing away from her side, and desirous of evading the queries of anxious affection; nor did she like to confess to herself that the sly leer of bold cunning was supplanting the bright open look of innocent animation which had always marked his clear blue eye. To rescue him, at least, was the desire of her heart; but then how could she effect it? There was no alternative but removal to another mill, or utter idleness. The last, she knew, would prove as ruinous to his morals in such a neighbourhood as the place he was employed in could do; besides losing the care which Parkins had promised to bestow on him in his present situation Then her circumstances

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forbade the subtraction of a penny from their poor income, already falling far short of their expenditure, and warning her that she must look out for a yet more humble abode, ere the remnant of her scanty purse, so sadly lightened since she left her village home, was wholly gone.

James alone retained the characteristics that had but a while ago distinguished them all; but his bodily health declined with a rapidity that startled her. His appetite remained, and many a morsel did she contrive to spare from the cravings of her own stomach to replenish his plate; but the food seemed to impart no nourishment; he became more pallid, more languid and enfeebled, as she looked for the reverse. He was uncomplaining, nevertheless, mild, dutiful, and affectionate. His Bible became more precious, and though he never reproved the waywardness of Mary, or noticed the change in Willy, he evidently strove to supply their lack of attention to their aged friend. To Helen his attachment seemed always on the increase; and of the few smiles that lighted up her thoughtful countenance, the greater number were drawn forth by the poor boy's endeavours to fix her attention on cheering subjects. Insensibly he became the chief bond of union among them; for though Mary frequently wreaked her peevishness on him, and Willy resented his discouraging looks when he indulged in bad language among themselves, his meek endurance disarmed all unfriendly feeling, and the invalid was dearly loved by all.

Matters proceeded thus, without any material change, for some weeks. Occasionally they visited Sarah, whose mind had evidently been awakened to the importance of spiritual things, though her know-

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ledge was as yet very scanty, and her fears strong. About two months after the entrance of the children on their employment in the mills, Sarah's birthday occurred; and, as it fell on a Saturday, when they left work earlier than on other days, the widow could not refuse the poor girl's earnest request that they would all join in celebrating it. It was the first time the two families had assembled since the Greens had quitted that abode, and great appeared the change produced on some of the party, in the eyes of their common parent. Sarah had been dressed with some care, and of course looked better; but the chief alteration appeared in her countenance, which, from being distressingly vacant, had become animated, even to restlessness. She seemed to watch for every word that fell, as if it might convey some new information to her mind; and the dread of her mother, which formerly kept her silent, was so far diminished as to render her frowns and ill-natured speeches ineffectual to check the girl's occasional remarks. Charles of course encouraged her in the unwonted freedom of talking, to annoy his mother. Willy soon got into a corner with his youngest cousin, and they remained apart from the rest, in noisy mirth, which on Willy's part seemed to increase whenever his grandmother called him to order. Mary had an air of importance about her, that evidently amused Charles, who said many ridiculous things, in a complimentary strain, to increase it; and the sickliness of James's looks was rendered more conspicuous by the compassionate remarks they drew forth from his aunt.

But nothing struck the widow so much as the extraordinary change in Helen's aspect. On their entrance, she had noticed an encounter of glances be-

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tween her and Phœbe, marked on the part of the latter by a degree of scornful, malicious derision that could not escape the notice of the most heedless looker-on; while Helen's usual expression of retiring modesty gave place to one strangely foreign from her natural aspect. On meeting Phœbe's half-opened eyes, her own expanded, and fixed in a gaze, almost a stare of proud and high defiance, under which the other presently quailed, though the contemptuous curl of her lip, as she dropped the long lashes, gave her the aspect of disgust, rather than of conscious guilt. Still Helen flinched not; her eyes were riveted on the downcast face, and she stood erect, the very personification of indignant, haughty disdain. Could it be Helen Fleetwood,—the gentle, retiring maiden, the subdued young Christian, to whom even the aged pilgrim secretly looked up as a pattern of that "meekness of wisdom" which she had prayerfully inculcated, and praisefully marvelled at, as its growth exceeded her most sanguine hopes? The enigma was no less painful than strange; nor did her perplexity decrease when Helen, who was generally the last to speak, and whose soft tones fell almost whisperingly on the ear, abruptly turned, without advancing from her position right over against Phœbe, and addressing the poor sick girl, said, in a full, firm voice, 'My dearest Sarah, has the Lord given you better health since I saw you last?'

'Yes, Helen dear, I am really better, thank you.'

Helen had again turned to Phœbe, and watched her for a moment after this reply was given; then with a half smile, and a slight toss of the head, she crossed over to the invalid, saluted her affectionately,

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and in a tone more like her wonted one, but still much louder than usual, said, 'It is God, not me, you should thank, dear Sarah, who has brought you to see this day: and that he may grant you many more happy returns of it I heartily beseech him.' She then took off her bonnet, adjusted her hair, and sat down with the same air of independent self-possession.

'Dear!' said Mrs. Wright, with affected admiration, 'how soon some people rub off their rust in the mills?'

A suppressed titter from Charles was the only notice taken of this; and his mother resumed, 'Mary looks as uppish too as any body: quite a change, I declare.'

'To be sure,' replied Charles, 'who would not feel their own respectability, and be proud of it, among such a ragamuffin set as we factory people are?'

'Pride,' said the widow, 'was not made for man, in any station; and least of all for humble day-labourers like us.'

No answer was given; and matters went on much as has been described, until Wright's entrance, with some cakes, gave signal for the tea-table to be surrounded. A restraint was evident on all the party, except Helen and Sarah, who took and kept the lead in conversation. There seemed to be an understanding between them that puzzled the widow, and excessively annoyed Mrs. Wright.

'It's a long while since I had so many friends about me on a birth-day,' said Sarah.

'That's false,' retorted her mother; 'but I daresay you reckon one new friend as good as two old ones.'

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'The oldest friend I have, mother, is the newest to me; and worth a hundred others.'

The party looked at her with astonishment; only three of them understood the paradox, and to them it was a source of deep joy. A glance passed between Phœbe and her mother, the purport of which was caught by Charles, whose face almost blackened with anger as he scowled at them both.

'That Friend,' observed Helen, will never leave you nor forsake you.'

Mrs. Wright's rage here broke forth: 'Upon my word, young woman, this isn't to be borne. You, a beggarly stranger, come here by my mother's means; and set yourself up to be a better friend to that poor foolish girl than her own flesh and blood! Such impudence'——

'It was not of myself I spoke, ma'am,' replied Helen quietly.

'And pray, ma'am, if a body may be so bold as to ask, who was it?'

'Jesus Christ,' answered Sarah.

'Hold your crazy tongue, you idiot,' vociferated Mrs. Wright; 'must you turn canting hypocrite too?'

The widow interposed, for she saw a storm gathering in the countenance of Charles. 'Daughter, that blessed Name speaks only of love, peace, and joy: let it not be made an occasion of strife.'

'My maxim,' said Wright, 'is that there can be no quarrelling except two people agree to it: and I hardly think there are two in this little family party to agree to make poor Sarah's birth-day an uncomfortable day to her. So now let's have an end of all squabbles.'

Calm was restored; but no change came over

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Helen. She retained the same air of conscious superiority, fixing, from time to time, the same full, undaunted gaze upon Phœbe, and frequently addressing Sarah in terms of fondness. Charles never once looked at her, neither did Phœbe; but every sound of her voice appeared to bring a sly sneer on the girl's face; which was indeed formed to wear such an expression.

All this distressed the widow Green. She looked round upon her children, and in none could she trace any thing wherein to rejoice, save in James and Sarah; both of whom were evidently fading like summer blossoms. She thought of past scenes: of her little cottage with its plain white walls, the honeysuckle that clustered round the casement; the song of birds from a neighbouring thicket; and the bright faces, the clear merry voices within, that harmonized so sweetly with them. Again, her thoughts reverted to the old churchyard, where her dear Richard was perhaps even then slowly tracing the pathway near his parents' grave, on the return from a day's healthful labour in his native fields. She dwelt on the promise of his character, the hope that in after years he would prove a valuable servant of that Master in whose fear and love she had carefully trained him: and as this bright picture of her mind darkened with the contrast of the reality then before her, tears swelled in her eyes, and her spirit almost breathed the murmuring inquiry, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?"

Helen marked her emotion; and it was happy for herself that she did. Even the pang which at that moment wrang the widow's bosom was among the "all things" that worked for good to those afflicted

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children of God. Oh, if it was given to such to know the end from the beginning, how lovely in their eyes would be the most affrighting of dispensations, seeing that each is shaped to promote that end of their faith—the salvation of their souls, the meetness that must be wrought in them for the incorruptible inheritance already prepared! But the tree of forbidden knowledge was a tree of spiritual darkness, ignorance, and sorrow: it opens man's eyes to present afflictions, but closes them against the peaceable fruits of righteousness that spring therefrom, when once he has been made a partaker in the faith and hope of the gospel.

When the time for speaking of going home had arrived, Helen inquired of Sarah whether she did not wish them to sing before they parted: an assent was given, but with a flush on the cheek and a look of evident anxiety. Helen waited not any farther encouragement; she called the children to her, and at once took the lead in that exquisite hymn,

> Jesus, and shall it ever be
> A mortal man ashamed of thee!

Often had the solemn strain resounded from the walls of their distant cottage; often had it been carolled on the cliff that overhung their romantic sea-view; and within their antique church it was a favourite selection with Mr. Barlow; but never had the widow Green heard it breathed in tones so thrilling as those which now issued from the lips of her foster child. The voice of the girl lost none of its sweetness; but there was a fulness, a depth, a fervency, and a solemn pathos added, that struck every hearer as something extraordinary. They sang it throughout; and

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in the last verse but one the feeble voice of Sarah tremblingly joined them, gathering strength until the concluding lines

> And Oh, may this my portion be—
> That Saviour not ashamed of me!

were given with unrestrained energy by six voices, including the widow.

A deep silence followed, which was strangely broken by a forced hysterical laugh from Phœbe, while at the same moment Charles quitted the room, slamming the door violently after him. No notice was taken, and the party soon separated, Helen's last look, ere she passed out, being fixed on Phœbe, who had, however, turned her back immediately after bidding Mrs. Green good night.

James was greatly fatigued; Willy scarcely able to keep awake through their evening devotions; and the widow soon found herself alone with Helen, to whom she resolved at once to speak on the subject of her inexplicable conduct: but before she could open it, the girl suddenly sank on her knees, threw her arms round her, and burst into a violent fit of weeping. Although trembling with the anticipation of something very distressing, the old woman forbore to check this burst of natural feeling. She pressed poor Helen's head to her shoulder, and allowed her to sob without restraint, until, looking up, she exclaimed, 'My granny, my own best and only friend, I have added to your troubles by trying to avoid it: forgive me—I would not have concealed any thing from you, only that I knew it would grieve you: but I saw by your looks this evening how sad you felt, and that my behaviour distressed you. I will now tell you all.'

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'Compose yourself first, my love: you have been sadly excited this evening, and that is a thing you are not used to.'

'Not till I came to the mills, granny: but now I am indeed used to it. Oh, you don't know,' she added with a fresh burst of tears, 'what it has cost me to keep it all to myself; and already I feel happier since I told you even thus much.'

'But did you not tell it to a better Friend, Helen?'

'I did indeed: how else could I have held out? But, granny, it is hard to walk by faith, always resting upon what one cannot see, with none upon earth to pity and console us.'

The widow felt that it was; yet wondered that Helen should have deprived herself of the sympathy and counsel so readily at hand in her own home. She waited, however, and the girl, who seemed to have now lost all power of hesitating, proceeded to repeat her tale. To give it in full, as she related it to her maternal friend, would be neither useful nor judicious: but the outline was as follows.

After a course of persecution such as has been already described, a new and most harassing attack upon her feelings commenced, owing to a discovery made by Phœbe, that Sarah was in the habit of sending her messages, and receiving answers on religious subjects. Charles was the bearer of little bits of paper, open, where he had scrawled, at the poor maimed girl's desire, short questions; in reply to which Helen sometimes had to note down references to passages of scripture; and this she did the more readily, because he would have to read them to Sarah. It was done in an open manner, in presence

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of whoever might be at hand, and never without some witnesses: yet from it Phœbe had pretended to draw an inference injurious to Helen's good name; and on this base assumption of her own contriving she openly pointed her out as an unprincipled, profligate character. The insults to which she was now exposed were more trying than any that she had before encountered, and the more so because she could not at first discover their origin. On the preceding day, she had become acquainted with it, and also learned that Sarah was partly aware of the cruel persecution to which her Christian efforts for that poor girl's instruction had exposed her. Astonished and indignant at the wanton wickedness of her slanderers, Helen had openly demanded from Charles the contradiction which he was bound to give; but he evaded the subject, and Phœbe loudly declared that if she dared to enter their house that evening, or if, being obliged to go, she opened her lips on any topic connected with religion, or tried to lead Sarah to it, she would directly expose her to the family, and get her driven out, in disgrace, from the home she had intruded into. The young people about them had applauded this; and told Phœbe if she had spirit to do what she threatened, it must be a benefit some way: for that either Helen's hypocrisy would then be exposed, or else she must leave off pretending to be better than she was. Phœbe pledged herself to carry it out; and promised to bring them a full account of the matter on the following Monday.

'So, granny, when we went in this evening,' continued Helen, 'I had this before me, that whichever way it went, I must suffer. I don't know how it

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was, but feeling myself to be innocent of such bad conduct as they charge me with, and knowing too that Phœbe herself is as wicked as any body, and that all their spite against me is only because I care for the soul of that poor dear dying girl, I felt something come over me that I am afraid was pride. I did not fear Phœbe, nor any one else; I wished her to see that I did not, and I almost desired her to do the worst she could against me, because I was sure God would not suffer such wickedness to triumph. I also wanted to shew poor Sarah that they had neither frightened nor shamed me; but I saw you observed me; and when you looked so sad at tea, and the tears came into your eyes, it struck me that you might suspect something wrong, and be fretting about me. So I resolved to tell you all. And now don't fear; for though God knows my simpleness and my faults are not hid from him, he also knows that I have not given occasion for this: he will make my righteousness as clear as light, and my just dealing as the noon-day. And oh, what a blessed thought it is that while they revile me and persecute me, and say all manner of evil against me, falsely, it is for the Lord's sake, because I am trying to do his work, in bringing a poor wounded, straying lamb to the bosom of the good Shepherd!'

The widow answered tenderly and soothingly, confirming this trust in the Lord, and wisely deferring to a calmer moment the cautions that she saw were needed. She was confounded at the discovery of such heartless depravity on the part of her own grand-children, and fully aware of the peril in which Helen was placed; she was also startled at discovering in the girl's character strong traits of high

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spirit and enthusiastic feeling where all had appeared so quiet, so humble, almost too timid and shrinking for the necessary conflicts of life; and she felt the need of a double portion of the wisdom which cometh from above, to direct her in the difficult task of counselling one so circumstanced. Her mind was in one sense greatly relieved by the confidence of her adopted child, thus restored to her; but many and sharp were the thorns of perplexity this night added to those which had long strewn her pillow.

The following day brought her farther acquainted with the extent of the factory evils; for on her telling Helen that if the persecution continued she would make an appeal to the justice and humanity of the managers, the latter replied that it was useless so to do; since in any thing which did not concern the interests of the mill they would never interfere. 'But,' returned the widow, 'the interests of the mill are nearly concerned in this; for how can they expect such a set of immoral, unprincipled young people to do their duty by their employers? They must surely be idle; and not to be trusted for a moment when the master's eye is off them.'

Helen shook her head: 'If it was to depend on ourselves and each other, granny, we might be idle: but you forget we have to work along with the machinery. *That* is never idle; it goes on, on, on, and we must keep pace with it. Our fingers are employed and our feet too; but our tongues are free, and all the mischief that bad tongues, prompted by evil hearts, can do, is carried on, to the ruin of the work people, but not to the hindrance of the work. All that the overlookers care for is to see every body

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feeding the engines, or drawing out the cotton, winding, piecening, and all the rest of the business. And besides'—— she hesitated, looked more distressed, and then added, 'You are greatly mistaken if you think the men who overlook our work care for our morals—they themselves are often among the worst of the bad.'

'Is it possible?' asked the widow, while a chill of horror crept over her.

'In our mill it is so, as I know right well.'

'Then, Helen, I will remove you from it.'

'I am afraid, granny, that would be useless. I thought about it often myself; but there is so much acquaintance among the work-people through the town that a bad report of me raised in one mill would follow me to another, and I should only have the same battle to fight over again, with the disadvantage of having been driven out of my first place. No, let me stand my ground, and strive by well doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish people: for indeed ignorance is the root of it all. Poor things! they have not been taught their duty, and how should they know it? What do Phœbe and Charles ever hear at home, to strengthen them against the bad examples that they have been exposed to ever since they were mere babes? and yet theirs is a respectable home, and they don't go back, like many others, to find their parents drunk and fighting; and though Mr. Wright does not look after them as he might do, still I cannot think he would allow them to go to the gin shop if he knew of it.'

'The gin shop!'

'Yes; they all drink, particularly Johnny, and

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that is what makes him so stupid, for his work is not very hard.'

'Oh, what have I done,' groaned the widow, 'in bringing you here!'

'Perhaps it is for good, dearest granny; indeed I am sure of that, with respect to poor Sarah; and who can tell what others may be the better for it?'

'Blessings on you, my Helen, for the comfort you give me—you, who might well reproach and upbraid me. But how, my poor child, will you meet these cruel people to-morrow?'

'In the strength of a good conscience, and trusting that as I am not ashamed to confess the Lord before men, he will not be ashamed of me.'

'But be very watchful, love, over your own heart: spiritual pride sometimes springs up very unexpectedly, where worldly pride has been cut down; and the deceitfulness of our nature helps to keep us ignorant that it is as bad a weed as the other.'

'I never had much worldly pride, had I, granny? except indeed the pride of a good name, which I did not know the value of in my own sight till—till,' she sobbed, 'till they took it from me.'

'No, Helen, they have not taken it from you, nor ever shall,' replied the widow with rising indignation. 'We live in happy England, where the laws are made for poor as well as for rich; and one of those laws protects an honest person's good name against slander. But we will not talk of that now: let us rather seek for direction in the word of God; and depend upon it matters are not so bad even in the factories, that I should not see you righted if this goes on.'

Helen sighed: she somehow felt that for her there

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was no help in man; but she said nothing to discourage her more sanguine friend.

Meanwhile, the widow Green secretly resolved to act at once upon what she had discovered; and to obtain for the innocent girl that protection which she was very sure no man with an English heart in his bosom could withhold, when made acquainted with the circumstances.

Did she calculate rightly? We shall see.

WHAT have we to do with the world, or the world with us? The world is out of Christ, and we are in Him; the world is "afar off," and we are "made nigh;" the word is without, and we are within; the world is alienated, and we are joined; the world is at one point of the compass, and we are at the other. What then, I ask ye, have we to do with the world, or the world with us?—*Rev. F. Elwin.*

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ESSAY ON

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE REV. DANIEL BAGOT, B.D., OF EDINBURGH.

III.—The Witnesses.

The next circumstance connected with the narrative of the transfiguration which demands our attention, is the mention made by the Evangelist of the persons whom Jesus brought with him to witness the splendid solemnities of that event. The time, the place, the spectators, were all specially selected; for infinite wisdom never acts unadvisedly. The minutest details, as well as the grand and important outlines of the proceedings of God, are all adjusted and planned by the same unerring and omniscient mind. The persons whom Jesus is said to have taken with him on this occasion were Peter, James, and John. These three disciples were, at several times, chosen by our blessed Lord to be witnesses of important scenes in his earthly history. They alone were permitted to be present at the raising of the ruler's daughter to life. They were subsequently chosen to accompany Jesus into the solemn retirement of the garden, in which he made his soul an offering for sin, and in which he drank to its last dregs the bitter cup of mental agony which the unbending justice of his heavenly Father

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had placed in his hands. And here we find that the same apostles were the privileged and highly-honoured spectators of the Saviour's glory on the summit of Tabor.

We may be able, by a little reflection, to ascertain some probable reasons for the selection of these three disciples. It was necessary to have a competent number of witnesses to the Saviour's transfiguration, who might afterwards record the circumstances of that event for the instruction of the church, and who could give their testimony in the distinct and unequivocal manner in which St. Peter does when he says, "We were eye-witnesses of his majesty." The whole church could not possibly have been permitted to see either the sufferings or the glory of "God manifest in the flesh." This would have interfered with the nature of faith, and have placed the gospel altogether on another foundation. We know, by faith in the apostolic record, that Jesus lived and suffered, and it is enough for us to be assured that this record is well corroborated. We believe, likewise, upon the testimony of a sufficient number of witnesses, that Jesus was transfigured, and we then come under the special benediction of the Saviour, "blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed."

But the Lord, who searcheth the hearts of his people, and knows what is in man, may have considered that some peculiar training was necessary for these three apostles. The dispositions of Peter and John were very different from those of the rest. There was an aspiring ardour and an adventurous impetuosity in the character of Peter, which required to be calmed down into a steady and determined zeal, and this could best be effected by such discipline as would

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frequently remind him of the weakness of his mortal nature, and of the great contrast which existed between himself and his Redeemer. There was a soft, affectionate, and retiring cast of character in John, which required that he should be encouraged by views of his master's glory. Our blessed Redeemer suits the dispensations of his grace to the peculiar dispositions of his people. We have to deal with a Saviour who is perfectly acquainted with all our weaknesses and wants, with a physician who thoroughly understands our spiritual constitution. Hence we may account for the varieties of experience which are so often seen in different Christians, and at different periods of the same Christian's history. They are but the modifications and changes of discipline employed by the Saviour to suit their several characters and circumstances.

We remark, further, that Peter, James, and John might have been selected on this occasion, as well as on others, in order to prepare them for the prominent and conspicuous positions which they were afterwards to occupy in the history of the church. It is said of Peter and John, in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, that they seemed to be pillars; and, without doubt, there was some kind of priority conferred upon these two apostles. We are far from wishing to give any countenance to the extravagant opinions of the church of Rome in reference to the supremacy of the apostle Peter, but we should be careful not to go to the other extreme, and deny his precedency in *every* sense of the word. For convenience, and to prevent confusion, some of the apostles must have taken the lead, for a church without order is like a family without discipline or regularity,

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or an army without commanders. Peter was *foreman* of the apostolic *jury;* he was specially the apostle of the circumcision; he was the highly-honoured instrument of effecting the conversion of three thousand on the day of Pentecost; and because to him were entrusted the keys of the kingdom of heaven, he was specially sent for to Joppa, in order to introduce the Gentile Cornelius into the church of Christ: and John was destined to be employed by the Holy Spirit to compose a narrative of the Saviour's life, to write three epistles for the consolation of the church, and to transcribe with a prophetic pen the revelation of the future glory of his exalted Saviour, which he was privileged to see in the isle of Patmos. The more, therefore, that Peter witnessed the transcendant excellency of his master, the more decision, courage, and perseverance would he manifest, for these qualities are always the result of well-grounded conviction: and the more that John beheld of the greatness, and the sufferings, and the love of his divine Redeemer, the more of that love could he imbibe and infuse into his writings, the more distinctly could he describe his sufferings, and the more decisive testimony could he bear to his majesty and power. As to James, it is uncertain whether he was the author of the epistle which bears his name, or whether it was composed by James, the son of Cleopas; but of this it is certain that an honour awaited him which has never been conferred upon an angel, for he was the first of the apostles who wrote his testimony in his own blood, and died as a martyr in the cause of Christ. About eleven years after the triumphant ascension of his Saviour, he fell a sacrifice to the inveterate hostility of Herod. Thus he, who

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was afterwards singled out by Satan to be the first apostolic victim to his enmity against the Saviour, is here selected by Jesus to be fortified for his approaching death by witnessing his Saviour's glory. What a pledge we have here that our compassionate Redeemer, who foresees the sufferings and trials of his people, will always prepare them for enduring them!

It may likewise have been the Saviour's object to shew that as all his disciples are distinguished above the world, so some of his disciples are distinguished above others. The Lord advances his people to whatever position of honour or of privilege it may seem fit to him. Let there, then, be no spirit of rivalry or of carnal competition, no manifestations of jealousy amongst the servants of Christ, or the members of his church. Are all Luthers? Are all Melancthons? Are all apostles? Are all prophets? "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." We should ever recollect that peculiar distinctions are frequently intended to prepare for some peculiar post of danger. Special privileges often expose the believer to the more special assaults of Satan. Thus the great adversary of man singled out Peter as the object of his attack, for so our Lord informed him—"Satan hath desired to have *thee*, that he might sift thee as wheat." Having failed in his attempts against Jesus himself, he directed them against Peter as the next best prize. Some persons in the church have been recently laying claim to the miraculous distinctions of the apostolic age; but had

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they reflected to what danger they should be exposed, were the high gifts and privileges of the primitive church conferred upon them in their present condition, they would rather seek after that charity without which, no matter how eminent and surprizing their gifts might be, they would be no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. For gifts are no security against the temptations of Satan, but rather attract them. It is only when we are strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man, and when the love of Christ is shed abroad in our hearts, and when we are stedfast in the faith and armed with the whole armour of God, that we can "smile at Satan's rage and face a frowning world."

But, further, our blessed Lord may have intended to give a practical lesson upon the weakness of human nature, to all the disciples; as well to those who were left behind, as to those who were the chosen spectators of his glory. In reference to the former, we find that during the absence of Jesus, they gave such signal evidence of their unbelief, in not being able to heal a demoniac by the exercise of that power which the Saviour had conferred upon them, that he was obliged, on his return, to address them in the language of strong rebuke—"O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" The other three likewise learned, by their experience on the mountain, how much of infirmity is associated with the earthly condition of the believer, even under the most favourable circumstances. Thus it appears that the Christian may display the ignorance, and sinfulness, and weakness of his nature, as much in the presence as in the absence of his Saviour. Christ

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must not merely dwell *with* us, but *in* us, in order that we may feel his strength perfected in weakness, and may be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

The Saviour may also have brought the three apostles with him to the holy mount, in order to shew the impossibility of our participating in the enjoyments of glory in our present bodies. For Peter, James, and John, were only spectators: they were not admitted within that sacred circle which was consecrated by the bright and transcendant majesty of their incarnate God. Flesh and blood cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. We have neither senses to discern, nor faculties to comprehend, in our present condition, the unearthly realities of the eternal state. The bodies of our humiliation must be changed into a likeness to the body of our exalted Saviour, this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality, before we can gaze with an unblinking eye upon the dazzling splendour of Emmanuel's throne, or the surpassing glory of Emmanuel's person!

We should learn, from this part of the subject, to feel completely satisfied with whatever discipline the Lord may be employing in reference to ourselves, to leave the work of our salvation in his hands, and to recognize him as the Author and Finisher of our faith. Whether he shall bring us up into the high mountain of spiritual enjoyment, or leave us to walk in the dark valley of sorrow and distress, his object in both cases is the same, even the advancement of our best interests; and however diversified may be our present experience, it shall all issue in one magnificent consummation, in the everlasting enjoyment

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of the smiles of his countenance, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

IV.—The Glory.

And was transfigured before them, and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

There never existed in this world a person in whose life there was a greater variety of incident than in the life of Jesus. He passed through scenes of the most peculiar and diversified description, to which we can find no parallel in the history of man, the effect of which no ordinary mind could have borne. These were, in general, connected with that lowliness and debasement to which he submitted for the benefit of our sinful race; but occasionally, as at his birth, his baptism, and transfiguration, there burst forth some bright rays of glory from behind the dark cloud of his humanity, which proved his possession of a nature that was divine.

It may have a good effect in strengthening our gratitude for the Saviour's mercy, to remember that every complexion of circumstance was freely and voluntarily submitted to, not merely for his own satisfaction or benefit, but principally for the good of man. Jesus never lost sight of his representative character. He always remembered those whose cause he had espoused: and whether he was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, or into the garden of Gethsemane, to sustain his more fierce and violent assaults, or to the mountain, to put on for a season the habiliments of light and glory, his

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chief object and desire was to effect the redemption, and to revive the hopes of weak and fallen man.

We are now supplied by the Holy Spirit with a very brief account of the transfiguration itself. Before, however, we make any remark upon this description, or refer, as we desire to do, to the uses which this transaction was intended to serve, we must direct our attention for a few moments to the important preparation which the Saviour made for it. And here there are, perhaps, many who may be disposed to ask, Had there not been sufficient preparation already? Had not the Saviour endured much physical fatigue in accomplishing the wearisome ascent of the mountain? and had not the time, the place, and the spectators been carefully selected by himself? Let it however be remembered that in addition to all this, there was a necessary and absolutely indispensable preliminary, not to be omitted even by the Son of God, and that was PRAYER. It is said, by St. Luke, in the twenty-ninth verse of his ninth chapter, that "as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering." Let us learn from this that not all the labour, mental or physical, which we can possibly exert, can ever bring us into the enjoyment of one momentary smile of God's countenance, if we neglect prayer. We may diligently peruse the records of redeeming mercy which the sacred page of scripture contains; we may place ourselves under the pastoral care of some faithful and devoted minister of Jesus; we may enjoy the high advantage of intercourse and communion with many spiritually-minded followers of the Saviour; yet, after all, we shall find no benefit from these distinguished privi-

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leges if we neglect to pray. How many Christians there are who often wish they had a Luther for their minister, because they feel dissatisfied with their spiritual progress under him to whose charge they have been entrusted by perhaps the great Head of the church: and yet the cause of this may be traced to their own want of constant and of earnest prayer. How many have gone from place to place, and even travelled as far as Switzerland, to hear a Malan speak in sweet simplicity of the love of God, and yet have felt no benefit, because they did not pray. It is unquestionably the duty of every Christian to select a faithful minister, who preaches Jesus in all his fulness as the sinner's friend; and those who do not are guilty of the most awful suicide: yet the most eminent and zealous ministry that ever graced a church could never bring one sinner near to God, nor increase the spirituality of a single believer, without prayer. Prayer is the key that unlocks the holy place where Jesus meets his people at the mercy-seat, to dispense the gifts which have been purchased by his precious blood. And when the united petitions of ministers and people ascend in an unceasing stream of sacred incense to a throne of grace, blessings may be expected to descend in rich abundance on the church.

But perhaps it may be considered that we have digressed from our subject. We return then to the circumstance which more immediately claims our attention. We are informed that Jesus was praying when he was transfigured; nay it is remarkable that St. Luke represents his special object of ascending the mountain to have been in order to devote himself to this sacred engagement. "It came to pass about

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an eight days after these sayings, he took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain to pray." Prayer was as much the Saviour's duty, as it is the duty of any of his people. He has been expressly commanded by his Father to ask of him to give him the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. All his works, whilst he was tabernacling in the flesh, were accompanied with prayer; and his present exaltation at the right hand of his Heavenly Father, instead of suspending, rather imparts a more sublime intensity of fervour to his petitions. In vain had he shed his blood without this; for his prayers are as essential for the salvation of sinners, as his sufferings on the cross for their redemption; and therefore the apostle, in the twenty-fifth verse of the seventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, connects the unlimited ability of Jesus to save, not only with his having offered himself as a sacrifice, but also with his ever living to make intercession for us. Oh! how welcome and delightful must be the accents of supplication to the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth, when he withholds blessings, even from his well-beloved Son until He ask for them! And how necessary is prayer, when Jesus cannot obtain blessings without it! There is a reserve manifested by the Holy Spirit in this, as in other instances, as to the contents of our Saviour's petitions. Most probably they had some reference to that splendid scene in his earthly history, into which he was about to enter. We may imagine him to have addressed his heavenly Father in language somewhat similar to that which he employed when he was about to devote himself as a spotless victim on the cross. "Father, the hour is come; glorify

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thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee. Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

But we must pass on to the description which is given of the transfiguration of Jesus. "His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." On this we can say but little, for no imagination can conceive, nor can words express the exact nature of that splendid scene which is here so slightly glanced at. The Holy Spirit has employed the most concise mode of description in order to restrain our fancy within proper limits. We are, therefore, altogether incompetent to expatiate on a subject so sublime, for we know nothing, beyond what is written, of the glory which is associated with spiritual bodies. When Paul was led to speak of a state of future enjoyment, he could only express himself in the language of conjecture, and say, "I *reckon* that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." And when, on another occasion, he was anxious to comfort the church by a description of the resurrection-body into which the Saviour shall change the vile bodies of his people, he could only describe it by the use of words, which merely implied a direct contrast between what we now are and what we shall be. Our present bodies are earthly, natural, mortal, and corruptible; our resurrection bodies shall be celestial, spiritual, immortal, incorruptible; but these latter expressions are only negations of the former; as to any *positive* apprehension of the nature of glorified bodies, "it doth not yet appear what we

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shall be." And there is much wisdom in this reserve: there is enough told us upon the subject to encourage us to persevere in our endeavours to attain to the joy that is set before us, but not as much as would, in the mean time, render us too much discontented with our present state.

We must, however, carefully note that the Holy Spirit, in so far describing the Saviour's transfiguration, has given a literal account of a real transaction. There is no cunningly-devised fable here. There was nothing visionary in the scene itself: there is nothing fanciful in the description of it. Jesus was actually metamorphosed; "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light," and as on all ordinary occasions in the days of his flesh, he was God manifest in the nature of man, so, during the continuance of this splendid scene, he exhibited his human nature manifested in, and encompassed by the brightness and glory of his Godhead.

But it may be profitable to inquire into some of the uses of this great transaction, for such an occurrence could not have taken place without some important object. It was intended to prepare the Saviour for his approaching sufferings; to shew the interest which heaven took in his sacrifice; to be a source of strength and comfort to the church, by giving a type and specimen of that high degree of glory to which the nature of man is destined to be exalted, in consequence of the Saviour's dying love. But the leading object of this event was to give a representation of his second coming in majesty at the last day. It is not by any gratuitous assumption that we maintain this, but on the sure ground of strong scriptural testimony. We find St. Matthew

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representing the Saviour as promising some of his disciples that they should not taste of death till they saw him "*coming* in his *kingdom*;" and in the parallel passage in the ninth chapter of St. Mark, he is represented as saying that there were some standing with him who should not see death until they had seen the kingdom of God "come with *power*;" now the apostle Peter combines the substance of these two declarations, in a manner which distinctly shews that he considered them as having a reference to the future advent of the Redeemer, "we have not followed cunningly-devised fables when we made known unto you the *power* and *coming* of our Lord Jesus Christ," and he speaks of "majesty," "honor," and "glory," which are the appendages of royalty, and are to be the characteristics of the second advent of Jesus, in contrast with the meanness, poverty and degradation of his first appearance in our world. Those, therefore, who say that the transfiguration had a typical reference either to the effusion of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, or to the destruction of Jerusalem, are greatly in error. It was meant to be a specimen and earnest of our Lord's appearance hereafter in glory, when he shall come to be admired in all them that believe, and to establish his everlasting kingdom of righteousness and peace in the earth. The use of a type is to arrest and embody in a kind of visible indication the prominent features of its antitype; and, accordingly, if we examine the leading circumstances of the transfiguration, we shall find such a resemblance between it and the second coming of the Saviour, as will clearly establish such a relationship between these two events. Jesus appeared in literal human nature on the mountain; so

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shall he come again, as the Son of man, possessing the same nature with his people; for the apostles were informed when he ascended, that the very same Jesus who had been taken up from them into heaven, should even so come in like manner as they had seen him ascend into heaven. He appeared in glory, and not in humility; such as he shall descend hereafter, when he shall come with all his holy angels and sit upon the throne of his glory. As he was visible on the mountain, so when he shall appear again, every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. As he was encompassed by a cloud on the summit of Tabor, so shall he come hereafter in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. As he stood in majesty upon the mountain, so according to the declaration of the prophet, his feet shall stand, when he comes again, upon the Mount of Olives. And as Moses and Elias appeared in glory with the Saviour, so shall he bring his people with him on his return to our world, for when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.

Such we believe to have been the great primary object of this interesting event. How full of consolation and encouragement must it appear in this important view, to every believer who is still struggling with the infirmities and trials of his earthly pilgrimage. It directs the attention of such to the crown of righteousness that awaits him, and says, "Be ye stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

(To be continued.)

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NO SURRENDER.

When Derry closed her far-fam'd gates,
Guarded by many a brave defender,
Though treason, famine, sword combin'd,
Her banner floated,—No Surrender.

The world, the flesh, the devil league,
And broods of deadly foes engender;
Closed be the heart, the eye, the ear,
Your daily watchword,—No Surrender.

Temptation drugs her baneful cup,
With all the charms which art can lend her,
Ambition, beauty, wealth, renown——
The antidote be—No Surrender.

Should sin approach in pleasure's garb,
Unmask at once the base pretender;
The serpent lurks amid the flowers:
Your only safeguard—No Surrender.

When vice conceives, she brings forth death,
Remorse, disease and shame attend her,
Her downward path inclines to hell—
Oh! raise the war-cry,—No Surrender.

Virtue walks on, pure, undefil'd,
All things on earth, in heaven befriend her;
The palm, the robe, the crown, the throne,—
These are thy trophies,—No Surrender.

L. K.

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ON "THE OBLATION" IN THE LORD'S SUPPER.

MADAM—I sometimes see your little periodical, the Christian Lady's Magazine, and I have frequently been much pleased with the good feeling and Christian earnestness displayed in its pages. I have just read the number for this month, and am sorry to say that the feelings with which I have risen from its perusal are not those of universal satisfaction.

You are yourself, Madam, so eloquent and powerful an advocate in the cause of plain speaking, especially in the case of the clergy, upon whom you continually urge the duty of '*earnestly contending for the faith;*' and you so habitually practise, in your own writings, what you enforce upon others, that I feel the less delicacy in offering you the following observations.

I am, myself, a clergyman, and therefore conceive that I shall not outstep the duties of my office, if I endeavour to correct a mis-statement which, through the medium of your Magazine, has been circulated amongst your numerous female readers, and, doubtless, believed by them on the strength of your assertion.

The mis-statement to which I allude, occurs in the paper entitled the Protestant, in which you affirm that certain 'gentlemen' whom you call 'Puseyites,' when they speak of 'the oblation in the Lord's Supper,' intend thereby the offering up to God of the

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consecrated bread and wine, as symbolical of the body and blood of Christ. Having first assumed that these are their opinions, you draw from the assumption the following conclusion, that the Lord's Supper, as they represent it, is 'the Popish Mass complete,' with this single exception, that 'it is not recognized on the part of the people by an act of prostrate worship,' and then in a tone of lamentation you exclaim, 'It is an awful spectacle to behold the deadliest errors of Popery thus creeping back.'

It is a most unpleasant thing to contradict any one who is so earnest in endeavouring to promote the cause of religion as you are; and the circumstance of your sex, Madam, renders it far more unpleasant and foreign to my feelings than it otherwise would have been; but, if St. Paul was justified in withstanding a brother apostle to the face, I trust that a humble minister of Christ may venture to contradict a 'Christian Lady,' even though her zeal were that of 'the very chiefest apostles.'

You need not be alarmed lest you should be reading the effusions of a 'Puseyite.' I am not a 'Puseyite,' neither am I a 'Simeonite,' nor a 'Calvinist,' nor an 'Arminian,' no, nor even a *Paulist*, nor an *Apollosite*, nor a *Cephasite*. I recognize no party in the church, nor do I suppose that any party would recognize me. It is my simple desire to be a dutiful and humble son of my mother, the church of England, in whose communion I was baptized, and in whose bosom I hope to live and die; and I am quite content to be guided by her exposition of God's word, wherever she has authoritatively decided on it, because I feel convinced, on deliberate investigation and mature reflection, that her system of interpreta-

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tion is derived from a source that cannot err, and that (in a manner which distinguishes her from every other *existing* Christian community) she has sought and discovered 'the mind of the Spirit' on all the great and fundamental truths.

You are mistaken, Madam, in your view of what is intended by many members of the church, when they speak of 'the oblation' in the Lord's Supper. I will endeavour to explain what their meaning really is.

When our blessed and ever-adorable Saviour and Lord God instituted the most holy sacrament of his supper, His command was, after taking the bread into his sacred hands, and breaking it and distributing it among his disciples, "THIS *do, in remembrance of me.*" And after taking the cup, and delivering it to them, "THIS DO YE, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." From these words the church has always deemed it most essential, that in the celebration of this sacrament, *every thing which Christ himself did* at the time of institution, should be carefully and most solemnly and scrupulously repeated. And it is on this account that in the Prayer of Consecration, the priest is bound to 'take bread,' and 'break' it, and also to take the cup into his hands, at the same time pronouncing the selfsame words which were uttered by our great High Priest himself.

But the first thing which *He* is recorded to have done, after taking the elements into his hands, was to "give thanks" to God. After his example the ancient disciples, in their "breaking of bread," always first offered up the bread and wine to God, to acknowledge him to be the Lord and Giver of all things, and to praise him as the Creator of the fruits of the earth, believing that in so doing, they were

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imitating this Eucharistic action of our Saviour. Joseph Mede, in discoursing on this very subject, brings forward the testimonies of Justin Martyr and Irenæus. Let us see what they say; (but remember that I do not produce them as possessing in themselves any authority to decide the question, but simply as historical witnesses to the prevalence of the opinion in the age succeeding that of the apostles.) Justin Martyr, in his dialogues with Trypho, says, 'That the sacrifices of Christians are supplications and *eucharists* (giving of thanks); and that these are the only sacrifices which Christians have been taught to perform in that thankful remembrance of their food both dry and liquid,' (alluding to the thank-offering in the Lord's Supper.) Irenæus says, (Book iv. ch. 32.) 'Our Lord, counselling his disciples to offer unto God the first-fruits of his creatures, not for that God hath any need thereof, but that they might shew themselves neither unfruitful nor unthankful, He took the bread which was made of his creature, and gave thanks, saying, "This is my body;" and he likewise acknowledged the cup, consisting of the creature which we use, to be his blood, and thus taught *the new oblation* of the New Testament, which the church, receiving from the apostles, offers throughout the world unto God, that feeds and nourishes us, being the first-fruits of his own gifts.'

They moreover made use of this very oblation, as a means of refuting the Gnostic heresies, whose peculiar and prominent error was, that matter was essentially vile, and that the material creation must therefore be the production not of God Almighty, but of the evil spirit, his rival. And the substance of their argument is this—'If you heretics offer up mate-

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rial bread and wine, as a thank-offering to God the Father, then surely, in so doing, you virtually acknowledge him (contrary to your professed heretical opinions) to be Lord and Maker of the creature.'

Independently of the testimony of the ancients, we have the analogy of the passover, from which there is every reason to suppose our blessed Lord thought fit to derive this sacrament, just as he derived his other sacrament from the baptisms common among the Jews of his day.

But the bread and wine used in the passover were always solemnly offered up to God with a thanksgiving, in which God was praised as King of the world, and Creator of the fruits of the earth.

Now it is this 'oblation,' Madam, and not an oblation of the consecrated elements, as symbolical of the Lord's body and blood, which churchmen generally mean, when they use this word, and which, I doubt not, the individuals whom you call Puseyites also mean. I acknowledge that the church of England does not recognize this act of oblation in words (unless, as some suppose, the term 'oblation,' in the Prayer for the Church Militant, bear that signification); and it must be confessed, that in this our Liturgy undeniably differs from that of the very earliest churches; but she does recognize it in *deed*, though not in *words*. The Rubric which precedes the said prayer, expressly orders the officiating minister to place, *at that time*, on the table, the requisite bread and wine with his own hands, thereby tacitly acknowledging that it is a *religious* act, an offering or oblation to God, and therefore not to be performed by the hands of any but the minister.

But if this be the case, a question arises, Where

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should the bread and wine be previously placed? I have always felt it to be a serious defect in the furniture of our churches that there is no place for its reception previous to oblation, and I should gladly obey an order from any superior, commanding me to erect a second table for that purpose, although I certainly should not feel justified to take upon myself the responsibility of such an innovation. My own practice is, to have the bread and wine kept in the Vestry (which is near to the Lord's table) until the alms of the people have been presented, and then they are brought to me by the clerk, and I place them on the holy table, not, I confess, without a silent prayer that God would accept them as our thank-offering to him. And this view of the oblation is, to my mind, exceedingly delightful. It is an act of worship which forms a connecting link between our own and the previous dispensations. When, in the days of the patriarchal dispensation, the Father of the faithful met Melchisedec, we read that "the priest of the most high God" blessed Abraham, and "brought forth *bread and wine*," doubtless as an act of religious worship. Again, under the Mosaic dispensation, What were "the meat-offering and drink-offering?" The one was a tenth deal of flour mingled with the fourth part of an hin of beaten oil, and the other "an hin of wine," and the two were always united. Thus from the earliest ages of the world until the second coming of the Lord at the close of the present dispensation, one simple and significant ceremony, viz. the offering up of bread and wine to God, as a thank-offering for his creatures, and a recognition of his sovereignty, has formed part of the solemn service of his people.

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I hope, Madam, that by this time you will be ready to admit, that there is nothing so awfully Popish in having a second table 'within the altar rails,' and that "the oblation" does not of necessity convert the sacrament of the Lord's supper into that idolatrous mummery, the Popish mass, which, professing to be the supper which the Lord hath commanded to be received, is a perverse and rebellious act of *will*-worship, in which *the tradition of man* is followed, and *the institution of the Saviour* disregarded; in which *an unbroken wafer* is substituted for *the broken bread*,—in which "the cup of blessing" is withheld from the people, and in which the consecrated elements are idolatrously exhibited as objects of profound adoration.

I have already wearied you to death, but I cannot conclude without observing that there *are* persons (and I confess myself one) who think that when St. Paul says that in celebrating the communion, we "show the Lord's death till he come," he does not merely mean that we shew it to *men*, but that we also "shew" or represent it to GOD, or in other words, that as an individual pleads the death and passion of his Redeemer before God in prayer, and (if I may say so) *reminds* his heavenly Father of the atonement thereby made for his transgressions; so the church, in her collective capacity, pleads the same atonement, not merely in public prayer, but by *actual commemoration*, by breaking bread in remembrance of his broken body and in pouring out wine in remembrance of his blood-shedding; and this memorial, this exhibition before God *(in the act of consecration)* of the appointed symbols of his Son's body and blood, has been termed "oblation;" but this, I am per-

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suaded, is not the usual meaning of the term, when applied to the Lord's supper, and it certainly is not its meaning in the passage on which you have commented so severely.

What also, permit me to ask, do you mean by saying that these persons claim the power to perform the miracle of transforming the sacramental bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ? Do you really believe that they mean to maintain the doctrine of transubstantiation? If they do, so (at least in your opinion) must the church who (to cite one instance out of many) teaches that "the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper."

Hoping that you will excuse this tiresome, but well-meant letter, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Madam,

With the most unfeigned respect,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM JOHN EDGE.

Feb. 4, 1840.

Waldsingfield Rectory, Woodbridge.

[WE have given insertion to the above letter, among other reasons, in order to exhibit to our readers,—many of whom we know are incredulous on this point,—one specimen out of many that might be adduced, of the silent, insidious inroads of the modified Oxford popery, on the doctrines and practices of the church of England. In this letter we have the evil merely in the bud. The writer evidently knows not whither he is tending. He speaks quite innocently of making an oblation of the bread and

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wine in the Lord's Supper, and of 'shewing' the Lord's death, in the Eucharist, to God as well as to man, and yet evidently thinks that he is in no way approaching Popery; though these are nothing else than the first way-marks on the road which ends in 'the sacrifice of the mass;' as common sense and ecclesiastical history alike inform us.

But we must not wonder that Mr. Edge should not see clearly where he is going,—when we look at the singular inadvertence displayed in his letter. He steps forward to rebuke us for having censured the new Oxford fancies, as we found them *printed and published;* and yet it is sufficiently clear that he himself *has not read* the publications which he so gallantly undertakes to defend.

He does not even know *what* the Oxford Tracts teach; but, for want of knowing, he *guesses* at it, and, as might be expected, guesses wrong. He says,

'Now, it is this oblation (of bread and wine to God as the creator of the fruits of the earth) and *not an oblation of the consecrated elements, as symbolical of the Lord's body and blood,* which churchmen generally mean when they use the word, and which, *I doubt not,* the individuals whom you call Puseyites also mean.'

But the individuals called Puseyites, when speaking for themselves in the *Tracts for the Times,* use very different language. As for instance,—

'They presented to the Almighty Father the *symbols and memorials of the meritorious Death and Passion* of His only-begotten and well-beloved Son, and besought him by that *precious sacrifice* to look graciously upon the church,' &c.

'They felt assured that this *sacrifice offered by the*

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church on earth, for the whole church, conveyed to that portion of the church which had passed into the unseen world, such benefits of Christ's death as were still applicable to them.' (*Tracts for the Times*, No. 81, pp. 5, 7.)

When Mr. Edge, therefore, tells us that we 'have *assumed* that these are the opinions' of the Oxford Tract-writers, we must plainly answer, that we have 'assumed' nothing;—but that the assumption, and that an unfounded one, is all his own.

In like manner, in closing his letter, Mr. Edge asks,

'*What do you mean* by saying that these persons claim the power to perform the miracle of transforming the sacramental bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ?'

We answer, that we merely 'say' of them, what they say of themselves. In the recently published volumes of *Mr. Froude's Remains*, we find these words, as descriptive of the powers given by the apostles to their successors:—

'To enable others to perform this *great miracle* by ordaining them with the imposition of hands.'

Now if Mr. Edge will shew us in which of her formularies the church of England teaches that 'a great miracle' is wrought in the Eucharist, we will at once confess that in calling this expression 'Popish' we have slandered the brethren. But the church teaches no such thing. She declares, that 'the sacramental bread and wine *remain* still in their *very natural* substance,' 'and the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in heaven, and *not here;* it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one.'

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Mr. Edge, then, has undertaken to defend the Oxford Tract-writers, without having taken the pains to understand what it was that he was about to vindicate. This was hasty at least. But what of Mr. Edge himself, and his own views and practices?

Of these we shall only say that they betoken a state of mind very open to the temptations of the times. We have shewn him, in the above passages from the Oxford writers, that Popish principles are abroad in the church, however unaware he may have been of it. And now we would ask him, in all respect and affection, Whether he is on his guard against these tremendous evils; or whether he is not rather opening his doors and windows to admit the pestilential vapour?

He is making of the mere placing the bread and wine on the table 'a religious act,' and though he has not yet set up 'a second table,' within the rails, he admits that he desiderates it. He uses also, he says, in the service, 'a silent prayer,' no-where commanded or even suggested, by any rubric, canon, or other ordinance of the church.

Now all this is *a positive innovation*. Mr. Edge must know very well that the practice of the whole church of England, from the Reformation to the present day, has *not* been to place the bread and wine on the table by the hands of the minister, as a 'religious act,' with prayer; but to leave this duty to the servants of the church. The whole of this fancy of 'the oblation' is a novelty, as far as we are concerned, of which our fathers knew nothing. It may be maintained from antiquity indeed,—and what follies might not be defended by an appeal to *that* tribunal! but as members of the church of England,

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we are not at liberty to indulge ourselves in fancies selected from that repository. Our communion service must speak for itself. If an 'oblation to God,' whether of bread and wine, or of 'the unbloody sacrifice,' had been intended, it would have been stated. We are not to guess, or surmise, or infer, intentions of which there is not an atom of direct evidence. Nor ought we to introduce, on our own individual private authority, 'religious acts,' or prayers, into a service like that of the holy communion; still less, when grounded, as this is, on a reading of that service which none of all the Bishops or Presbyters of the church, for three hundred years, were ever able to discover.

Nor does Mr. Edge's reason for thus *improving*, as he thinks, the church service, by performing it in a mode which neither its framers, nor, we venture to say, any other person ever dreamt of,—appear to us to possess the least validity. 'The first thing,' he says, 'which Christ is recorded to have done, after taking the elements into his hands, was, to *give thanks* to God. After His example the ancient disciples, in their "breaking of bread," always first *offered up* the bread and wine to God.' &c.

Now on this we remark:—1. Is there not a confusion made, by using the phrases "giving thanks" and "offering up," as synonymous? Does not every Christian *give thanks*, day by day, for the food he eats;—but does he call *that*, "offering up" his dinner to God?

The giving thanks mentioned in *Matt.* xxvi. 27 is not at all a peculiar or solitary instance, in our Lord's history. In *John* vi. we see him, in the midst of the five thousand in the wilderness, taking the loaves,

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"and when he had *given thanks*, he distributed," &c. So, in *Luke* xxiv. 30, and in other places, we observe this to be his constant practice.

But does Mr. Edge mean to charge our Reformers with entirely forgetting, in their Communion Service, this ever-present duty? Can he overlook the repeated acts of thanks and praise which occur throughout the service? Or if not,—if he be not blind to these things, then where is the room or the necessity for his addition to the service,—his 'oblation,' and his 'silent prayer,' when placing the elements on the table?

With all kindness and respect, we would entreat him to beware. He has already entered on the dangerous path which leads to the "propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the quick and the dead," and he will find it so hard, as to be almost impossible, to retain his present position; or to avoid proceeding onwards to all the abominations of the mass.—EDIT.]

THE banner of the world floats gaily in the sunshine, fanned by the breezes of pleasure and prosperity, which shew only the bright and flattering side of the standard. But when the dark clouds arise, then the wind changes, and the stormy gale, blowing from the opposite quarter, turns to view the dark side of that banner; and displays before the despairing eyes of the sinner, an inscription like that of Ezekiel's roll —"lamentation, and mourning, and woe."—*Rev. J. East.*

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FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

No. III.

THE SMOKING FLAX.

It was a custom of the Moravian congregation of Hernhutt, in Germany, to compile annually a selection of texts for each day in the year; this text is called 'the word of the day,' and referred to, both in their public and private devotions. A point of union was thus adopted towards which the minds of the brethren were directed, from the burning shores of the West Indian Islands and the pleasant Gnadenthal, well named the Valley of Grace, to the frozen and desolate coasts of Greenland and Labrador. It cannot fail to be observed how greatly these 'words of the day' cheered and encouraged those of the 'united brethren,' to whose lot it had fallen to be stationed in the most dreary, hopeless, and unpromising spots. When the little band of missionaries left their native land, to form a Christian colony among the Greenland savages, the word of the day was Heb. xi. 1: when they cast anchor in the harbour of the wretched land, which was henceforth to be to them both country and home, the word of the day was Phil. iv. 7: and often, during the long years of trial and suffering which they endured, do we find

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them looking back to the promise, whose light shone on the hour of their first landing.

It is thus, that in seasons of distress and perplexity, all Christian eyes should be turned towards those great promises which, whatever clouds may obscure the narrow horizon of our own days, gleam forth unchangingly, a stedfast light upon the sea of time, marking the entrance to that harbour of peace in which the church of Christ, in the futurity of days, shall assuredly find rest: when the stone that smote the image shall become a great mountain and fill the *whole* earth; when, from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, the name of the Lord shall be great among the Gentiles. But besides the glorious promises which mark her final triumph, the church of Christ is encouraged and supported, in these her years of warfare, by many assurances of the love and protection of the Lord, during the times of depression and affliction. "A bruised reed shall he not break, the smoking flax shall he not quench," seem words peculiarly applicable to that portion of the Christian church in France which, almost extinguished by the storm of persecution, and having long languished in obscurity, gives evident signs of once more shining forth as a "lamp that burneth in the light of salvation." May it grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day, until the Lord shall "send forth judgment unto victory."

'Nothing can be more desolate than the present state of the church in France,' says a writer at the close of the last century; 'on the side of the profession of godliness scarcely any appears; if there be any real Christianity remaining it is concealed.' 'Nor do we hear,' he continues, 'of any revivals,

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now that every link of Popery is broken, and every man's bonds loosed. A few, indeed, sigh over the abominations, and in the south of France a cry is heard for the pure word of God; but the labourers are not found, or compelled to conceal themselves.' But notwithstanding this gloomy prospect there yet remained those who still cherished the remembrance of the piety of their ancestors, and many who still continued faithful to the truth. M. Vernier, who visited a place called Mirabel, between Saillans and Orreste, speaking of the reception he met with from the Maire says, 'He wished me to go to his house, where he as well as his family shewed me a great deal of kindness; he told me that formerly, in the days of persecution, the pastors were received and concealed by his family; he shewed me a large tumbler, on which were written these words—'I love God,' and the date of the year, being 1788, and which he informed me had been used by the pastors in the days of persecution, when administering the Lord's supper in desert places. He also shewed me a white embroidered linen cloth, more than a century old, which he said had been used to carry infants into the same desert places to be baptized.' Not longer than fifty years ago,' remarks Mr. Hartley, 'the Protestant religion was without toleration in France: though less active severity had been exercised under Louis XVI. than under his predecessors, I know not if even at that period a single Protestant temple was permitted by the government to exist. It was amidst rocks, and mountains, and forests, and beneath the temple of the sky that our Protestant brethren assembled together, to call on the name of our Redeemer! I myself have visited in the vicinity of

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Nismes, the desert where religious assemblies of this nature were held.' There are now 16,000 Protestants in that town, and 160,000 in the department of the Garde, in which Nismes is situated. In the neighbouring department of the Drome there are thirteen Protestant ministers by whom the gospel is preached.

It has before been observed, that during the terrible reign of infidelity in France, which succeeded to the days of persecution, there yet remained not only those who cherished the remembrance of the truth, but those who yet continued faithful to it. It is difficult to follow into the secrecy of private life, the "hidden thousand" of the Lord, who remain uncorrupted by the evil influences around them; nor when they are found, do their lives ordinarily present aught to record except their faithfulness; yet this must attract to them the sympathy of those who have sufficient knowledge of human nature to feel how difficulties and temptations are multiplied, when every worldly circumstance, every domestic relationship, every daily habit is not only opposed to our religious faith and duty, but has a tendency to draw the soul away into an opposite direction. Mr. Hartley mentions a Protestant lady whom he met at Tours, whose husband had held a considerable rank under the empire. Married to a Roman Catholic in the days of Robespierre, completely deprived of the religious services of her church, and separated from all Protestant society, she still remained firm in her belief. At the time Mr. Hartley became acquainted with her, the close of life was rapidly approaching, and her heart was filled with the hope of meeting the Lord. She received the sacrament with the Pro-

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testant congregation at Michaelmas, and returned to her country seat, intimating her intention of coming again to Tours for the same purpose at Christmas. Before that time arrived, she was no more, and Mr. Hartley was summoned to perform the burial service over her remains. Her grave was in the Roman Catholic cemetery of the village near which she had lived; and of the numbers that assembled round it to witness the funeral one only was of the same faith as herself,—the minister.

The change which is gradually pervading France is marked by a thousand faint, and, from day to day, almost imperceptible alterations. We hear, perhaps, of the arrival of a faithful minister amongst a congregation whose ancestors indeed were Protestants, but of whose faith they retain only the name. He enters the houses for the purposes of instruction; the inmates run about in wooden clogs, to drown that voice of exhortation which they are so unwilling to hear; he holds a religious meeting, and endeavours to preach to them; the laughing and talking of those close to him interrupts every word. Next we hear that the people are more orderly—that there is silence during public worship—that the meetings are well attended—that schools have been established. Then comes the mention of the pastor's hopes—of the many who have joined them in sincerity—of the multitudes who are flocking to hear. Nor is this confined to one, or two, or three places. The Sociétés Evangéliques employ one hundred agents, ministers, evangelists, and colporteurs in gathering the scattered elements of new churches, and confirming those already established. New places of worship have been built, new congregations have been

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assembled. At Lyons, Chalons, Bourdeaux, the numbers rapidly increase, and though the whole is but as a drop in the midst of the great population amongst whom they exist, let us hope it is a seed which shall bear an abundant harvest to the truth. 'Les véritables disciples du Sauveur,' as it is remarked in the Bulletin Trimestriel of the Société Evangélique, 'qui n'ignorent pas que son régne ne vient pas avec bruit, sont heureux et réjouis de savoir que l'évangile de Jésus Christ avance sans que le monde s'en apercoive, en faisant sans cesse de silencieuses conquêtes.' At Souville, in Normandy, a number of the inhabitants, with the mayor at their head, prepared a building in which Protestant worship might be conducted, and invited a minister from Cherbourg to officiate amongst them.

The fields are 'white to the harvest,' but where are the labourers which should work therein? Look at the sums expended amongst the heathen, and the mite dropped into the lap of a sister country, for the benefit of those whose fathers were martyrs for the very faith we profess, and who are in many respects our brethren. It is not too much perhaps to say that about ten or fifteen years ago, a spirit nearly akin to hatred against France was instilled into the hearts of English children and English people; it is time that a feeling so unchristian should cease, and that a different territory, different laws, and a different language should no longer make one portion of the human race, the enemy of another. In alluding to the money spent among the heathen, I do not for a moment mean that it is commensurate either with their wants or their claims upon the civilized communities which have been so long regardless of them,

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but that there is not a degree of sympathy even approaching to that felt for the heathen entertained for those who need it as much, and who, in the midst of arts, science, literature, wealth, luxury and refinement, are as destitute of the knowledge of the Lord, as the Parsee who turns to the west to worship the setting sun. Infidelity, like a curse, seems to have fallen upon the land.

Let us hope that the light which we now see is the early dawn of a better day for France, and if for France, for Europe also: for if Athens and Sparta were the eyes of Greece, England and France, so far as regards human power and human greatness, are the eyes of Europe.

THE STORM.

THE midnight waves roll on the shore,
Like the low thunder's distant roar;
The fitful blast with wailings loud,
Laments along each quivering shroud;
Happy each ship whose anchor fast,
Is in our sheltering harbour cast!
There swept the mighty surges—hark!
God help each distant bark!

O Father, thou whose awful power,
So oft forgot in sunshine's hour,
Is oft invoked when tempests dread,
A gloom o'er earth and ocean spread;

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Wherever frail humanity
Wakes from its couch and lifts to Thee,
The hurried prayer of thrilling fear,
Do Thou, in mercy, hear!

Wherever woman's trembling hands
Light the dim lamp, whilst pale she stands,
Beside the bed, where buried deep,
Lies each loved face in childhood's sleep—
Wherever human hearts beat high,
Wherever wakes the watchful eye,
Or pray the lips unused to prayer,
Do Thou, in mercy, spare!

And, oh! again our eyelids bless,
With slumber's sweet unconsciousness!
The wakeful hours are not for those
Whose hearts with faith on Thee repose;
'Tis not for those who trust thy care
Such anxious fearful watch to share,
In life or death thy choice is best,
Thy presence is our rest!

M. A. S. B.

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MODERN GEOLOGISTS.

MADAM—I come before you as one of those who have been so often ridiculed and taunted in your pages under the name of 'Modern Geologists.' If our pretensions were truly stated, there might be some reason for refusing to listen to our defence on the plea of danger in such a subtile controversy; but when I say that our views have often been grossly misrepresented, I appeal to your justice to give me a fair hearing while I briefly state our opinions, with the reasons on which we found them.

We have been accused again and again of denying scripture, or at least of evading it; of stating it to have 'nothing to do with philosophy;' of setting up our creature-knowledge against that of the Creator, and sneering at the darkness of 'the semi-barbarians of Palestine.' I will not deny that among our ranks sceptics and infidels are to be found, but it is a new sort of English justice to criminate the whole for the guilt of the few, or to say that the peculiar opinions of professed unbelievers are a necessary part and parcel of the theory of modern geology. When, therefore, I maintain this theory, I must be understood to exclude the views of those geologists who do indeed say, 'that scripture has nothing to do with philosophy,' and to speak only in the name of that large majority (comprehending many real Christians) who find no difficulty in reconciling the truth of God

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as stamped on His creation, with that which He has revealed in His word.

First, then, we believe that, "in the beginning" God created earth, atmosphere, and water. We do not pretend to say when this beginning was, but judging from the parallel passage, "in the beginning was the Word," we hold ourselves fully justified in arguing from it a countless lapse of ages.

We believe that some six thousand years ago, God in six days created the present world out of previously-existing materials,—just as we believe that on the sixth day God created the body of Adam out of previously-existing clay. We hold the cases to be parallel as effects of purely creative power, and we apply the term create equally to both.

We believe that of the interval between "the beginning" and the six days' work, God has given us no record, and that the events which we deduce from other sources are not contradicted by his silence.

We believe that all present existing forms of animal and vegetable life were created in the six days' work, and we laugh at the idea palmed upon us by some of your correspondents, that the great mass of fossil remains are similar to forms now in existence.

We believe that life and *death* were known before the fall—some or us start not even at the assumption that, in the present world, the brutes would have died had Adam never fallen; and when such texts are quoted against us as "sin entered into the world, and death by sin," we find no difficulty in thinking that St. Paul, writing only *for* man, spoke only *of* man, as we read not in another place that, when God passed the sentence of death on Adam, he extended it to aught beside, leaving us to infer, if we please, that

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for others (i.e. the brute creation) it had existed before. This more we believe, that nothing but a soul can be immortal, and that vegetables and animals are alike but beautiful forms of matter made to decay.*

We believe that there has been a great deluge of water, chronicled in the word of God as having occured since the six days' work; we believe that before those days, fire and water made play-things of the earth's substance, and wrought out dire convulsions, but of this scripture takes no notice either to affirm or deny.

Now, Madam, I state these views not to convert those who differ from us, but to defend ourselves, by proving that we assert nothing which the words of scripture may not fairly warrant, however much man's opinions have stamped them with a different meaning. It is to be wished that our adversaries, instead of confining themselves to ridicule, declamation, and empty assertions, would go rather deeper; and studying the subject so easily censured without study, would place nature and scripture side by side, to prove that there is a disagreement between them, before they presume to assert that those who believe the one, must, of necessity, slight or deny the other. This I fear not to say, that both in your pages and out of them I have seen remarks made against geology which far more proved the ignorance of those who made, than the presumption of those who provoked them; and I repeat it is equally uncourteous and unjust to allow these idle accusations to pass

* This interesting subject demands a fairer statement than was compatible with the brevity of the above propositions. I have some suggestions to offer and some answers to seek, if I thought the well-known scrupulousness of these pages would admit the discussion.

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current in society without giving us a fair opportunity to deny the opprobrious charges.

There is one more important article of our creed: we believe that the God of truth has not stamped his creation with a lie. The marks he has given are plain,—how plain the majority of those who sneer at them do not know; and for this reason I would more especially advise them to read the evidences we offer in support of our opinions. If they consider this dangerous, we press it not, content to yield the forbearance we claim; but we expect them for the future to be silent on a subject which their scruples forbid them to examine. At the same time, we would advise them to learn candour and caution from the example of the dogmatic pope and cardinals who, in the days of Galileo, threatened him with the doom of a heretic because he attempted to prove that the sun and moon did *not* stand still in the valley of Ajalon. They would not believe that the Holy Spirit in mercy stooped to use the colloquial phrase of the day: they shut their eyes against Galileo's facts, their ears against his reasons, and dared, on the authority of their own pre-conceived notions, to place the word of God in opposition to a truth, which more enlightened Christians have fully recognised. Thank God we have neither pope nor cardinals in England,—I would we had none who, like them, so wilfully refuse the possible agreement between nature and revelation, as to leave honest inquirers no alternative but to distrust their faith or their senses.

No, Madam, the majority of modern geologists neither deny nor slight the authority of scripture, but they conceive that on the subjects of their science

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scripture has spoken little, and that little in terms which will fairly bear another meaning than that which popular opinion has hitherto assigned them. If, on this point, others think them in error, it matters little; 'to their own master they stand or fall;' but they do not choose in silence to be branded as infidels by the religious clamour of the day. For myself, I hold the Bible to be as far above all systems of geology as heaven from earth. I hold it to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness; yet this does not prevent my receiving the opinions I have now professed, far less does it make me so willing to think evil of others as to despise them unknown and condemn them unheard.

[We have inserted this letter in fairness to a class who consider themselves aggrieved by occasional remarks from the pens of our correspondents on the subject in question. We would rather it ended here; we shall decline any farther controversial communications from either party; especially as the paper of X. Q., in our last, which was written, and in our possession, long before the above came to hand, bears strongly on the point. For ourselves, we remain wholly unconvinced by, and conscientiously opposed to, the notions of modern geologists; regarding as unscriptural in a high degree some of the position assumed by them, and defended by our present correspondent.—ED.]

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A MORNING HYMN.

WHEN the first ray of morning breaks
Upon the glad world, and awakes
Creation round, the earth and sky,
To life, and light, and melody;

Then, O my soul, from slumber spring,
And, mounting on devotion's wing,
Tune with the lark thy earliest lays,
To celebrate thy Maker's praise.

When darkness o'er the silent world
Her ebon banner had unfurled,
His piercing eye dispelled the gloom
That wrapped thee in thy living tomb.

No foe thy guarded couch drew near;
Preserved alike from harm and fear,
Thou'st sweetly slept the night away,
And wak'st to hail the new-born day.

Nor through the hours of sleep alone
Thy heavenly Guardian's goodness own—
Unnumbered gifts all day he showers
Upon thy path, like summer flowers.

Then, O my soul, from slumber spring,
Spring upward on devotion's wing;
Tune with the lark thy earliest lays,
And fill all heav'n with songs of praise.

Petersfield. S. W. H.

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CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.

No. III.

IDEAS, according to Locke, are derived either from sensation or reflection. Now I have shewn, that the idea of the poor man, which is conveyed into the sensorium of the Christian world by its eyes, the charitable institutions, is distorted and darkened, rather a dream than a reality. It follows, that the principles, which are framed on this idea, are themselves false, and can lead to nothing but wrong actions. Besides these, there are other principles, which we may consider as arising from reflection. They are formed, by the efforts of the different minds of which the Christian world is composed, to serve as general guides to direct its benevolence. Such principles of action, if correct, are highly useful; but, if erroneous, exactly in proportion to their speciousness and the authority on which they rest, is their power for evil.

It is a principle upon which many act, who would shrink from its plain avowal: that to relieve want is ultimately to increase misery. Few venture to advocate the destruction of hospitals and almshouses, but many would reduce the relief of the poor within the very narrowest limits. Their hearts revolt from the principle I have stated, while their intellects embrace it, and, therefore, to compromise the matter between the intellect and the heart, they act upon it

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partially. Indeed there are district societies which act upon it almost entirely, and refuse all succour to the distressed; their efforts for the temporal good of the poor being confined to the collection of weekly or monthly savings, to be augmented at the end of a year in some fixed proportion. Such district societies, I hope, are few, but they illustrate the principle.

Of the arguments upon which the principle is based, I say nothing. Their legitimate consequence is not, that district societies should be pernicious, but that they should cease to exist, that the poor should be left to perish, that war should be encouraged, and pestilence desired, in order that one man may not be burdened by providing for another.

The principle, whether true or false, is evidently not practical. To act upon it is to err.

Again, the principle, if true, produces no sensible effect in a small space, and in a short time. As it has been observed of gravity, that, so weak is its power, that it requires planets to exhibit it; so may it be said of this principle, that it needs for its developement nations and centuries.

If every benevolent society should at once abandon its parsimony, the aggregate of increased happiness would be great, and it would be bestowed immediately; the misery which this principle teaches us to expect is far distant—the work of ages.

So that, by following out in whole or in part this principle, we are providing against the dangers of future centuries, neglecting at the same time present duties, stifling our compassionate feelings, and violating the spirit of the Bible. "The world passeth away;" its sun has long left the meridian, the even-

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ing shadows are gathering, and it may be that before another century is numbered with the past, all may have changed, and sorrow and want may be remembered no more. It may be, and, if it should be, how vain is our present effort to ward off from coming generations the pressure of poverty.

Can it be our duty as Christians to act upon the supposition, that the present fabric of society is to last for ever, or even for long? When the word of God assures us, that "the fashion of this world passeth away," when the signs of its dissolution become day by day more evident, when its surface cracks and heaves, and the fires beneath struggle to burst forth, surely it is not a time to neglect obvious duties, in order to provide for remote possibilities, or to calculate on future ages, which may never exist at all. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" the care of coming centuries we may leave to God.

It is a principle generally taken for granted, that a poor man, while in work, is able and ought to lay by a provision for the wants of his family, when sickness or misfortune deprive him of employment. That he ought to do so, if he be able, is a doctrine to which I willingly subscribe. But that this, as in the case of the English poor, is in general quite an impossibility, will become very evident to any one who will candidly examine into the matter.

Labourers or workmen, masters or capitalists, form two distinct classes, the former of which depend for their subsistence upon the resources of the latter, and the latter depend upon the former for their gain. In the eye of the economist, the wealth of a nation consists in the magnitude of the gains of its capitalists. Now, the gain of the capitalist is greater the greater

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the number of workmen and the less their rate of wages. But this very circumstance, which renders a nation commercially prosperous, has a direct tendency to make its labouring classes miserable. England is commercially prosperous. Her fields are sown and her looms are worked by men who receive for their labour a bare subsistence. Hence her manufactures outvie in cheapness and excellence those of other countries where the poor are fewer and better paid. But in the meanwhile the peasantry of England cannot grow rich. They obtain in most cases, when in full work, a sufficiency, but no more, and sometimes less. Seldom do they cross this line. Seldom are they able to do more than provide for the necessities of the present day.

The cause of their poverty we cannot remove. Whether if the country had sacrificed somewhat of her commercial greatness, by checking the growth of her manufactures, her peasantry had not continued more happy and less needy is another question—a question, however, on which I have not a shade of doubt; but, as district or benevolent societies can never effect a change in the social condition of the poor, their object must be to scatter some rays of peace and comfort over the gulph of misery, and to soften, by the oil of charity, the wounds inflicted by sin and sorrow.

To urge upon a family, starving to-day, the duty of a prudent regard to the morrow, is to mock them. Tell them to "take no thought for the morrow;"—tell them that though "the young lions do lack and suffer hunger, yet they that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good:"—tell them that their God will "supply all their need," and you will

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bind up the wounded spirit; but cold, prudential maxims, with which they have no concern, however well-intentioned, are but cruel taunts. Their duty and their privilege is not to be careful, but to be believing.

A third principle, more generally avowed and more entirely at variance with the spirit of the gospel than either of the former, is this, that the objects of Christian charity are those who merit it by their virtuous conduct. Hence the phrase 'deserving persons.' Hence the force of the word 'ungrateful,' in drying up the streams of benevolence.

Surely it is not for the undeserving and ungrateful, who receive freely, to give by a scale of merits and thankfulness: For him whom grace has enriched with the ten thousand talents of spiritual blessings, to claim any return for the hundred pence of earthly necessaries: For the sinful to expect goodness, and the pardoned innocence.

"Freely ye have received, freely give," "that ye may be the children of your Father that is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." "For he is kind unto the unthankful and the evil."

L. L.

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HAS IRELAND DONE HER DUTY?

MY DEAR MADAM,

I AM really ashamed to address you on the subject of my present letter; for indeed it would be more necessary to cool than to fan the flame of your ardour for Ireland: but the certainty that one at least will read with partial attention what I write, encourages me to proceed.

I have—I need not say where or when—but I have heard it whispered, murmured, and publicly stated, that Ireland should support her own institutions, and should both support, educate, and evangelize her own poor. It is not enough for some zealous friends, whose hearts are overflowing with love to God and man, to cry out at such language as cruel and uncharitable; nor for others to maintain that some one or two institutions are well deserving of British support. The question should not be dropped by the friends of Ireland, as unworthy of serious attention, nor should it be discussed on individual grounds, nor dealt with as a matter of feeling; that money is stolen which is obtained from the feelings, while the judgment is opposed or undecided. We should inquire, Has Ireland a just and rational claim on the benevolence of British Christians? It is the more necessary to sift this question, as I find the Irishmen who have settled in England, ashamed of their country's wants, and tired perhaps by her im-

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portunities, are the first to cry, 'Ireland has not done her duty; she is well able to support herself;' and their testimony must be regarded by multitudes as final.

Ireland has not done her duty; who ever was so silly as to maintain she had? Ireland, as a nation, is just as far from doing her duty as any nation can well be. As far as idolatry is from devotion, murder from charity, and political and private iniquity from uprightness, so far is Ireland from doing her duty. But the Protestants of Ireland, the landlords and upper classes, have not done their duty: who ever asserted they had? Whose balls are the most brilliant in the circles of the metropolis? Whose horses the swiftest at Newmarket, and the boldest at Melton Mowbray? Whose equipages the most dazzling at Rome or Naples? And whose soirées the most brilliant and recherchées at Paris? In all these points it must be confessed that the landlords of the starving, neglected, naked, superstitious tenantry of Ireland hold a proud pre-eminence; and it often happens that in proportion to the misery of the tenant is the splendour of the absentee landlord. If every landlord took full and Christian care of his own estates, we should not have to solicit any aid, except the blessing from on high on their labours of love. But not only are we thus deprived of our great landed proprietors, but every one that in trade realizes anything above mediocrity immediately flies off, and, either in England or on the continent, spends what he earned here, and deems himself at once separated from Irish claims and duties. The 'Ireland,' then, respecting which the question is, Has she done her duty? comes to signify the few re-

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sident Protestants of her upper classes. Respecting them I am ready to say confidently, They have not done their duty. Witness the long list of Protestant lady-patronesses of every Popish charity. Protestant benevolence, so called, fills the coffers of the Sisters of Charity, and sends them forth not only to confirm poor Romanists in Popery, but to harass and ensnare the sick and dying Protestants. Protestant liberality builds Romish chapels, holds plates at their charity sermons, and labours to ornament and strengthen the Beast. We too have our high political Protestants who boast of the cause, but mock at every attempt to convert the Romanist, and barely countenance exclusively Protestant charities: while we have our due and full proportion of the worldly-minded and avaricious, the selfish and the carnal, who may perhaps approve what is right, but who in all ages of the church have been slow to make the slightest inroad on their personal convenience. This portion of Irish society has not, I confess, done its duty; but I would be glad to know in what age or country that portion of society has done its duty. Whenever, therefore, we appeal to the fashionable, the dissipated, pleasure-loving, Popery and infidelity-loving, selfish or covetous portion of English society, they may very well say to us, Go to our fellows in your own country, they are quite as well able to assist you as we are, and not more unwilling. But I rather think that those who repeat the truism—'Ireland has not done her duty,' mean something very different; even that those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, have talked and begged, but have not given; but are, with all their zeal and all their profession, sadly deficient in Christian economy,

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Christian self-denial, and consequently in Christian liberality. Now as this is a national question, I shall not apply myself to individual instances of self-denial or liberality, because one hundred individual cases might be splendid exceptions to the general rule of self-indulgence and profusion. I shall not therefore enter the kitchens or the cellars of my friends on either side the Channel, or attempt to tear their head-dresses to pieces; although I think I might shew that the measure of expense, taking class by class, the noble with the noble, the landed proprietor with his fellow, and so downwards, that the habitual measure of expense, not among the pious only, but almost universally, is with us far below what it commonly is with you; and that Christians here frequently practice a measure of self-denial rarely thought of elsewhere.

Passing, however, this comparision as invidious and inconclusive, I will proceed to consider the relative position of that portion of the public, from whom alone societies for the spiritual benefit of this country can look for assistance. Persons coming from England are struck by the large proportion which religious characters bear to the whole society; but this arises from their regarding the Protestants exclusively as the society contemplated: for if we include the entire population in our view, we shall find them to be but a remnant indeed. A pious Englishman going, for instance, to a town blessed with a gospel ministry, is agreeably surprised to find a well-filled church, where the truth is faithfully preached to an attentive congregation. His introductions are to pious or well-disposed persons, and he thinks religion is greatly flourishing there. But let him transfer

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the scene to England; let him give to the inhabitants of that town as much space and building as a similar population there would require; let him transform the Romish chapel, which gives a short, oft-repeated service to a congregation, standing inside and far outside its walls, the congrégation changing at every service, into six or eight large English churches, where Puseyism, Neology, or indifference reigned supreme,—how different would be his account! That the gospel was only preached in one small church, and that only a small portion of that congregation appeared to be in earnest; and that, with that bright exception, nothing could be more melancholy than the state of religion there. The truth is, that Christians in Ireland form a proportionably considerable part of the Protestant community, but a miserably small remnant of the whole population.

So much as to the numbers of these people, from whom so much is expected: next as to their powers. No one has ever attempted to deny that we are generally a poor and an extravagant people. Conversion finds an Englishman with his purse full, and he has to look abroad for objects on which to bestow that superfluity which was formerly added to his stores, or reserved for occasional and expensive pleasures; conversion finds an Irishman with his purse empty, and the first lesson it teaches him is to begin to pay his debts. But this is not so easy a task as at first might appear; innumerable dependants must be retained, or sent to utter starvation; poor relations cannot be discouraged in their annual visits of three or four months, their expenses to and fro being paid, besides presents; poorer and less creditable relations still expect their levies on some 'unex-

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pected occurrence' or 'most unforeseen misfortune,' which, unexpected and unforeseen as they are, recur as regularly as Christmas and Easter; shoals of visitors must be discouraged, and the hospitable habits of the family given up. And then when he turns his attention to his estate, he finds it an epitome of Ireland—confusion, pauperism, extravagance, mismanagement, and the genius of Popery brooding over all. He has, say, £3000, a-year; his house, establishment, habits, are fully up to that income; but the interest on hereditary debts, jointures, and other incumbrances, with the losses to which every Irish property is annually liable, will reduce his income to less than a third of that amount. Suppose him, then, governed by the deepest anxiety to benefit his country, the most overflowing tenderness of disposition, and the most unbounded generosity, how can he meet the demands pressing upon him, and answer the calls of justice? Now this is by no means universally the case with all our landed proprietors, but it is the case to an extent which produces an important influence over the country.

But suppose the circumstances more favourable, and that there is much to give—a rare case, indeed, amongst us. The extent to which beggary prevails is incredible. Really I am not prepared to say at what rank or class it stops; and I know that the means of some of the most benevolent, means that would perhaps cover the entire income of some of our smaller societies, are swallowed up in gifts or pensions to reduced gentry, half-gentry, and quarter-gentry; given not to support pride, or extravagance, or indolence, but to relieve present deep and bitter want, caused by great vanity and misconduct. I will sup-

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pose, however, a very favourable case. Suppose the owner of a property, worth £500. a-year, free from debt, and residing in the midst of his tenantry, to be converted; suppose his wife like-minded with himself, and, which does not always follow, an active and understanding housekeeper; suppose them to have retrenched their expenses within the possibilities of an Irish establishment,—what is required of them? To relieve the pressing wants of their tenantry; support widows and orphans; assist dispensaries; provide, themselves, medicines; assist to thatch and repair houses; find out employment, generally not remunerative, for idle hands; give clothes to crowds of half-naked women and children; build school-houses, pay teachers: and will they stop there? No; immediately they get what we call 'a great name,' misery pours in on them from all sides; if they are wise, they will at once shut their gates against common beggars; but the tenantry of an adjoining estate, the property of some liberal nobleman or Popish middleman, send forth their cry of hopeless misery; and can his heart be closed against them because they are not his tenants? No; the love of Christ constraineth him, and he opens wide his hand to his poor brother. He gives to the utmost limit Christian prudence will allow; and presently some object comes up, whose fearful destitution sets calculation at defiance; and rules are broken, and the wardrobe is robbed of articles that promised future economy, and the purse again opened against the judgment; and the distress of the moment is relieved. And at the end of the year he finds that, as a landlord and a parent, he cannot and must not encroach further; and with a grieved heart he gives a

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scanty pittance to a society which has his daily and nightly prayers. And some one then takes up the Report, and says, 'Really Mr. —— gives only ten shillings a-year to the Irish Society; he that professes so much regard for it; and I find, too, his school has received £5. from the Education Society, and he does not subscribe one penny. How scandalous!'

I must put another case—a very common one. A gentleman in good circumstances, fond of his family, his money and his ease, has a pious daughter; she casts her eyes around her, and sees a prospect of usefulness in establishing a school; her parents laugh at her folly, and close their pockets. She finds, however, that some society will assist her. She prevails on her father to give her a house, and promises not to encroach for more. In order to give something to encourage the children, her pocket-money is hoarded, and every personal indulgence denied; and when her father's carriage drives past, some person cries, 'What a shame for Miss —— to have her school supported by a society, while they are rolling in luxury!'

I have not mentioned the case of the clergy, as all must know how their resources are crippled. Their incomes have undergone a double reduction; first in the change from tithe to composition, where, in the majority of cases, very large reductions have been made; as from £650. to £500. Secondly, in the deduction of one-fourth, so that what was £650. is now £375; or, if we deduct £100. for curate, and charges on house, &c. which is rather a low average, his income is reduced from £550. to £275. And this at a time when the price of every thing has risen. These

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reductions are universal, except in the few cases where favourable compositions have been made, or where, as in the north, there are extensive glebes. But there is another which, though not universal, must be taken into the account. The church of Ireland never was rich, but many of her ministers were made so by unions and pluralities. These, thank God, have been done away, but in the division the real poverty of the church becomes apparent. Still the demand from schools, readers, beggars, institutions, and even poor relations, goes on; and he suffers an anguish resembling that which I have often witnessed, of a starving mother dragged at by a starving child, while the current that should have supplied its wants, and made the act of giving and receiving delightful to both, is dried up. I have spoken only of the higher benefices, the case of the smaller ones of course makes contributions from them still more impossible.

Ireland has not done her duty; Protestant Ireland has not done her duty; but when we proceed to say, that those in Ireland who profess to take up their cross and follow their Master, have not done their duty, we should pause before we reply. I will fill the pause by the admission that they have not, in a scriptural sense of the word, done their duty; but let him that is in this respect without sin first throw a stone at them. I fear that, on the important subject of giving, and the self-denial necessary to giving as Christians ought, we are, as a body, sadly deficient on both sides the Channel; but while, in Ireland, multitudes give to their power, yea, and *beyond* their power, will Christian England say, that because some professors (I use the word in its popular accep-

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tation) do not exercise the self-denial which they might and ought, but which few exercise any where; will they therefore leave those who are fainting under their burdens without assistance, or withdraw the gospel from places where there is none to maintain it, because some one else ought to do it? What is Christian charity but the stepping forward to do that which some one else ought to do, or to have done, but has neglected?

If there was no believer in Ireland, to put his hand to the work, ought not England to send her missionaries amongst us? and should she slack her hand because there may be found the lukewarm and the warm, as well as the devoted? Or, do those who say we have not done our duty, seriously expect that we should let our children run about barefoot, or feed our wives on potatoes and milk, in order to relieve the nakedness and starvation around us, before we are entitled to appeal to him that liveth in prosperity? I well know they do not; deeply and fully do I feel the debt of gratitude we owe to England. Her government, like Nabal, may have railed on us, as servants rebellious against the triple-crowned lord who reigns in Ireland; but amply have those "of good understanding" proved their love, and given abundantly "a blessing" to their brethren in the wilderness. But while I know that Satan is anxious to check the hand of charity, and to disgust our brethren with us, I feel it my duty to bring the matter to a point, and ask, Are a few Christians, who remain in Ireland, while multitudes are leaving us, carrying their wealth, time, talents, and their powers of usefulness elsewhere, to be left to bear the whole burden and heat of the day, or to be regarded as personal

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beggars, because we plead our country's cause, and open her wants? Would you wish us to conceal them? Or will you still continue to fulfil the apostolic precept: "I wish not that other men be eased and ye burdened; but by an equality your abundance may be a supply for their want, that their abundance may be a supply for your want, that there may be an equality."

Equality we neither seek nor desire. It is not to be expected that those not on the spot should sacrifice as much to relieve either temporal or spiritual want, as those who are looking upon the scenes of destitution; but I will boldly say, that if English professors gave to Irish objects as much out of every thousand they possess, as Irish professors give out of every hundred, the subscriptions would be more than ten times what they are. I do not ask them to do so; perhaps it would be too much to expect; but I wish to defend Irish Christians from the unjust and cruel charge of casting on their English brethren the burden of Irish charities, while they stand listlessly by, in self-indulgent luxury.

I need not, in conclusion, assure *you* that these lines have not been written in forgetfulness of, or ingratitude for the large debt we owe to Christian England; but the more deeply I feel the benefits conferred, the more do I tremble at even a whisper that threatens the withdrawal of those benefits.

H.

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"EVEN SO."

THE fundamental doctrine of our Lord and Saviour's essential deity has been so often vindicated from the aspersions of unbelievers, and so triumphantly placed in its true and glorious position before the eyes of the church, that it may seem presumptuous in a humble individual to aim at throwing any farther light upon a subject already so well elucidated. But, as the Saviour himself graciously accepted the widow's "two mites, which make a farthing," I may hope that Christian readers will not despise the following simple remarks, founded upon texts which I do not remember to have seen quoted on the subject.

The words which I have placed at the head of this page, occurring in three several passages of St. John's gospel, but always in the same connection of ideas, present to my own mind as full and unanswerable an argument in support of this all-important doctrine of Christianity, as the most elaborate portions of the epistles, or the plainest declarations of the prophets. A vast weight of heavenly meaning is often comprised in one or two words; and I hope to shew that it is so here.

"*As* the Father knoweth me, EVEN SO know I the Father." (John x. 15.) This is the first of the three passages where the idea presents itself to our view; and it is well worth our while to examine its real import.

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"*As* the Father knoweth me." Now, the Father Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth, the Omniscient Deity, must know all things divinely, perfectly, infinitely; and "EVEN so know I the Father." Creatures can know but a little of their Creator; finite can comprehend but a glimmering of infinity; but here is one in human form who knows God, the Eternal, Infinite, *even as* He knows him. Therefore he must know God (incomprehensible to human intellect) divinely, infinitely, perfectly; and, therefore, He must himself be God, or this would be impossible.

The second passage I have to notice occurs in John xv. 9: "*As* the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." Now the Father must love with a divine, infinite, perfect love. He loves not as the children of men love one another. There is no versatility, no caprice in his affection; for with him "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." And yet here is the declaration of the Saviour, that "*as* the Father" loved him,—give all the meaning we can to it, or rather believe it to be a kind of love far beyond our utmost conceptions,—"so have I loved you." Therefore he must love his people divinely, infinitely, perfectly, without "variableness or shadow of turning," and therefore he must himself be God, or this could not be.

Again we find these same words in John xx. 21: "*As* the Father hath sent me, EVEN so send I you." Now how does God send any messenger? With a divine, inalienable right of command; with an inherent and omnipotent authority; and thus "he sent his Son into the world," as to his humanity, though by the free consent of his deity. And the Son says,

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"EVEN SO send I you." That must be with the same divine, inalienable right of command, the same inherent and omnipotent authority as that with which the Father sent him; and therefore he must himself be God, or this would be impossible.

The infinite, perfect knowledge, then,—the infinite, unchanging love,—the inherent, omnipotent authority of Godhead, are all possessed by Christ, according to his own declaration. What a source of confusion to the deniers of his divinity, what a fountain of joy and comfort to his own people is here contained.

And let not any unbeliever decry the translation; it barely gives the power of the original. The word there used signifies *exactly conformable with—after the pattern of*—giving the idea of one thing being placed upon another, and cut out by its form.

The Christian, then, has no need to fear the cavils of the Socinian; we have here no fancy of the translator, but the plain meaning of Jesus' own words. Neither need he fear any foe, while the word standeth, that the Saviour loves his disciples with the same divine, infinite, perfect, invariable, changeless love wherewith the Father hath loved him.

A. F.

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Review of Books.

SPONSORS FOR THE POOR. ***By the Rev. Montague Hawtrey, M.A.*** **Hatchards.**

We place this little book at the head of our list with an anxious desire that it may attract the special notice of our Christian friends. The evil which drew it forth is one, the frightful nature and extent of which is much concealed from the observation of the better classes by that modern arrangement which transfers the solemn sacrament of baptism from the midst of our public services to the end; so that the events accompanying the administration of the rite are confined to the clergyman, the under officers of the church, and the parties applying for it. To a pious minister, the scenes that he is often compelled to witness in the performance of this his privileged duty, are heart-rending: we can attest that Mr. Hawtrey has given but a very faint outline of them. To obviate this frightful desecration of God's holy

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ordinance he has suggested a plan; and has supported that suggestion both by arguments and calculations, which, to say the least of them, are well worthy the most serious attention of Christian ministers and the communicants of their flock. We hail it with joy, as affording a hope, through the growing zeal and devotedness of the Lord's people, that many who now sigh and cry for the abominations that be done, will put forth a vigorous effort for their extinction. We give no particulars, because the book, which may be read through in half an hour, speaks for itself more effectually than we can do for it. We merely state our conviction that such a system, once introduced and acted upon in a Christian community, would more than justify the hopes expressed by its pious and benevolent proposer.

PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY VINDICATED, *and National Regeneration, through the instrumentality of National Religion, urged; in a series of letters to the Corporation of Dublin. By the Rev. T. D. Gregg, A.M.* Bleakley, Dublin; Groombridge, London.

THE attempt which in each successive session of parliament is renewed, to wrest the municipal institutions of Ireland from her Protestant sons, and to deliver over to the Romish priesthood and their ready instruments the whole of that extensive and powerful machinery, has called forth, as it ought to do, a mighty re-action, which will work for good in some way, even should the cruel, unjust, and treacherous outrage be perpetrated by those who have the per-

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mitted power so to do, and who do not fear to brave the consequences of so abusing that power. Among other good things elicited by this evil device, we have a series of letters from the Rev. T. D. Gregg, who, in his capacity of chaplain to one of the corporations, has taken up the subject and treated it with great power. The utter hopelessness of legislating upon any other than Christian principles is insisted on with the characteristic energy of the writer, and the antichristian character of Popery most clearly exhibited. These letters have produced a considerable awakening already among some of the too quiescent bodies of Protestants in Ireland; and we hope their publication in a volume will extend their usefulnesss.

THE LIFE OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD, *King of Great Britain and Ireland, Stadtholder of Holland, Prince of Orange, &c. &c. By John Ryan, Esq., M.R.S.L., Author of the 'History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow,' 'An Inquiry into the Nature and Effects of Popery,' 'A Letter to the Protestants of Ireland,' &c. &c.* Grant and Bolton, Dublin.

In an admirable preface Mr. Ryan tells a plain unvarnished tale of the plentiful crops of nettles that poor Ireland, and poor England, too, had been already compelled to reap, up to January, 1836, from the sowing of 1829. What a harvest time we have subsequently enjoyed to this present period, 1840! And, alas, how the budding promises of a more abundant crop are multiplying in every corner of the soil! Truly does he say, after remarking on the triumphs

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achieved by the enemy through that wicked bill, that 'to the other body now belongs the mortifying consolation arising from the fact, that the justness of their opinion is fully established, their prognostications completely verified, that, in a word, their opponents have, undeniably, perpetrated, perhaps the most pernicious act of legislature to be found on record since the epoch of 1688.' He might have drawn his pen through the word 'perhaps.' The description of the *neutrals* is but too just: that Laodicean body does more harm than the red-hot opponents of Protestantism can effect; but coming events will soon startle them out of their lethargy.

Of the history itself, thus prefaced, we need only remark, that it abounds with interesting details principally relating to the great struggle in Ireland, but embracing also the whole of the monarch's triumphant career, who was raised up of God to 'deliver this realm from Papistrie,' as the pious young Edward expressed it in his dying prayer. Many particulars are related, drawn from authentic sources, which to the readers of our common English histories will be equally new as instructive. Mr. Ryan writes like a man who knows his own principles, and is neither afraid nor ashamed to avow them. This is what we like; and, though it be but of Protestantism in its political character that he, in common with other historians, treats, such books are of high value in a library. Nothing has more tended to deteriorate the quality of our patriotism than the 'liberal' style in which men have ostentatiously written the history of past struggles. Any deviation from such a meandering track into the straight path of consistency, falsely denounced as party spirit, must produce good.

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incomplete as to forming the character of woman in her own proper sphere of domestic usefulness. We regard the present as a sequel, and richly calculated to aid our sex in putting on the adornments which shone so brightly on 'holy women of old.' Spiritual duties are first and forcibly insisted on; then the fruits to be looked for from the exercise of habitual faith and prayer, in the various duties of home; and all appropriate works of benevolence. It is a most engaging volume, interspersed with several sweet pieces of poetry.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES AND GEORGE MACDONALD, *of Port Glasgow. By Robert Norton, M.D.* Shaw.

We are always reluctant to take up the pen for the purpose of condemning books. Our plan is to read what we can out of the multitude submitted, and to notice such as we deem most useful, passing others by. Nothing is more disgusting than the discharges of spleen, conceit, malice, and not unfrequently of envy, which the riflemen of the press fire off from their ambuscade in the form of criticisms against brethren or sisters of the pen, seeking to demolish books which they never could have written, and on which they are not competent to sit in judgment. In the present instance we feel compelled to warn our readers that the work before us is a strenuous effort to revive the delusion that so troubled the church some ten years since, on the subject of miraculous gifts. It is intended to illustrate a work that preceded it, called 'Neglected Truths,' and to prove that the Macdonalds were actually endowed from on

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high with the spirit of prophecy, and the power of speaking an unintelligible language. The title of Irvingites is disclaimed by their biographer, for himself and for them; but when we find the whole party avowing and justifying the blasphemous heresy concerning our Lord's human nature, which caused the church of Scotland to eject Mr. Irving, we must number them with those who were deluded to believe a lie of Satan's forging, and honestly apprize our readers of the tendency of these books.

It is a very common, a very dangerous plan, to take up and purchase a religious work, as a gift to a young friend, and to bestow it without farther investigation; or to leave it within the reach of unguarded inquirers. Every passing day renders caution as to books more imperatively a duty; for many are the snares that the enemy of souls induces even God's children unwittingly to assist him in weaving or spreading.

We have seen with much pleasure the first part of a publication, entitled 'The Union Harmonist, a Selection of Sacred Music,' brought out by the Sunday-School Union in Paternoster-row. It affords at a remarkably moderate price, 24 beautifully-printed pages of sacred music, on very superior paper, and harmonized for several voices. A musical friend, taking it up from our table, expressed so much admiration at the design and execution of the work, that we feel bound to record the recommendation of a more competent judge than ourselves. By all means would we encourage sacred harmony, being decidedly of Martin Luther's opinion that in such case, 'The Devil hates music.'

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THE PROTESTANT.

AN INVITATION TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

A SUBJECT has lately engrossed much of my thoughts, which I desire to bring before the Christian ladies of the land, as one peculiarly important to them. Simply as females, it nearly concerns them every one: as sisters, wives, mothers, it is of thrilling moment; and as Christian members of a community, as being among the lights of the world, the salt of the earth, patterns of good works, and exemplars to those in humbler life, they stand engaged before God not to neglect what appears at this juncture their peculiar calling.

It has pleased the Lord to set over us, on the throne of these realms, a female monarch; youthful, and consequently inexperienced; confiding; therefore open to receive impressions from the opinions and actions of those around her. It has also pleased the Lord, in his inscrutable wisdom, to permit Satan at this time to raise up among us a system, which, in point of moral atrocity, actually outdoes all that we have ever heard of among the most abandoned of barbarous heathen nations; a moral atrocity springing from what is not merely a negative atheism, a disbelief in the existence of Deity, but such a raging hatred of the very name of God, such an active, rest-

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less, insatiable madness of blasphemy continually foaming out against the Holy One, and against his revealed word, that I verily believe there is not a devil in hell who would DARE to utter what is poured forth daily, hourly, openly by the pen and the lip of the *Socialist*.

It is wholly out of the question to enter into particulars: suffice it to say that the writer of these pages, supposing it to be only a common form of infidelity, conceived not long ago the project of supplying a few tracts for the poor, to guard them from such stupid delusion. As a necessary preliminary, some of their publications must be examined—two or three were obtained for that purpose, and the investigation commenced. In less than two minutes after opening the book that was first taken up, that book was blazing on the fire; and though the few lines that had been seen left a heart-sickening horror on the mind for many a day, and troubled the rest of many a subsequent night, the reader of them was positively assured that what had met her eye was nothing compared with the contents of several leaves that had been purposely cut out before the atrocious thing was suffered to come under her observation. Of all the fiery darts to which the Christian soul can be exposed, the most agonizing are those which come in the form of blasphemous and diabolical thoughts: who, that fears God, would venture to invite them by reading books dictated by Satan himself for that express purpose? Who shall dare to tempt and insult the Most High God, and to grieve the Holy Spirit of grace, by offering his mind as a mirror to reflect the face of Satan, his memory as a reservoir to receive the arch-fiend's defiling sugges-

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tions? No: Socialism cannot be written against, because it cannot be read without committing presumptuous sin: it must be otherwise dealt with; and may the Lord our God graciously prosper an attempt to grapple with this Apollyon without contracting the pollution of his touch!

If it were a matter referring only to such a class of females as the readers of this Magazine, the evil would not be so awfully great, nor the urgency so crying. But, alas! the humbler ranks of society lie open and exposed to the full effects of this most frightful malaria. Incredible as may appear the fact, yet a fact it is, that the lectures of these wretched deceivers draw a crowded audience of women to listen to what ought to kindle the most burning indignation in every female bosom—for it is a cause where woman may to almost any extent "be angry," and yet "sin not." Keeping aloof from the still more dreadful branches of the subject, at the head of which stands unparalleled blasphemy, the ground on which every female should instantly take a position of active determined resistance is this:—The main plan of the foul device, as regards us in our natural and social relationships.

What is the plan? First, wholly to abolish marriage; to render the contract between the two persons binding just so long as both of them shall please to have it so, and not one moment longer. In other words, to remove every shadow of restriction of every kind whatever, not leaving even a form of contract, nor any obligation that can bind either party for a single day. Matrons of England! consider this.

Secondly, to take every child away from its mother at the time of its birth, admitting no possible mode

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of after recognition, either as to its filial or fraternal ties, and to commit the infants to persons appointed for the charge, who shall nourish them like a promiscuous litter of pigs, and subsequently train them like a kennel of young hounds, to pursue in after years the same plan as that to which they owed their wretched existence, as chance and fancy may dictate. Mothers, sisters, daughters! does not this curdle the blood in your veins?

Thirdly, and as a matter of course, to do away with that sacred and endearing thing—home. Every man's abode, equally with every man's wife, daughter, sister, mother, will be every man's property. All domestic duties and occupations must merge in the grand principle of SOCIALISM, and whatsoever partakes of individual proprietorship must utterly vanish. There is to be no separate dwelling, no husband, no wife, no parent, no child, no brother, no sister, no neighbour, no friend, no pastor, NO GOD.

'And can it be possible that such a project has really entered the mind of a man, in this age and in this country?' It has not only been projected, but is at this day carried into effect, not by one man, but by very many thousands of men and women in London, in Liverpool, in Birmingham, in all our towns, and in almost all our villages. Hundreds of thousands of books and tracts, with several newspapers, the circulation of which is immense, issue from their presses; hundreds of acres of English soil are purchased and contracted for, to erect the necessary buildings—the *nurseries for infants* already born, or about to be so, of parents who have wilfully reduced themselves below the level of the brute creation, and who are eager to prove their vast inferiority, by fling-

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ing from them their helpless young into these promiscuous styes. Hundreds of rooms re-echo every night, but more particularly on the sabbath, to such blasphemies as were never before heard, and such obscenity as the human mind never before conceived, while crowds of English females applaud them. And the master-mind that produced this plan, the chosen vicegerent, ambassador, and representative of Satan in England, the fountain-head of all the blasphemy and obscenity alluded to, the abolisher of marriage, the render of babes from the maternal bosom; the man who personally hurls defiance in the face of God, and opens the floodgates of obloquy and filthy reviling upon Jesus Christ, and habitually teaches our countrymen, countrywomen, and little children to blaspheme the Holy Ghost,—this man has been taken by the hand by Lord Viscount Melbourne, Prime Minister of England, and in full levee formally presented to our Queen Victoria, to lay at her royal feet A STATEMENT OF HIS PRINCIPLES AND PLANS, and humbly to beseech her Majesty's sanction for carrying them into effect!

This is our position, Christian ladies of England: Lord Melbourne, compelled by the Bishop of Exeter, has, in his place in Parliament, regretted, as very inconsiderate, the above-named act; and Lord Normanby, also compelled by the unanimous voice of the House of Peers, has issued an official notice to the county magistrates to watch the progress of the society: but the evil is done, the plague is spreading, and the royal sanction, once given, is still pleaded and gloried in by the destroyers of your people. I now call on you, in the name of our God, and of all the blessings that our God has showered down on us,

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to utter, each in her own place, and with full purpose of heart, the words, 'This shall not be.'

'It cannot be, unless you connive at it: it cannot be, if you quietly meet, each with a few friends, under your pastor, or other suitable person, and agree to an address to our beloved young Queen, as the natural, the divinely appointed guardian of our national morals, and upholder of the Christian religion among us; and having so agreed, provide yourselves with skins of parchment, affix at full length the name and residence of every female who will sign it, and forward to London the signatures so given, to be attached to the original address, unless you prefer adopting a parochial, or other address, of your own: and if also you make such inquiries as shall enable you to refrain from employing in any capacity whatever any man or woman who is known to have joined this horrible community; refusing even to speak to such a one, save in the language of Christian admonition, rebuke, and entreaty. It cannot be; if thus every virtuous woman in England, without distinction of party, creed or station, will openly shew herself opposed to this diabolical confederacy, making it, moreover, a rule, when any man of her own rank in life, known to favor the blasphemous abomination enters a room where she is, instantly to quit it, as though he brought the physical equally with the moral plague in his person; and thus, by methods perfectly becoming our sex and condition, we glorify God by manifesting our abhorrence of his blasphemers, and our country's destroyers.

Appendid to this appeal, is a sketch of an address to which, if the objection be taken that it is not so spiritual as some might expect or desire, the reply is

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this: we take up the most general ground in order that no female professing to believe in a divine revelation, and claiming to share the privileges which that revelation confers on every child of Adam, may be excluded or deterred from thus making known her sense of the outrageous wrong inflicted on the sex, by these foul demoralizers of every principle and destroyers of every tie that binds the human family together. Pious ladies will doubtless take the lead; pious females of every grade will be foremost in responding to the call; but who, of any class or of any creed, can hold back from joining in such a remonstrance, that bears the name and wears the nature of WOMAN?

That the occasion is pressing, the evil at our very doors is manifest in this—even while I am writing, London is placarded with notices that Owen is to deliver three Lectures in defence of Socialism in the course of the ensuing week, at the room of the Mechanic's Institute, in the very centre of the metropolis. Can this be borne? Existing laws, it would appear, are insufficient to prevent this monster of wickedness from spreading his pestilential doctrines. The Queen has power to call for special enactments at the hand of her parliament; and surely unborn thousands will call us blessed, if we move our royal mistress, thus to interpose on their behalf and our own.

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AN ADDRESS

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

We, the undersigned women of England, placed by divine Providence under the sway of the British sceptre which God has committed to your Majesty's hand, most humbly beg leave to make known to our beloved Sovereign the grievance that oppresses us in common with the whole female population of the realm.

A community has been formed, under the auspices of certain evil-disposed, ungodly and immoral men, who are disseminating on every side, and by every means, throughout your majesty's dominions a system the basis of which is an utter denial of the existence of the Supreme Being, an avowed hostility to every revealed truth, and a consequent desire to re-model the frame of society in diametrical opposition to every recognized principle, not only of revealed but also of natural religion; and, so far as may be, of nature itself.

In furtherance of this nefarious project, its authors have not hesitated to abolish, for their own part, the institution of marriage, leading your majesty's female subjects into a state of degradation for which no civilized country upon earth affords a parallel; and the farther to extend this reign of unbridled licentiousness, they scruple not to sever the tie of parental love which even the brute creation universally respect; to tear from its mother's arms the new-born infant, and by rearing all the children in one promiscuous, indistinguishable mass, to lay the foundation of crimes too

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revolting to pain your majesty's chaste ear by even an allusion to them.

Despite the efforts of right-minded men to check the spread of this fearful novelty, many thousands of your majesty's unwary subjects are already enrolled as members of the body, under the distinctive name of Socialists; and we behold with anguish numbers of our own sex daily falling into the destroying snare.

We therefore appeal to your majesty, who have recently added your royal personal sanction to the hallowed institution of marriage by entering into that state—wherein may it please God to crown your majesty and your royal partner with all the blessings of which these evil-minded men would despoil us!—We appeal to your majesty, beseeching you to extend the shield of your royal protection over us, and by such vigorous measures as the wisdom of your majesty's councillors may see good to devise, to place a barrier that shall at once stay the progress of these desolating evils, deliver us from our fears, and this fair realm of England from a blot which, if permitted to rest upon her, will make her a scorn and a detestation to God and man.

And we, your majesty's loyal subjects will ever most gratefully remember and appreciate a deliverance wrought out for us, through the hand of our beloved Queen.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

X.

On the following evening the widow watched with much more than her wonted solicitude the countenance of poor Helen on her return from the scene of trial. It was pallid, downcast, and sad, expressive of calm resignation, such as had ever been its aspect under the few clouds of sorrow that had crossed her peaceful path. When alone, the old woman eagerly questioned her as to the reception she met in the work-room.

'Something different from what I expected, granny; for it did not occur to me that Phœbe would tell a downright falsehood, because there was nobody but me to contradict her. She made them believe that I had been put to shame before the whole family, adding that of course I would deny it. I saw it would

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be useless to do so, and therefore only told her privately there was One to judge between us, who had declared he would put the lying lips to silence. After that, I bore without speaking all their mocks and reproaches. I felt that I was too helpless to vindicate the holy cause of religion which they were attacking through me: so I secretly committed it to God, and myself too; beseeching him to clear my character so far as the evil they spoke of me affected his name and glory.'

'And did no one take your part, my poor child?'

'There is not much feeling in a mill, dear granny. You have often told us that sin hardens the heart, and it is too true. All the labourers there do not perhaps join in open wickedness, but they see and hear so much of it, that without they have the fear and love of God in them, they are like the giddy children down in our own dear place at home, playing among the newly-tarred fishing boats, as I have often seen; reminding me when I looked at their smeared skins of the text, "Who can touch pitch and not be defiled?" So it is with the factory children.'

'But, surely some of them must know right from wrong?'

'If they have been taught to do so, they either forget it or cease to regard the difference. The truth is, if I was as bad as they would make me out, and ten times worse, it would not bring on me any ill-will. It is my trying to keep myself unspotted from that wicked little world, granny, and refusing to partake in their sins, that makes them spiteful. It is not me they hate, but the holiness which I strive to follow, because without it I shall not see the Lord.'

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'Follow it still, my Helen, for he who has called you to do so will most certainly give you the needful power. Is not his word full of precious promises to that effect?'

'Indeed, dear granny, indeed it is! I doubt whether in all your long life you found them so precious as I did to day, when trying to "keep my mouth as it were with a bridle;" and the more I felt the comfort and support of God's presence, the more my heart bled for the poor ignorant desperate creatures about me, whom Satan was leading captive at his will. I could not be angry with them, if I had tried. Oh, it is a dreadful thing to see so many poor children given up to learn all manner of wickedness, with nobody to care for their souls! I would not be a mill-owner, granny; no, not for the worth of all the manufactures in England. I could have fallen on my knees in the midst of that crowded room to bless God that I was a poor despised factory-girl, and not an employer. Aye, and I would almost sooner be the worst among those wretched characters, with none to teach or guide me, than the person who, with knowledge and opportunities, and A BIBLE IN HIS HOUSE, has to answer to God for letting those souls perish, while their poor bodies are worn out by hard and cruel labour to swell his unholy gains!'

The girl's cheek beamed with the hectic flush of indignation as she vehemently uttered these words. Her own wrongs moved her not as the deeper injuries inflicted on her persecutors moved her. She paused but for a moment, and then resumed.

'Mr. Z. I know has daughters growing up: would he send them among us for an hour every day? Not he. He knows too well that their health would be

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destroyed by staying even so long in the heat, the steam, the stench and the dust of rooms, where we are pent up from early morning to late night; and he knows that they would never again be let into respectable society if they were supposed to hear the vile, filthy talk that his poor labourers use, and the men he sets over them encourage, and which he never dreams of checking, either by his own presence, or by setting any moral, not to say religious person, to watch them. I wonder if Mr. Z. thinks there are two heavens, one for masters, another for slaves; or how he expects to escape the reproaches of his victims, if both should meet in the place where God has declared that the covetous as well as the abominable shall go!'

'Helen, my love,' said the widow, who trembled at the picture placed before her, 'let us drop this fearful subject for to-night. We, who have for ourselves strong consolation, having fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us in the gospel, will now intercede for the unhappy beings of whom you speak. All mill-owners are not alike: some pious and humane men may be found among them, and God can increase the number. Let us pray him so to do.'

Helen was soon wrapped in the heavy slumber induced by over-exertion; while the aged woman gazed on her flushed cheeks, and watched the catching of her unequal breath, with sorrow embittered by self-reproach. She then stole to the couch where Willy and James reposed, the former apparently disturbed by some irritating dream, his knitted brow, curled lip, and the soiled fist that lay clenched on the pillow presenting a strange contrast to the corpse-

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like beauty of his brother's tranquil countenance, pale as the snow-drop, unruffled and serene; and the delicate hand that rested on a little hymn-book, Richard's parting gift, which James treasured above all earthly things except his Bible. Beside this bed the widow knelt and prayed and wept; and then repaired to Mary's little mattress, with a caution that proved needless, for Mary was awake. In answer to the inquiry whether any thing ailed her, she said, 'No; but I heard a fine speech from Helen, and could not sleep for thinking about it. She spoke so loud, I heard every word; and I only wish Mr. Z. had heard it too. But, granny, what have they been doing to Helen? I don't wonder at their teasing me, who often provoke them; but she is so quiet, and good, and wise, what fault do they find with her? Oh, I can tell, myself. It is because being quiet and good and wise are faults in a mill. Miss Phœbe Wright is just a pattern there, and our sweet Helen a disgrace.'

'Remember, Mary, that poor Phœbe is as nearly related to me as you are.'

'So much the worse for her; she is the more bound to take example by you, and to follow your good advice, granny; but instead of that she tries to set us against you, and to make us ashamed of being obedient. She flattered me, and would have soon made me unkind to Helen, only I found her out in time, and all by means of my poor child.'

'Your child!'

'Yes, my little scavenger Katy,' said Mary, rising in the bed, and settling her night-cap with a consequential air. 'Sit down here, granny, and I will tell you something that will put you in a rage.'

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'Fie, Mary, how often have I blamed you for that expression.'

'Well, then, something to shock you. Lean down, granny, to rest your dear back, or I can't talk comfortably,' added the affectionate child, 'for I am sure you have enough to tire you, inside and out.' Then throwing her arms round the neck of the old woman, she added, 'No; nobody shall ever make me undutiful, or ungrateful, or unkind to you, my dear, fond granny!'

Nobody could long look cold on little Mary; she was so ardent, so open, so straightforward; and withal so loving to those who possessed her regard, that it was difficult to throw a rein on her impetuosity, whatever direction it might take. The poor widow felt that some attempt had been made to alienate this warm heart from her, and that its failure had produced a corresponding reaction in her favour. Inwardly rejoicing at this, she returned the embrace, and expressed her readiness to hear whatever Mary had to communicate.

'You know all about Kate Malony, dear granny; that is, all that I knew: but now it comes out her father is in a consumption, and can't work a hand's turn; and little Katy's small earnings is all they have in the world to keep them alive. A half-penny to buy a sup of milk, as she calls it, for her father, is a great matter to Katy; and Phœbe who has more money than she comes by honestly—oh, don't look so displeased, granny; I only say what every body else says—Phœbe has given Katy a half-penny now and then of late, till the poor child, and I too, thought her a great friend to her. Well, at last Phœbe tried to put it into my head to be envious of Helen, saying how rich my little Katy and her father would think

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themselves if they had half or a quarter of what you bestow, as she says, on a proud stranger; and often she pointed out poor starving objects, all in tatters, and said, what false charity it is to keep one beggar like a lady, and let so many want a morsel to eat or a rag to cover them.'

'And did she really say all this to you?'

'Not all at once: she dropped the remarks somehow, in a way that prevented my taking fright at them, and I think she would have brought me round, only she let it out to Katy, by giving her money, and telling her if she would help to set me against Helen, and get me to plague you, she would give her more. So Katy, not knowing what to think, asked me to-day what sort of a granny I had; and then I told her how you had been both mother and father, and every thing to us, and to poor Helen, whose father was drowned, and her mother and the little baby died of grief, and left her to depend on strangers. Then Katy began to cry, and said, "Musha! Miss Mary dear, is it me that shall speak the bad word to set you against the blessed woman?" And so she told me all; and, granny, I could not sleep for thinking how wicked Phœbe is; and I heard Helen speaking loud and laying the blame on the people who wont teach the poor factory children any better. I think she is right; for if they pay us to stop away from our own homes and work for them, they ought to take care we are not taught wickedness at the mills. Instead of that, granny, the very worst mark you can have on you there is to seem not quite so bad as the rest.'

The widow stifled the anguish of her spirit at this new evidence of the horrors to which she had unwit-

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tingly exposed her sacred charge. She talked earnestly to Mary, directing her anew to the source of all wisdom and the only anchor of safety. She represented to her the great responsibility resulting from a scriptural education; the blessing that she might become, as a little leaven in a lump where leaven was rarely found. She ended with a short prayer, and left the warm-hearted child composed to sleep.

But what a tumult of distressing thoughts crowded on her own mind! No way of escape appeared, but escape, she thought, they must, from such a scene of depravity. Again she summed up her expenditure, balancing it against her slender means, and ended by resolving to take on the morrow a decided step towards that reduction which must precede any attempts at removing even one of the children. Accordingly she communicated to the landlord her purpose of seeking a more humble abode, and he, commending her prudence, told her of one where she would be at very little cost; in a large house, partly dilapidated and marked for pulling down, the rooms in which were, in the interim, let out to families such as hers; and she might procure a good one for half the price she paid him. Objections presented themselves, but necessity overruled them, and as her landlord had just had the offer of a good permanent tenant to succeed her, he readily forgave a week's notice, and expedited the removal. The evening of the second day after this, found the family for the first time in their lives restrained to a single apartment, large, sombre, dreary-looking, with a little rusty stove standing alone in the midst of a spacious fire-place, whence the proper fittings had been removed, leaving a black, broken chasm, down which the wind threat-

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ened to rush unimpeded. But the bleak season was still far off; and the poor widow resolved to let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. As yet she was not in debt; she had taken a step towards avoiding it; and, as the two crazy bedsteads were a real bargain, and the four ricketty chairs lent by the new landlord, and the small table picked up with the bedsteads at a broker's sale for next to nothing, she had really cause to congratulate herself, while unpacking and arranging her own bedding, and other remnants of the cottage furniture.

James praised every thing, as though they had taken up a superior abode; and when the others rushed in from the mills, even the dark old walls seemed to smile with the reflection of their happy faces; for particularly happy they must needs look, to satisfy dear granny they felt no privation in the change.

A few questions privately put to Helen and Mary convinced the widow that matters were proceeding from bad to worse in the mill. The former admitted that she was unceasingly harassed; the latter betrayed the fact of having, in spite of all admonitory cautions, embroiled herself to a great extent in defending Katy from the ill-nature stirred up by Phœbe, to whom the little girl had returned the princely bribe of three half-pence, with a simple speech, the purport of which was suggested by Mary, setting forth that she would not sell her conscience or her friend. This procured for the little orator a slap in the face; and when Mary flew to interfere, she was saluted by the title of 'granny,' and complimented on so soon following the old lady's example, by taking a beggar under her protection, and teaching her to

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talk cant. The laugh was against her; and this galled her more than severe persecution could have done. The spinner too had joined in it; and however trifling in itself, the widow plainly saw the beginnings of great harm to Mary.

'What can possibly make Phœbe so spiteful against us?' asked the little girl. 'It must be the same feeling that made Cain slay Abel, "because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."'

The widow was silent; she felt that so it must be: he that is born after the flesh is ever disposed to persecute him that is born after the Spirit; and where the restraints of education and refinement are wanting, this inclination will shew itself, particularly where godliness, with the powerful though silent eloquence of a holy walk rebukes vice and profanity. Phœbe was evidently a depraved character; such, alas! are to be found in every place; but Phœbe was placed in a sphere where multitudes united to discountenance virtue, while none interposed the powerful check of authority or influence to uphold even an outward decorum of manners. The voice of reproof is an abomination to the scorner; it will not be brooked in a community of scorners, unless backed by something tending to overawe their unruly spirits. The system, the factory system, under which Phœbe Wright had imbibed the peculiar wickedness that now pervaded her character, also fed the evil, guarded it, and armed it with power to wound whatever excited its enmity. The factory system surrounded her with associates, by whom she had been encouraged in the ways of daring sin, and who were in turn encouraged by her to unite against any one whose uprightness of principle should tacitly con-

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demn them. A few there were, whose souls loathed the scenes that hourly vexed them; but what could they do? Silent endurance was their only refuge; and even this was enough to subject them to ill-will, unless they either feigned excess of stupidity, or baffled suspicion by pretending to be like the rest.

Excluded from the free air, and almost from the pure light of day; shut up into an atmosphere polluted by clouds of fœtid breath, and all the sickening exhalations of a crowded human mass, whose unwashed, overworked bodies were also in many cases diseased, and by the suffocating dust that rose on every side; relaxed by an intensity of artificial heat which their constitutions were never framed to encounter in the temperate clime which God had placed them; doubly fevered, doubly debilitated, by excessive toil, not measured by human capacity to sustain it, but by the power of machinery obeying an inexhaustible impetus; badly clothed, wretchedly fed, and exposed moreover to fasts of unnatural length even from that miserable fare; who can marvel if, under such a system, the robust adult speedily acquires a sickly habit of body, and a morbid state of feeling, leading at once to most awful perversion of mind and corruption of morals? But it is not of adults we are called to speak, it is of children, young, tender, growing children, who require a double portion of rest, refreshment, liberty for the body, and of watchful diligence to direct and guide the mind. If, "Train up a child in the way he should go," be a precept that God himself has vouchsafed to give, as the preliminary to an upright walk through life, oh who could marvel though the little ones so fearfully forced into every way in which they should not go,

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became in riper years incarnate fiends! The child's stomach, unfitted for long abstinence, and delicately susceptible of injury, becomes doubly disordered by the privation of food and the impurities that find their way into the system from that noxious atmosphere: it loses all desire of wholesome diet, and craves the exciting draught that shall lend a transient stimulus to the frame unstrung by toil, and chilled by sudden transition from the heated pandemonium of the mill to the raw keen air of night; the poor little victim who reels from exhaustion as it enters the gin-shop, reels thence a drunkard.

Such, with its accompaniments of nameless evils, had been the school into which in early childhood the Wrights were entered: the ill-usage of a savage overlooker had shortened Sarah's term of suffering, and unintentionally interposed between her and the career of vice that Phœbe remained to engage in. On the system, the vile, the cruel, the body and soul-murdering system of factory labour, we cannot charge the innate depravity of the human heart; but we do denounce it as being in itself a foul fruit of that depravity under its hateful form of covetousness, and of being in turn the prolific root of every ill that can unhumanize man, and render an enlightened Christian country the mark of God's most just and holy indignation, provoking him even to blot its place and name from among the nations of the earth.

Impressed with forebodings resulting from the comparatively few discoveries that she had made, and accustomed to obtain a kind if not a respectful hearing whenever she sought counsel or aid of those in a superior rank of life, the widow Green resolved on making known her grievance to the person with

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whom she had concluded the bargain that had sorely disappointed her. 'It may be,' thought she, 'that want of faithfulness in representing to these people the extent of evils which perhaps they do not suspect, is a part of the cause of their continuance. At least, I will try; and if justice is not to be had from the agent, the employers must be appealed to.'

She chose what appeared the best hour, to avoid interrupting business, and with a throbbing heart, but a calm countenance, and quiet respectful deportment, presented herself before the desk of Mr. M.'

'Well, good woman, what's your business? Have you any younger hands than your own seeking employ?'

'No, sir; I am the widow Green, who came to you on that errand some weeks back.'

'Widow Green, Brown, Black, or White, do you think I have a memory for all the colours that pass before me every day? Once more, what's your business?'

The widow was persuaded that he did remember her; and that the discouragingly rude tone was meant to check her communication. She, however, proceeded,

'I came, sir, from the village of L. with a letter to Mr. Z. from a particular friend of his; and in that book is the entry made by you of Helen Fleetwood and Mary Green, as labourers in your mill.'

'Ay, I remember something of it now: so you want to put in the boy, you so absurdly kept back. Come; the particulars as quick as you can.' He opened the ledger, and dipped the pen, with an expectant, impatient look.

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'I am not come to enter the boy, sir, but to acquaint you with some particulars as to the treatment of the girls, which you ought to know'——the violence with which the open pages were slapped together again, made her start and stammer; and before she could recover her breath the agent broke into a vehement strain of reprimand,—

'What the deuce, woman, do you think I sit here to be pestered with long saws from an old fool like you, because a couple of mawkish parish girls are not treated like countesses in the mill! I guessed as much from the airs you all sported when here before. I thought we should soon have a whine; but make yourself easy as to any thing you will get by it; and take my advice not to provoke, by impertinent intrusions of this sort, something more disagreeable than you or they have calculated on.'

Shocked and stunned at the commencement of this ebullition, the old woman recovered her resolution by the time Mr. M. came to a close, and with more firmness and spirit than she had yet exhibited, she retorted, 'If these were the plantations, and my children slaves, such language might, or rather must be borne; but, sir, we are in England, and thanks to the laws of this free country, the man who would not be withheld by the fear of God from oppressing his hireling, must render justice, or pay the penalty of breaking these laws.'

'Well argued, I protest,' said the agent in a jeering way. 'But, my dear ma'am, there are other contracts, even in this free country, besides that of holy matrimony, where certain parties having taken each other for better for worse, must abide by the bargain, nolens volens; and learned as you are in the laws,

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you are doubtless acquainted that such is the case in the matter before us, ma'am.'

Doubly indignant at the scoffing manner of the unfeeling man, she quickly rejoined, 'Do you never discard your work-people if they break their part of the contract, and prove idle, disorderly, useless incumbrances?'

'We have means to prevent their being so,' returned Mr. M. drily, and with a knowing nod.

'Yes, you have means to force from your poor little labourers the full measure of toil, and to terrify them into submission, but I have yet to learn that there is no redress for them when writhing under cruelty and wrong.'

'You are in a good school for learning many things you don't yet know, my old lass; but be pleased to walk off; for I have thrown away too much time already.'

'Yet, sir, hear what I have to say, I beseech you. My intention is not to offend, but to tell you of things that I am sure you cannot be aware of, or they would not be suffered to exist.'

'Stuff and nonsense! Things can't go on to please every body; and least of all, I trow, to please all the grandmothers of some thousands of children. Once more, you must be off.'

'Then, sir, I will certainly go to Mr. Z.'

'Do so.'

'And I will use the advantage that his friend's introduction affords me.'

'By all means.'

'And I must report to him the uncivil reception you have given me.'

'Ah, don't be cruel! Think what will become of

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me, if I am turned out of my respectable situation, and sent to the mill—perhaps to the tread-mill.'

A suppressed laugh from behind a slight partition extending along the side of the desk, apprized the widow that others were enjoying the ridicule to which she was subjected. Her heart sank; and as she passed the door-way, tears gushed from her eyes. 'I have been too hasty,' she mentally said; 'I have not preserved the meekness that becomes a Christian. I will go at once to Mr. Z. and plead with him in a better spirit, the Lord helping me. I know he is a father, and he must feel; I know he is a gentleman, and he will not mock a poor old woman for appealing to his heart and conscience, on behalf of two helpless orphans. Yes, I will forget the man's affronts, and give the master no room to upbraid me.'

A few minutes' walk brought her to the door; and on inquiring for Mr. Z. she was ushered into his presence.

C. E.

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ESSAY ON

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE REV. DANIEL BAGOT, B.D., OF EDINBURGH.

III.—The Saviour's Companions.

"And behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias, talking with him."

It is written of our blessed Redeemer, under the title of Wisdom, in the eighth chapter of the book of Proverbs, "that his delights are with the sons of men." And this is no idle boast: for, oh! what innumerable proofs has our merciful Saviour given to his people, that such is the feeling that continually dwells and reigns within his breast. His delight hath been to sustain poverty, and suffering, and death, in their behalf! His delight is now to intercede for them at the right hand of his Father! to make them kings and priests, and to confer upon them the rich and precious blessings of his salvation! to exalt them to his throne, and make them sharers of his glory and joy! In the account of his Transfiguration we have a proof of this. His immediate ministers and associates in glory were not angels, but men. Whilst three of his disciples were permitted to be the privileged spectators of this splendid

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exhibition, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias, clothed in the same garments of light and immortality, and enjoying the high distinction of conversing with the Son of God. We have here a specimen of humanity in every form: in connection with weakness and sin, in Peter, James, and John; in connection with Deity, in the Saviour; and in connection with glory, in Moses and Elias.

These two eminent saints appeared on this occasion as the types and representatives of the future glorified church of the Redeemer:—the one, as the type of those who shall be raised from the sleep of death at the last trumpet's sound; and the other, of the quick who shall be alive and remain, and shall be changed when Christ shall appear. For the Saviour's people shall be fitted for being with him in glory in *two* ways, according to the testimony of the apostle Paul, in the 51st and 52d verses of the 15th chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, "Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump (for the trumpet shall sound), and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." And the same consolatory truth is declared by the same apostle in the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 4th chapter of his first epistle to the Thessalonians, "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent (or, have an advantage over) them which are asleep; for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain,

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shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." Thus the resurrection of those who shall have previously died, in the possession of their new and incorruptible bodies, and the transformation of the bodies of those of the Lord's people who shall be alive when he appears, constitute the two methods by which the church shall be prepared to enter into the possession and enjoyment of glory, and honour, and immortality. But the histories of Moses and Elias typified these. Elias did not die, but was miraculously translated, and went up by a whirlwind into heaven; and the chariot of fire and horses of fire by means of which he ascended, were typical of the angels of God, whom he makes as a flame of fire, and who shall be employed as the instruments of conveying his living saints into the presence of their returning Saviour. Of Moses we read that he died and was buried; but there is very strong proof in the word of God, that his body, which was sown in corruption, was very soon afterwards raised in incorruption, and carried up as a spiritual body into the same regions of light and joy into which Enoch before him, and Elias after him, were translated, that they should not see death. The ninth verse of the epistle of St. Jude seems to countenance the opinion that the very same archangel, whose voice, according to the testimony of St. Paul, is to summon the dead in Christ from their graves at the last day, was sent to raise the body of the Jewish legislator out of that sepulchre in which it had been deposited by God himself. For surely we are not to think that the apostle refers in this passage to the *burial* of Moses, in which the archangel Michael may be supposed to

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have been employed, for the devil would have offered no resistance to his burial: he regards it as the time of his peculiar triumph when the bodies of men are consigned to the tomb; but when God puts forth his quickening power to bring them back into the enjoyment of immortal life, then would Satan readily offer his most violent opposition. Whatever the grave has once received into his dark and gloomy mansions, he looks upon and lays claim to as his rightful property; and so, when the archangel appeared to *raise* the body of Moses, he naturally contended in the manner referred to, unwilling to allow so rich a spoil to be lost without a desperate struggle. But how could Moses have appeared in a body on Mount Tabor, if he had not been previously raised from the dead? He could not have been a type of those who shall reign with Christ in glory, if he had appeared in any other body than his own. However great may be the change between our present bodies, and those in which we shall appear hereafter, still their identity shall be preserved. And though the body which is now laid in the tomb, is not that body which shall be, yet it is the germ and the seed which shall grow out of corruption into incorruption; out of dishonour into glory; out of death into life.

Moses and Elias appeared, likewise, as the representatives of the legal and prophetical dispensations, to shew the harmony which subsists between all the revelations of the will of God, and that the law and the prophets are auxiliary and subordinate to the everlasting gospel. Jesus is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," for "to him give all the prophets witness, that through him

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whosoever believeth shall receive remission of sins." There is salvation neither by the law nor by the prophets, but by Christ, who is the substance of both. And for this reason these two eminent and remarkable servants of God appeared on the mountain, that Moses might lay down his rod, and Elias his mantle, at the feet of the promised Saviour, identifying and pointing out Jesus of Nazareth as he of whom Moses in the law and the prophets spake.

They, also, appeared on this occasion to shew what shall be the condition of the church of Christ when it shall be glorified with him in his everlasting kingdom. And here we have satisfactory proof that the glory of Christ and of his church shall be the same. He appeared in glory; so did they. His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light; so likewise shall the wise shine as the brightness of the firmament, and shall wear garments made white in the blood of the Lamb, and appear as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. The apostle says, that "as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly," and that Christ shall "change our vile body, that it may be like unto his glorious body:" and in the sublime and solemn prayer which is recorded in the 17th chapter of St. John, the Saviour says, "The glory which thou hast given me I have given them." Oh! the inconceivable love of our blessed Redeemer! He shares with his people all the immense results of his deep humiliation. It is not enough to satisfy his love that he has raised us from the ruins of the fall, and procured our pardon and our peace with God, but he makes us partakers of these great rewards

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which the Father has conferred on him as the recompense of his sorrows and sufferings in the flesh.

And what a cheering and impressive evidence there is here, that Jesus in his glorified humanity shall hold intimate and sweet communion with his redeemed people!—such communion as that which is referred to in the 3d verse of the 14th chapter of John, where he is represented to have said, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and take you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also;" and in the prayer in which he offers up this sublime petition, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me;" and such as that which is described in the book of the Revelation in the following words:—"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." As his people cannot be completely happy without him, so neither can he be completely glorified without them. He is the head, and they are the members: He is the vine, and they are the branches: He is the bridegroom, and they are the bride: and therefore his being in a state of perfect glory implies that they are so likewise.

And is there such a thing as social intercourse and free communion amongst the many members of the glorified church? Yes; this account of the appearance of Moses and Elias talking with the Saviour proves that there is. St. Mark says, that there appeared "Elias *with* Moses," as if more emphatically to denote the union and concord which subsisted between them. Oh! the blessed harmony, the peace-

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ful and happy intercourse which shall for ever prevail amongst the pure and perfect members of the Redeemer's church! but here is the cause and reason of their union and bliss, their thoughts are engrossed with *one* all-commanding theme, the person and work of their blessed and adorable Saviour. In the eternal world, where all shall be pure and holy, Jesus shall ever be recognised by his adoring people as the "chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" and they shall delight to bend in grateful homage before his throne, ascribing glory and honour and power unto him that loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood. He shall always be the centre and the bond of union to his redeemed and exalted members; and the copious emanations of his love, flowing down in sacred streams from the throne of his Majesty, and passing through every heart in the happy assembly of his saints, shall ever constitute the one pervading principle that shall bind them together in a happy, united, and peaceful association: and what the principle of gravitation effects in the material world, keeping all things in proper and harmonious positions, the great and sublime principle of love shall effect in the spiritual and eternal world.

We have also, in this portion of the narrative of our Saviour's transfiguration, a gratifying proof that there shall be a mutual recognition of Christian friends in a future state. This is a subject by which the feelings and hopes of many of the children of God have been frequently agitated, and yet it is one which has been clearly determined by the testimony of scripture. How plainly the apostle decides the question, when in his first epistle to the Thessalo-

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nians he says—"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." The "hope" to which the apostle alludes in this passage, is evidently no other than the hope of resuming their acquaintance and intercourse with friends who had fallen asleep in Jesus, in another and a happier state of being. But it is clear from the account more immediately before us, that Moses knew Elias, and that Elias knew Moses: and if these two saints who had lived at different periods of the world knew each other when they met together in another state of being, how much more likely that those who have shared each others joys and sorrows in the flesh, who have taken sweet counsel together, and have walked to the house of God as friends, should be permitted to resume their friendship in a better world! But it may be said, that it was by information received after the entrance of Elias into realms of light that Moses knew him, and that our future knowledge of our Christian friends shall take place, not as the result of our own recollection, but in consequence of special revelation. If this be so, still it shall be the Saviour's office thus to make known his people to each other; and surely our future recognition of Christian friends cannot be less delightful, because they shall be pointed out to us by the Saviour! Oh no!—our reunion shall be happier and sweeter far, if brought about by the direct intervention of him who loved us, and gave himself for us!

How much of comfort may the believer derive from

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this precious portion of the word of God! Those that have been called to mourn the loss of departed friends, may learn from the appearance of Moses and Elias, that they only part from each other for a little while, to meet again in a better world, never to sin or sorrow or die any more. For our Christian friends who have fallen asleep "are not lost, but gone before;" they have crossed the narrow stream of death, and have reached the Paradise of rest and peace before us, where they are now waiting the dawn of that eternal day, when they, together with us, shall be made perfect at the appearance of our common Saviour.

And how much instruction does this portion of scripture contain! If our hopes be such as we have endeavoured to describe, "what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?" Oh! what separation from the world, what fixing of his affections upon things above, what humble perseverance in the path of devoted obedience, should the believer in Jesus strenuously and constantly cultivate!—We are met in every page of scripture by the most powerful motives to constrain us to the practice of holy and unreserved obedience. The contents of revelation address themselves to every faculty and affection of our nature: our memory and our hope are both arrested and engaged on the side of holiness and virtue. The subject we have been contemplating in this chapter appeals to the latter, and impels us, by all the prospects of glory, and by all the expected joys of immortality, to live soberly, righteously and godly, in the present evil world. "Wherefore, we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby

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we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

VI.—The Subject of Conversation.

"And behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias, talking with him."

THERE is one most important consideration connected with the appearance of Moses and Elias, which has been alluded to only in a general way by St. Matthew, but has been stated more distinctly by St. Luke, in his account of the transfiguration, in the ninth chapter of his gospel—the subject on which these two saints conversed with the Saviour. We are there told that they appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. This circumstance will afford us material for some useful reflection. We shall not, however, enter into any doctrinal review of the death of Jesus; we shall assume that all who follow us in these meditations are fully persuaded that he died as a ransom for the lost and ruined children of men, in order to effect their reconciliation with God. We shall confine ourselves entirely to the circumstance as it is recorded by St. Luke, that this was the subject of conversation which occupied the attention of the principal actors in this great and splendid scene.

And, may not some person be disposed to think that this was a strange and unsuitable subject on which to speak, at a time when the sorrows and sufferings of Jesus might seem to have been forgotten, or to have been lost in the overwhelming splendour of his glory on the mountain, and when he was en-

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joying, as it appeared, a short respite from the griefs and anxieties of his humiliation in the flesh. There surely could have been no loss for other subjects of discourse. They might have entered upon a review of the wonderful works of God; they might have conversed upon the splendour of the invisible world, upon the beauty and magnificence of the material creation; they might have entered upon an examination of the great outlines of history, in order to acquire deeper views of the character of God, as it is displayed in the arrangements of his providence; but the fact is, whatever we may be disposed at first to think, they selected the most important subject which could possibly have engaged their attention—one upon which the mind of Jesus loved to dwell, which possesses infinitely higher attractions to the Saviour than all the glory of the world, upon which the redeemed members of his church shall never cease to meditate, and to which they shall trace the enjoyment of their highest privileges throughout eternity.

It should here be noticed, that the word which is employed by St. Luke, and which is translated 'decease,' may more strictly be rendered 'his Exodus.' They did not converse upon the subject of the Saviour's death without reference likewise to its issue and design. They spake of his sufferings on the cross in their consummation; of his decease as the passage out of these sufferings into glory. And, indeed, it is only thus that we can derive comfort from conversing on the death of Jesus. Considered in itself, it is gloomy and mysterious; all is dark and dismal around the cross of Calvary: but when we think of the death of Jesus as the gate through which he passed into that state of exaltation at the right hand of God to

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which he has ascended for the benefit of his people, we must feel deeply and intensely interested when we reflect upon his cross and passion, his agony and his bloody sweat.

And no wonder that Moses and Elias should have been ready to engage in this subject of conversation, for it was one in which they themselves were most deeply concerned. The death of Christ was the cause of their redemption, and the glory in which they appeared was the result of that sacrifice which had been arranged by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. Moses and Elias were saved by grace, and not by works. It is true of the most distinguished saints whose histories have been written for our instruction, as well as of every member of the human family, that by the deeds of the law there can no flesh be justified in the sight of God. Although the law was given by Moses, he was not saved by it, but only by that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Although Elias was chief among the prophets, yet his prophecies were only valuable as a light to lead him to the Saviour, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets spake, for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. None have ever entered into the paradise of God except through that new and living way which Christ hath consecrated for the guilty when he died upon the cross. Those who stand before the throne of God, are there, because they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

And the subject of his own death, which he was shortly to accomplish at Jerusalem, was one on which the Saviour himself delighted to dwell. Even before

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he made himself of no reputation, his language in reference to his anticipated sufferings on the cross as a sacrifice for transgression, was this:—"I delight to do thy will, O my God." And after he had assumed our nature, in order that he might become capable of suffering, his willingness to die appeared more distinctly as he approached the scene of his crucifixion, and that which he uttered with such affecting emphasis on one occasion, was but the expression of the inflexible and unvarying purpose of his mind,—"I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" Jesus was not a reluctant victim. No monarch ever yet ascended a throne with greater willingness than he ascended the cross: nor did he climb the mount of glory with more readiness of mind than he went up the solemn hill of suffering: nor did he endure his sufferings with less reluctance than he conversed upon them! Oh no! there was too much depending on the issue of that tragic scene! On the cross were hung the destinies of man! and when the Saviour died, the tremendous battle was brought to an issue, by which he obtained eternal redemption for us.

But the death which Christ accomplished at Jerusalem was an event in which the entire human family were interested. Let us not adopt narrow and contracted views of the love of God in the gift of a Saviour. The whole world was contemplated by the death of Jesus, for thus it was written—"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." By the shedding of the Saviour's blood our sins were atoned for, and our pardon was obtained; and all that is now necessary, is that men should believe this gracious intelligence, and look unto Christ by faith, and

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be saved. When sinners thus look to Jesus, the pardon which he procured on the cross, and which he holds in trust for men, and is exalted at the right hand of God to bestow, becomes their personal possession,—and being justified by faith, they have peace with God. It is true, there are men who refuse to acknowledge Jesus as their Saviour; but this cannot neutralize or in any way affect the amazing love of God in the gift of his Son to the world. Though all mankind were finally lost, still it would remain as the imperishable motto of the everlasting gospel, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." May we not suppose that for this very reason it was arranged that Jesus should suffer under the canopy of Heaven, upon the summit of a hill, that there might be an unobstructed and conspicuous view of his crucifixion, so as symbolically to shew that God's redeeming mercy was intended to be an object of universal observation, which might be seen from every quarter of the world? Let us not, then, stand before the cross to hide it from the view of any, but let us lie in humility and amazement at the Saviour's feet, and invite all men to look for salvation unto him that hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood.

How impressively are we taught by this part of the history of our blessed Saviour's transfiguration to lay aside all fear of death, and frequently to anticipate in our meditations our removal from this present life! The apostle Peter speaks of death as a putting off of a tabernacle; the apostle Paul speaks of believers who die, as falling asleep in Jesus: and in the his-

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tory we have been contemplating, even the agonizing death which the Saviour endured, is described by a term of peculiar mildness, an Exodus. And well may we thus speak of this subject, for to those who die in the Lord, death is a regeneration, and the hour of their departure from this present scene is the time of their new birth into a blessed immortality. There is, however, enough of solemnity in the transactions of a dying hour, to impart to our frequent meditations thereon the most salutary influence. Reflections on death would give a tone of calm sobriety to our minds, correct and regulate our attachments to this world, and keep us in a state of watchfulness and prayer. In the time, especially, of much spiritual enjoyment, we should frequently think upon our latter end, as Christ has left us an example, who spake, on the mount of his glory, of that decease which he was shortly to accomplish at Jerusalem. And as we should meditate upon the bright prospects that await us, whenever we are overwhelmed by the pressure of present afflictions, lest we should be utterly cast down, so whenever we are in a state of elevated spiritual joy, we should meditate upon the certainty and nearness of dissolution, in order that we may not be exalted above measure by the abundance of those manifestations of the presence of our God which may have been graciously vouchsafed to us.

Let us likewise be incited by this portion of sacred history, to seek for a deeper acquaintance with the great mystery of redeeming love. The inhabitants of Heaven desire to dwell upon this all-absorbing theme; and never are the faculties of the highest angel more tried and tested than when they come into contact with this subject, which none but God him-

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self can fully comprehend. The immensity of space is a great subject, but the immensity of the love of God in the gift of his Son, to die for the guilty, is an infinitely greater. The death of Christ is the great centre and pivot, around which all the purposes of eternal mercy revolve. It brought together all the attributes of God into one magnificent point of concentration, for the exhibition of a love to man which shall never be extinguished; for the light that shines from the cross of Emmanuel does not resemble the brightness of a star, which diminishes as it travels on its path through space, but sheds the same amount of glory upon the most remote of this world's generations, as it did upon those who felt its first and newborn rays as they came fresh from the sacred heart of Jesus. Oh! let us then seek to know more of this great truth. Moses and Elias had often spoken and testified about it, but here they seem as if they would not lose the opportunity of drawing information from the fountain-head of divine love. May we be enabled by the Holy Spirit to meditate profitably on this great subject! and may our meditations issue in a greater manifestation of love to him! Thus shall we be prepared for the engagements of an eternal world, where our happiness shall be to join in the song of the redeemed—"Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

(To be continued in our next.)

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AN EVENING HYMN.

When the last steps of ling'ring day
Are fading in the west away,
And gloomy evening over all
The landscape, spreads her fun'ral pall;

Then, O my Saviour, may I be
Still seen, and heard, and known of Thee—
Upon my darkling pathway shine,
And fill me with thy light divine.

Ere sinking in the arms of sleep,
May I my day-light follies weep;
Not with repentance light and vain,
Of which I must repent again;—

But with that lasting change of mind
Which every folly casts behind;
Which calls me from my sin away,
Hears no excuse, brooks no delay.

Thus cleans'd from guilt, thus "pure in heart,"
The blest assurance, Lord, impart,
That thine own promise e'en to me
Shall firmly stand,—"Thou God shalt see."

Then come what will—betide what may,
Not hell itself can take away
The joyful thought; the Christian's night
Is brighter than the world's daylight.

Petersfield. S. W. H.
MAY, 1840.

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THE LAST DAYS OF JEAN LOUIS M——D.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

MANY families of piety and of consideration in the country where Mr. Jean Louis M——d lived and died, are witnesses to the truth of the facts which we lay before our readers. We mean, however, those readers who, in their search after truth, examine carefully into the impressions which the soul of man receives, when in those circumstances where it is least liable to deception.

Mr. Jean Louis M——d was twenty-seven years of age, unmarried, and the son of one of the magistrates of the town of N——n. He had been suffering for about six years from a pulmonary disease of complicated character, which had now reached its last stage. He had been tenderly nursed by his family, which was a numerous and united one; and was the object of much interest among his fellow-townsmen. He was a young man of an impartial and unbiassed disposition, and of regular and studious habits. But unfortunately he had searched for wisdom in the books of the French encyclopedists, and subsequently in the conversation of German rationalists. Their pretensions to stoical heroism, and their false and deceiving criticisms, had implanted in the heart of the young invalid the deep roots of unbelief and philosophical pride. Even to the last month of his life, he

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denied the necessity of a Saviour, regarding the doctrine as incompatible with the moral condition of his soul, and the perfections of his God. Few of those who surrounded him had attempted to combat his fatal error, and none of them had succeeded in enlightening his mind either directly or indirectly; not even when they brought to him two men as remarkable for their reputation of gentle charity as for the distinguished works they have published to advance the kingdom of Christ. Indeed, he had even begun to shew a distaste to some among his own relations or friends, who had lately become engrossed in the study of the gospel. They therefore endeavoured to confine their care and attention to the bodily necessities of the poor sufferer; at the same time they did not cease to entreat the Lord, that He would cause His light to shine into his heart, in order to the salvation of his soul.

One of his sisters, whose affectionate attentions were peculiarly welcome to him, attempted yet once again, when quite alone with him, and when his sickness had nearly reached its close, to win him to seek the intercession of Christ between himself and the eternal God; and to meditate on His perfect holiness, and the love which he shewed towards us in the sacrifice of himself upon the cross. 'Do you not believe in it,' she asked, with the most anxious solicitude? 'No; I do not believe it,' he answered, almost stifled by his excessive emotion. 'I know that I must soon die. I believe in God—I often pray to *Him* as a Saviour, but I never can believe in a divine Saviour becoming man—the Almighty had no need to send us one upon earth: therefore let us say no more on the subject.' Shortly afterwards, a crisis

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came on, more alarming than any he had yet experienced. For the first time, he felt the inevitable approach of death, and the probability of not living to the end of that day. His family then beheld him lift up his hands toward heaven with earnest supplications and tears.

God spared him through that day of painful suffering. A few days afterwards he expressed, for the first time, a strong desire to read the scriptures, and lamented his having so long deferred examining into them attentively. Many among his friends offered to read the sacred volume aloud to him; but this he refused, alleging that his extreme weakness would make listening a fatigue to him: besides which, he said, that he should wish to pause and meditate over every sentence which required any effort of thought. He had a kind of reading-desk made by a joiner, which was placed across his bed, which he now never quitted; and it was so constructed as to hold the Book of Life open before him at those places where he desired to read. Whilst reading in this manner, he had not strength to listen to any conversation; his hearing even was indistinct, and his voice almost gone. At times such words as these escaped from his lips: 'How powerful! how convincing! how sublime! and yet what simplicity!' But, alas! he did not yet say, 'I need a Saviour;' and even his reading was often disturbed by a return of those fits of petulance and murmuring, to which, during the latter period of his illness, he had appeared subject.

On the Friday evening of the 7th of April, at the hour when every one, excepting the sick man, was accustomed to retire to rest, after having read the scriptures with more composure than usual, he ex-

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pressed an earnest wish to pray with his family, and with one of the ministers of the parish. As he was getting weaker and weaker, his request was at once attended to. The minister of Christ came, and knelt down in prayer with him, every member of his family who were then present joining with him. Soon after the dying man, seeing all his friends assembled around him, and weeping, said, 'My dear parents, dry your tears. I die a Christian. It is Jesus himself who has made me one. Oh, what do I not owe to this merciful God who has thus sought me! I have done nothing towards knowing Him. He alone has drawn me. What astonishing mercy! Already do I see my Saviour's arms open and ready to receive me. My heavenly Father appointed me a trial. I was about to murmur, and my murmurs have been turned into thanksgivings. How he crowns me with blessings! Oh, my God! how I thank thee for thus giving me a foretaste of everlasting happiness! No, I can never thank thee as I ought! I am leaving this earth to inhabit those mansions where is the fulness of joy for ever!' And in this manner, an unhoped-for power was given him, that his family might receive comfort in his death. His voice, till then almost inarticulate, had now become clear and distinct; and his dim eye, and death-like countenance, appeared lighted up with hope and love.

On the following day, he entreated his affectionate mother to forgive him for all the impatience and petulance which he had shewn during his illness. He earnestly begged the younger members of the family to read one chapter in the Bible every day: 'You will soon think this too little,' he added. He besought them also to pray night and morning, and

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to attend the preaching of the gospel every sabbath. 'You will do this at first from duty,' he said, 'but very soon from inclination, and because you have become sensible of your own need. Do not fear laughter or ridicule. God's claims must be first attended to. I have neglected these duties during many years.' One of his relations said to him, 'the atmosphere of the church was too cold for you to bear during the years of your illness and languor.' 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'it was because I did not know God. I did not think of Him; but He in His mercy has sought me.' He then had the servants called to his bedside, and earnestly exhorted them to look to God and to His word for help and comfort. They were so amazed at the wonderful change in him, and at his high and holy expression, that in answer to those who called at the house to inquire after the poor invalid, they said, 'God himself has come down into this house to-day.' This was an expression quite foreign to their daily habits, as well as many others which they made use of to express their astonishment, and which were drawn from them by the force of truth, and spoken before several witnesses differing in opinion among themselves.

A friend of the family, who had known the sick man in the days of his unbelief, when his infidel opinions had been the cause of their separation, heard on the following day, that is, on the Saturday, the account of the beginning of this conversion, the details of which, with the help of other witnesses, he has collected and written down.

Being a layman, he had never met with so surprising an instance of conversion, or one so rapidly developed. He also heard that many in the town attri-

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buted it to the disturbed imagination of one brought low by suffering and diet; and that others, again, thought this change of opinions was owing to the influence of a person placed near him as a nurse, and who was a decided Christian, but who, the family had every reason to believe, had never spoken on the subject of religion to the sick man. The latter, even since he had began to read the scriptures, still spoke of this woman, who had often prayed for him, as of one exalted above her deserts. He had himself chosen her to attend upon him, merely on account of her gentleness and watchfulness; and it was only during the last few days of his life that he did her full justice.

This friend came to see him with a deep feeling of joy, desiring at the same time to examine attentively into his state. He found him sitting up in bed on account of his difficulty of breathing. His back was curved and his head bent with suffering, and every feature deeply furrowed by the livid hand of death; yet his eyes were continually unclosed and lifted up to heaven, beaming with the light of gratitude and hope. The expression of his mouth was often changed from that of acute agony to that of joyful rapture. His pale emaciated face was like that of one already dead, with the expression of an angel upon it. The dying man thanked his friend for all the affectionate attentions he had shewed him during his illness. He asked after his family, who were all deeply interested about himself, and forgot none.

He continued to comfort those who were weeping around him. 'You have,' said he, 'a son and a brother, whom Christ has made His own—what happiness! what glory! My joy is so great it almost over-

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powers me, and yet it continues to increase. I shall see God face to face—and, oh! this increasing light! how shall I bear it! But Jesus will be there. He will lead me; He will present me to my heavenly Father; He will teach me to love Him much more!' One of his sisters, desiring to know if he trusted for salvation to grace alone, without any mixture of self-righteousness, read to him this passage from the book of Revelation: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." He who had always led a correctly moral life, but whose conversion was but of yesterday, answered: 'I have done no works; oh no, none! all is grace on God's part—yes, grace upon grace, and never can there be a return!'

Another person inquired of him, if there were not a little spiritual pride in this rejoicing? He replied, 'I was in darkness, not knowing God, two days ago, and I am now dying! God has done all; a few moments more, and I should have been lost. I knew Him not—He it was who remembered me, and sent His Son to seek me. My happiness is so great, that it would annihilate me, if Jesus were not present with me. He sustains me alike in my suffering and in my joy.'

The friend who is writing these words exactly as they were spoken, had returned several times to inquire after him, but could not be admitted on the third day into the dying man's chamber, where the number of assembled relations and friends appeared to the medical attendant already too great. Yet, though surrounded by all those dearest to him, of his own accord, he thought of sending for one, whose

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visit, but three days before, would have been irksome to him; and when his friend entered the room, the dying man looked at him and said, 'We are friends now; and, though I am on my death-bed, it is not too late, for we are now friends to all eternity!'.

He then spoke to the younger members of his family, addressing himself to them in a manner most appropriate to the circumstances and dispositions of each, with a self-possession and a wisdom which plainly shewed the renewal of his moral powers. He sought, in recalling the past, to arouse their feelings, that he might lead them to the Author of all grace. He spoke to them also of the dangers and of the shortness of their future life in this world, so as to leave an enduring impression of the fear of God upon their minds, and awaken in them a desire to understand his word, and to obtain eternal life through the only Saviour given to men. If it is to be regretted that the facts and the truths which he brought before them in a way as judicious as it was kind, cannot be here noted in detail, it is to be hoped that they will remain deeply engraven upon the hearts of those young persons and children to whom they were addressed by the dying man, when taking leave of them as he did, in the most affectionate manner. He gave Thomas à Kempis to one of them, saying at the same time, 'You will soon prefer a better book to this.' He ordered that all his personal effects, and every thing he had worn during his illness should be carefully burnt, to avoid all danger of contagion. When his relations drew near to support him in his changes of position, during his violent returns of spasmodic pain, he would not allow them to touch him, unless they wore gloves. Every moment of ease, however,

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was employed either in giving useful directions as to the arrangement of his affairs, or still more frequently was the interval spent in thanksgiving, or in recounting to others the circumstances of his wonderful conversion. He never forgot the respect due to the difference of age: for to the elders he would say, that he was much in prayer for them; and that they need not fear but that his prayers together with their own, would be heard and answered. He had prayed, he said, that they might all one day meet in heaven; and, he added, that his Saviour had obtained every thing of his Father for him, and much more than he had ever asked: for he had never hoped to live long enough to see all those of his relations who were absent; and yet God had mercifully prolonged his life till they had all arrived, and had allowed him sufficient strength to take leave of every one of them. The fervour of his devotions forcibly impressed us with the fact, that his spirit had not for one instant languished in a dead faith, or in a cold and incomplete admission of the Christian's tenets: he only believed in his Saviour during the last week of his life, but it was with his whole soul, as in his only refuge; and his new-born faith produced in this short season, the fruits of an advanced sanctification.

At those moments when his acute agony returned, he prayed, and called upon his friends to pray for him. When the minister of Christ was present, he asked him to read the scriptures and to pray. 'It is never too much for me,' he said; 'I hear it all, though I suffer so intensely.' This faithful pastor explained to him some passages, the difficulties of which had been to others the occasion of grievous doubts; but he answered, 'I have received all, I

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believe all. Oh, this agony! God grant that it may destroy this miserable body, and it shall rise again one day in strength and glory.' After a short silence, he continued, 'It is passing away, this agony; it is Christ who has taken it from me. I hoped that I should die; but God does not yet think my faith strong enough; he prolongs the suffering, and with it the necessity of prayer, and I bless him for it. Oh, gracious Saviour! the trial continues, increase the faith!'

Then turning to one of his friends, who, after an absence, had come to see him, he said, 'You find me still suffering, after six years of illness; but what is that compared to the endless happiness which awaits me. Come also to Jesus, that you may die the death of the righteous. Oh, my God! what thanks do I not owe thee! It is wonderful! I suffer to the degree that I lose my eye-sight, and yet my joy surpasses even my suffering. What happiness will be mine!—an eternity of happiness! can you understand this? Oh no, you cannot yet understand it. Soon I shall see God! Oh, what an awful name! I hardly dare pronounce it; it is so sacred! And can I approach him? such an one as I am? Oh no, except through his blessed Son, my Saviour!' A person near him, struck with astonishment at seeing him experience so many and such varied feelings, asked him if he were quite sure that God alone inspired him with such confidence and joy? 'How can you ask such a question?' he replied, 'do you think my conversion could be the work of man? No, God alone has performed this wonderful work.'

The following night was a very painful one. In order to calm his great agonies his family were obliged

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to give him a soporific pill, which formerly he had been in the habit of taking, but which latterly he had refused. When he awoke, he saw one of his sisters near him, whose religious opinions had, in former days, caused him to feel estranged from her, and to avoid her, though now they drew him closer to her. He said to her, 'I have passed a very bad night; they gave me a pill which I ought not to have taken: I ought to have feared losing my senses during my last moments, and not devoting them entirely to my Saviour. No; I will take no more of them. To have been so near death this night, and yet to have slept! I ought not to have slept. I did as the disciples of the Lord, who slept instead of praying with him the last night. I thought I saw your little girl last night, she whom God has taken back. She smiled on me. Do you hear, my sister? Yes, I saw her with Jesus, whose arms were stretched out to receive me! Oh what peace there is to be found in him? I carry away with me the assurance that you will teach those children who remain to you, to know and to fear him.'

The day before his death, hearing us speak of the fine weather, he had his bed moved close to the window, that he might look, for the last time, upon the lake, and upon the mountains; he at first fancied that his eyes had lost the power of taking in this magnificent distance; casting, however, a second look towards them, he exclaimed, 'I see them, and my dear, dear country also. But I am going to leave it for one still more beautiful and far more dearly loved, where the sun never sets. Perhaps this night I shall fall asleep, and soon we shall all wake up in eternal light, never more to be separated.'

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In the afternoon he experienced the most intense agony both of body and mind, and he asked for the minister of Christ to come and pray with him, and talk to him of our Lord's sufferings. Some who were near begged the minister to read a sermon, or some treatise on the subject; but he replied, that the words of scripture had alone power to calm and support the dying man. He saw him suffering, agitated, often interrupting the reading, by calling out for prayer, till the minister read and applied to the temptation which troubled him the words of our Saviour, in the 22nd of Luke 31st and 32nd verses:—"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." The dying man, who had already lost sight of one of his eyes, asked to have his finger placed on this passage: and at once peace returned, and he gave thanks to God for having restored to him the joy of his salvation; shewing at the same time his affection and gratitude to his minister. Ardently desiring to hasten to the presence of his Saviour, he, from time to time, offered his pulse to his father to feel if it gave any symptom of approaching death. 'Does it still beat?' he exclaimed, as his dreadful agonies increased. 'Yes, still, my dear child,' answered his father, 'but let not your courage and your resignation fail; do not seek to shorten moments which are the means of edifying all who are about you; your words are so delightful, they do good to all who have the happiness of hearing them.' 'Do you think they do good to any one, my father? I bless God for it.'

The struggle of the youthful body against its dissolution still shewed itself in him by the conflict of

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intense suffering, in every faculty, or rather it was the life of the spirit which protracted till the following day the life of a body in which the work of death and even of decomposition had already commenced. He said he was glad to know that his friends were near him, but that he wished to pray alone, and without any thing to distract his thoughts, because he desired that his Saviour should find him in prayer at the last moment. He again took leave of all who were present. Another violent fit of coughing and of spasms now came on, after which he presented his pulse for the last time to his father, saying, 'Dear father, does it still beat?' 'Still a little, my son.' 'What o'clock is it?' 'Half-past twelve.' 'Still a few moments longer of suffering; and what is that! My Saviour had many worse even in Gethsemane, when he was praying for me. Farewell, father, you will soon follow me.' 'Yes, my son, yet a few more years, and I shall join you.' 'No, dear father, you will follow me very soon. Farewell! I am going to rest in the arms of Jesus!' We thought we still heard these words:—"Receive my spirit." He slept in the Lord, after remaining the last hour perfectly calm, and lying in his father's arms.

It was five days after the avowal of his conversion, on the 12th of April, that he died, about two o'clock in the afternoon, aged 27 years; and on the 21st of the same month his father, who was a remarkably strong and healthy man, and whose faculties, filling, as he did, the office of magistrate, were perfectly unimpaired, died at the age of 70, of a bilious and inflammatory disease, the commencement of which the physicians dated from the evening of his son's death. He, together with his wife, had nursed with

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resignation and tenderness the son whose death they had long foreseen. He had appeared to concentrate within himself the surprize and emotions which the striking conversion of the young man had given rise to. The father, of a robust constitution and of a lively temperament, passed the eight days of an acute illness with the greatest patience, in the midst of his family, God supporting them under these two severe trials. The last days of the father, to our great surprize, were filled with the same Christian thoughts which had occupied those of his son.

The compiler of this short account has not put his name to it, because it would have been the means of making known the family to which this interesting young man belonged. If, however, contrary to all expectations, any difficulty should arise relating to the facts which he has related in simple truth, he should think it right to answer them by naming himself.

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THINGS OF OLD.

No. III.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

THE antediluvian world has been a fruitful subject to that race of happy dreamers commonly called poets. They have revelled amidst their own creations of war, love, treachery, rapine, &c. &c. and have very ingeniously adapted them to the slight but striking notices which holy writ affords of that mysterious period. Many of their beautiful or wild effusions are probably known to my readers; but perhaps they are not so well acquainted with the still extant, profane history of the old world.

Sanchoniatho the Phœnician, however, supplies us with a detail of the generations and the events in the line of Cain; and though his narrative be somewhat scanty, yet it is not only valuable, but also reconcilable to the still briefer notices of scripture; as both Bishop Cumberland and the learned Faber have shewn, with great ingenuity and erudition.

Both the history and the very existence of Sanchoniatho have given rise to many disputes among the learned. It was the fashion with many Christian divines to deny that he ever wrote, or indeed lived, and to assert that Philo-Byblius or Porphyry invented both the historian and his history; because

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these philosophers used the Phœnician chronicle as an argument against Christianity; and it was therefore concluded to be necessarily contrary to it. But if the historic portion of the narrative can be reconciled to the Mosaic account of the antediluvian world, and proved to be the history of the line of Cain, why should we reject it? If the weapons of our enemies can be turned against themselves, and that with complete success, why should we throw them away, or bury them in the earth, instead of employing them to our own advantage? The theologic portion of his details is indeed too absurd and wildly mythologic to be reconciled to reason; but as that is an argument that he was of an earlier date than the Platonic philosophers of the first and second century, so the coincidence of the historic part with scripture equally proves that the narrative is not an invention of Greek or Roman paganism.

The only supposition which we can entertain as to Sanchoniatho, is that he formed the first part of his chronicle from the absurd superstitions of his Phœnician countrymen, and added the historical portion from certain traditions of primeval truth. Where he obtained these, Porphyry expressly tells us, for he says that Sanchoniatho drew much of his information from the records of Hierombalus, or Jerombaal, priest of the god Jao; and if we admit, what the learned Bochart has apparently proved, that this was Jerub-baal, or Gideon, a worshipper of Jah, or Jehovah,—then the part he derived from him, must have been that which is consonant to scripture.

It is much to be wished that Sanchoniatho's history existed in as perfect a form as those of other ancient writers; but the first book is the only re-

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mains which we possess of this curious work, and that under many disadvantages; for it was first translated from the original Phœnician into Greek, by Philo, then quoted by Porphyry, and re-quoted from him by Eusebius, in whose *Præparatio Evangelica* we find it (lib. i. cap. 10.)

The date at which the author flourished has been variously fixed by different authors. Porphyry allows him to be later than Moses, but contemporary with Semiramis; some place him about the time of David, and others would carry him back to the days of Gideon.

I shall pass over all the mystical theology of our author; referring such of my readers as wish to be fully acquainted with his 'evening chaos,—dark wind,—vivification by the sound of thunder,—watery heat,—spies of heaven,'—and so forth, to Eusebius himself. The Phœnician history is the part with which we are concerned; and as Mr. Faber's interpretation, in his Dissertation on the Cabiri (vol. i.) seems to me more reasonable than that of Bishop Cumberland, in those points where they differ, I shall endeavour to make my readers acquainted with it in the best and briefest manner I can, space forbidding me to give both explanations.

The father of all mankind, says Sanchoniatho, was named Protogomus; and his wife was Eon, who first gathered fruit from trees. Surely none will deny that we have here Adam and Eve; for Protogomus signifies *first-made*, and probably by such a name Adam was usually known to his descendants; for we do not find any proper name given him in scripture, Adam merely signifying *the man*. Eon is merely a Greek form of Eve, the V being frequently

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omitted in foreign names; and the gathering of fruit would stamp the identity, even without this singular coincidence.

The children of this pair were Genus and Genea; who commenced the worship of the sun, in a season of great drought, holding up their hands to him, and calling him 'Lord of heaven.'

I must here observe that Philo has sometimes translated the Phœnician names occurring in his author, and at other times has only added Greek terminations to them; so that we are often at a loss to guess what may have been the original meaning of the names, and must discover it for ourselves, from their similarity to Hebrew.

Mr. Faber observes that Genus is Cain or *Gain*, with a classical termination added to it. His wife we may imagine to have named herself from him; and their invocation of the sun is not an unnatural consequence of Cain's profane resentment, for his banishment "from the presence of the Lord." Gen. iv. 16. The children of Genus were named Light, Fire, and Flame, and they invented the mode of procuring fire, by rubbing dry sticks together. Hence probably their names arose, if not from their parents' worship of the fiery god. Their sons were robbers and giants, named Cassins, &c. and dwelt in the mountains bearing their names. This is sufficiently explained by the "violence" and corrupt state of mankind mentioned in Gen. vi. 4, 5.

The next generation consisted of Memrumus Usous, and one named High-and-heavenly, whose mothers were of abandoned character; (see Gen. vi. 5, 11, 12.) Memrumus, whose name seems to be formed from the Hebrew word signifying *exalted*, was the inventor

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of rush houses, and of the use of the papyrus. Usous appears to be another Hebrew word, meaning a *workman;* and the idea is supported by Sanchoniatho's description of him, as the first man who made a boat. It was formed from the trunk of a tree, and he put to sea in it from Tyre, having quarrelled with his brother. Tyre originally means a *rock*, and the name is therefore applicable to any rock-founded city. On Usous' return from this first of voyages, he erected two pillars, and consecrated them to Wind and Fire.

After these lived the Hunter, who invented the chase; and the Fisher, who first practised the art of fishing. One of these was the father of a person named Golden, who had two sons, the Artificer and the Earthy, or Peasant. These can be no other than Tubal-Cain, the "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and Jabal, "the father of such as dwelt in tents, and have cattle." Gen. iv. 20, 22. These two persons had each a son called the Husbandmen; and Mr. Faber considers them to be only duplicates of one great Husbandman, who was doubtless Noah himself. The scriptural genealogy of Cain's line stops at Tubal-Cain, where it was probably swept off by the deluge; and therefore our Phœnician crosses over at once to the line of Seth. Faber says, 'In the person of this husbandman we may conceive the second part of the genealogy to commence; the eight generations preceding him being antediluvian, and corresponding to the eight generations of the family Cain." (*Dissert. on the Cabiri.* vol. i. p. 47.)

It is remarkable that Sanchoniatho makes no mention of the deluge; he seems to have been aware that it was a judgment on the sins of that race whose

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history he was writing; and anxious to omit such a blot on their memories, he steps to the line of Seth, and boldly asserts Noah to have been the son of Tubal-Cain. Perhaps he was a younger man; which might give some colour to this statement.

This Husbandman, Sanchoniatho says, was worshipped by the Phœnicians, and his shrine was drawn about by a yoke of oxen. Noah, we know, was extensively worshipped after the flood, particularly in Phœnicia. Our author adds that the persons of that generation were called Aletœ (fire-worshippers) and Titans (diluvians), and their children were Amynus and the Magician. We may well doubt, with Mr. Faber, 'whether they are two distinct persons;' the Magician 'seems to be only a descriptive title of Amynus,' which name is 'evidently the Am-on of the Egyptians, under which title the scriptural Ham seems to have been usually worshipped.' (page 44.) Their sons were Misor and Sydyk. Misor is without doubt Misraim, the son of Ham; but Sydyk is pronounced by Faber to be Noah again, under a new name. Sanchoniatho says that Sydyk's children were seven in number, and were called Dioscuri, Cabiri, &c. They built the first complete ship that was ever navigated; from them descended a generation who discovered the use of medicinal herbs. Our Phœnician's first great error is the omission of the flood, and his second is in calling Sydyk the son of Amynus. The name is totally without meaning in Greek, but is evidently the Hebrew *Zadyk* (*the just*), the peculiar title given to Noah, Gen. vi. 11; and Philo confirms this, by translating Sydyk as 'the righteous.' The children of this person 'are said to be seven in number; the family of Noah, preserved

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with him in the ark, were also precisely seven in number. They are also said to have built the first ship.' (p. 56.) Surely this history of Sydyk's family is conclusive as to the identity of Sydyk himself.

So much for the real human persons of Sanchoniatho's history. A long allegorical tale follows, which I omit, as it does not concern the antediluvian world. But there is one part of it to which I must allude, in order to give Faber's admirable exposition. In the days of Sydyk, our Phœnician says, lived Elim Hypsistus, who dwelt, with his wife Beruth, near Byblus, and had a son called Heaven, who married his own sister, whose name was Earth. 'Elim is evidently a mere variation of Hebrew *Eloah* (God); consequently when connected with Hypsistus, it will signify God the Most High.' (p. 67.) 'Sanchoniatho therefore does not attempt to enumerate his progenitors, but simply observes that this personage, who was the father of Heaven and Earth, flourished in the days of Sydyk. The reason why he is thus said to have been his contemporary, seems to be on account of his having exerted his power in a more tremendous and peculiar manner at that period than at any other.' (p. 69.)

Beruth is evidently Berith, (*the covenant*), Gen. ix. 8, 11. 'In the usual strain of oriental allegory, the solemn, inviolable covenant of God is personified by a female, who is described as His consort.' (p. 69.)

The explanation given by Mr. Faber of this curious narrative may be summed up in the following table, compiled from some of his own.

ALLEGORICAL PERSONS.

Elim Hypsistus . .	God Most High.
Beruth	The covenant.

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REAL PERSONS.

Protogomus and Eon .	Adam and Eve.
Genus and Genea . .	Cain and his wife.
Light, Fire, and Flame .	Enoch and his brethren.
Cassins, &c. . . .	Irad and his brethren.
Memrumus Usous, High-and-heavenly . . .	Mehujael and his brethren.
The Hunter, the Fisher .	Methusael and his brethren.
The Golden . . .	Lamech.
The Artificer and the Peasant	Tubal-Cain and Jabal.
The Husbandman . .	Noah.
The Aletœ and Titans .	His contemporaries.
Sydyk	Noah.
His sons the ship-builders	Shem, Ham, Japheth.
Amynus the Magician .	Ham.
Misor	Mizraim.
Sons of the Cabiri . .	Sons of Shem, &c.

Thus we see that this author, so carefully translated, and so triumphantly quoted against Christianity, by his fellow-pagans, is compelled to bear a distinct and full, though not very voluminous testimony, to some of the most minute, incidental notices of the word of God; while, by passing over the deluge and other more striking facts, he has attempted to disguise the antediluvian history, and hand it down as the records of his native Phœnicia.

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FEMALE BIOGRAPHY OF SCRIPTURE.

SARAH.

No. IV.

THAT is a peculiar discipline, and one apparently instituted with a special adaptation to the constitution of the human mind; which enjoins upon the expectants of every blessing, whether temporal or spiritual, the necessity of a patient waiting for the same. The husbandman after he has sown the precious grain, "waiteth and hath long patience" for its slow developement and for the gradual maturing of its full-ripe fruit. The parent assiduously labouring to instil the first principles of knowledge, wisdom and virtue into the awakening mind of a child, labours in hope of that reward which he must nevertheless *wait* for. Wherever we look around, we behold the sons of humanity in a posture of expectation. What is the student about, in that dim chamber, where the light of day can scarcely penetrate, and where, when the stars are keeping their silent watches, the faint gleam of the taper gives token of the vigil within? He is waiting for the fruit of knowledge; that fruit of exotic extraction and delicious flavour, for which his soul is athirst. The man of ambition—what does he, stooping to importune the mean, to bribe the covetous, to smile upon the lowly, to flatter

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the proud? He is waiting for the reins of dominion, for the robes of dignity, for the appellatives of renown. And what is the Christian about, while cherishing a plant, that to-day buds forth and gives token of life and vigour, to-morrow droops and withers to the very root? He is waiting "for the hope of righteousness by faith." The good, the cherished good of his soul is the hope of righteousness. The ardent, irrepressible desire of his mind is to be holy. But he has to wait for it; and through many painful alternations of feeling he is now called to grieve over the vanishing away of that which seems like a mirage to fly from his approaches, and now to rejoice over some earnest of its future full fruition.

It is this varying experience which seems to explain the unequal walk of the children of God. To-day the hopes of a kingdom which they are waiting for, and to which their heirship is manifest, gives uprightness to their carriage and loftiness to their aims, and they "walk worthy of it." To-morrow the abjectness of their present condition startles them. The crown, the sceptre, the royal robe seem mockeries,—illusions never to be realized. The pulse that beat so ardently, grows languid; the soul droops her wing, and the cloud which settles upon the horizon of the future, throws a gloom over every present enjoyment.

We see this exemplified in the history of Abram: the expected good which he waited to receive, was of a posterity distinguished above all nations of the earth by the divine favour and blessing, and of a descendant who should be the means of bringing the same interposition of divine favour, the same richness of divine blessing upon all the tribes of the

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earth;—yet Abram continued childless. And though in the main, his soul was anchored upon the promises, we find him, in many instances, giving way to despondency, particularly at the commencement of his pilgrimage. Something of this is manifested, when, after his conquest of the invading kings of the east, and his generous refusal to partake of the spoil which was usually the award of the victor, Jehovah vouchsafed another revelation of himself to his servant, specially adapted, it would seem, to existing circumstances, engaging to throw around him the shield of the omnipotent arm as his defence against all surprises of the enemy; and to be himself the "exceeding great reward" of the man who had shewn himself so nobly careless of earthly treasure. It was surely something to the stranger dwelling alone in a strange land with his peaceful herdsmen and home-born slaves, to be assured of a defence against the warrior tribes whose array he had routed in the first flush of victory, and whose retaliative vengeance he might justly fear. It was surely something to the man whose heart went not after covetousness, to have a reward proffered him such as none but Deity could communicate, none but a justified and sanctified soul enjoy: but hear the language of Abram, and mark how the one prevailing desire unfulfilled tinges every other blessing with sadness. "Abram said, Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?" What is to me the assurance of continuance in the land, what the prospect of aggrandizement, when he who shall inherit after me is but the son of the stranger, the home-born in my tents? In condescension to that misapprehension of the promise, which the sickness of hope deferred had pro-

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duced in the Patriarch's mind, Jehovah distinctly declared that the inheritor of the blessings, temporal and spiritual, promised to Abram, should be his own child, and not the son of his servant, and in a most mysterious and signal manner the Lord God ratified this declaration by a covenant with sacrifice; passing between the severed victims under the significant emblems of a smoking furnace and a lamp of fire, opening at the same time to the mind of the entranced Patriarch the windows of the future, and shewing him the triumphant entrance of his multiplied seed in the fourth generation, into a land which would then have become forfeit through the crimes of its inhabitants. It is upon the occasion of this memorable manifestation that we have the first notice given of that justifying faith which afterwards wrought such wondrous acts of obedience in the Patriarch, so that he even spared not his own son, but freely gave him up at the command of his God. It is recorded of Abram by the sacred historian, among the transactions of this great day of sacrifice, that "he believed in the Lord, and he counted it to him for righteousness." From this period, he staggered not at the promise of God. He no longer looked upon the son of the stranger as heir to all the benefits of the solemnly-ratified covenant, but waited in hope till the seed should appear to whom the promise was made. Oh! strange infatuation, of a weak and wayward nature, that even after this strong exercise of faith, this believing realization of the promise, Abram should have been drawn away to any indirect and unbidden methods of hastening its accomplishment!

If the patriarch, favoured as he was with the manifested visions of Deity, and brought into close and

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intimate union with the Most High, embraced after all only a partial view of the manner in which the divine purposes were to be accomplished; can we wonder that Sarai, whose faith was not so vigorous, and who had never as yet been personally included in any revelation of the divine word, as a sharer in the promises vouchsafed to her husband:—can we wonder that, after ten years of hopeful waiting for the fulfilment of the testimony heard at Sichem, "unto thy seed will I give this land," she should begin to question, if not the verity of the prediction itself, at least the particular mode of its accomplishment. It seems probable that, like her husband, she had come at last to conclude, that the heir of Abram's temporal wealth and spiritual benediction would be a child of adoption, a tie which in most countries of the east was, and is to the present day, one of no secondary or inferior kind, but one which challenges equality, for strength and perpetuity, with the very bonds of nature itself. But when it pleased God to remove this misapprehension from the mind of Abram, by distinctly asserting in the vision at Hebron, that the heir should be his own offspring, and not the son of Eliezer, there was then another method of interpreting the oracle, which to the eye of sense seemed plain and easy, and which the wife of the Patriarch too hastily adopted, to her own after anguish and remorse. The usages of her country allowed to the childless husband permission to take a wife of inferior class, who was not unfrequently selected from among the female slaves of his household; and therefore, partly perhaps through a proud resentment at the exclusion of her own name from the promises, partly through a mistaken belief that she was doing

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God service by helping forward their accomplishment, we find Sarai influencing Abram to act in conformity to the habits of his own and other neighbouring tribes, by contracting a marriage with her handmaid, Hagar the Egyptian. It is evident from the language which Sarai uses in giving this unwise, unwarranted, council to her husband, that it was the result of an impatience wearied with waiting for the fulfilment of the word of God. It was not as when, fourteen years afterwards, the feebleness and impotency of age seemed to have sealed her to perpetual barrenness, so that the annunciation, even from angelic lips, that she should have a son, was received with an outbreak of incredulous laughter. At the period when she proposed this new alliance to Abram, there is no reason assigned, save a hasty and ungrounded assumption that, because God had hitherto denied, so he would still continue to deny to her the blessings of maternity. And with reasoning of a proud and disappointed spirit, Abram was induced to take that step in his history, which, as it was unauthorized and unsanctioned by his God, so it necessarily left him responsible for the aggravated evils that followed in its train. Like the first father of the human race, he suffered not alone, but reaped the harvest of his own transgression, in the wrongs and wretchedness of those most nearly connected with him.

How subtle is pride: how does it love to array itself in the garments of humility, disguising itself from itself, and exhibiting a counterfeit grace for that which is a real sin! The mother of nations counted herself unworthy a share in the covenant of promise. In seeming submission to the divine will, but in actual rebellion against it, she put from her hopes,

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which she should have waited for with an earnestness and patience of expectation, neither to be daunted by difficulty, nor wearied by delay. That her conduct was the result of secret impatience and insubmission, is evident, not only from the tone of her address to Abram, but also from the temper of mind in which the seeming success of her own scheme afterwards found her. When, in the providence of God, the measure she had proposed seemed likely to be crowned with the desired blessing; when at length it appeared that a child should be born to Abram,—the presumptive heir of Canaan, the progenitor of the wondrous seed in whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed,—the bruiser of the serpent's head, the death-destroyer,—does she rejoice in the apparent fulfilment of a prediction which she had been so anxious to see verified? Ah, no! she who, in a spirit of false humility, had been so willing to write a sentence of exclusion against herself from privileges and promises, is the first to talk of her "wrongs," (Genesis xvi. 5.), when she began to realize the degradation of her altered position, through her own voluntary surrender of both. How does the latent pride now swell within her bosom, and break forth in a torrent of reproaches against him who had erred solely in yielding to the dictates of her own impatient will; and how does it shew itself in acts of oppressive tyranny towards her, who, though apparently about to become the mother of the promised heir, remained her bondmaid still! How subtle is pride, when it lies in the heart, like the small leaven, hid in the fulness of the measure of its good and wholesome purposes! How violent its working, when by the operation of some unlooked

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for agency, it is brought into combination with every feeling of the soul!

Oh, Thou! who hast, in the revelation of thyself to us by Jesus Christ, given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, shall we impatiently arraign thy purposes when thou bidst us wait for them? Thou hast, in the depths of thy condescension, given unto us "the sign whereby we know we shall inherit." (Gen. xv. 8.) The altar has been prepared, the victim has been offered, and God and man have met in reconciling bond. Deity has passed between the broken body, in token that the covenant of blessing and of promise shall be fulfilled. Meanwhile we wait till the fruit of the Spirit has sealed to us the visible pledge of our share in this great covenant: but not seldom do we wait in vain. Season after season goes by, and gives no token either of blade or ear: shall we then write a bitter sentence against ourselves, because righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost do not immediately appear?—shall we grow weary of waiting? desiring to reap in undue season the harvest, ere the earing be complete? Oh, let not the trial of our faith work in our corrupt nature the heavings of a sullen despondency, leading us to a base surrender of ennobling, invigorating hope! "Faithful" is he that hath promised. "Able" is he that hath promised; but what if the promise tarry? Then grant to us that we "wait for it."

LYDIA.

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TO SYLVIA.

O COME! 'tis merry spring-time now,
The blackbird's note is heard to swell,
And see, upon the hawthorn bough,
The clusters that we love so well!
Let's hasten to the green-wood shade,
There, flow'rs beneath our feet shall rise,
The spangled earth our carpet made,
Our canopy—the spreading skies!
To man, the Lord of all below,
Can fretted arch, or gilded dome,
A nobler mansion ere bestow,
From childhood, to the silent tomb?

'Twas thus, when mother earth was young,
Ere furrows marr'd her em'rald vest,
In golden ages, bards have sung,
Our nobler sires would take their rest;
They worshipp'd then at God's *own* shrine—
The mountain height—the boundless wave,
In dread magnificence combine
To humble, elevate and save!
For could they gaze on such a scene,
By man's proud chisel never wrought,
Nor lift to heav'n the brow serene,
With lowly praise—with grateful thought?

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Eternal Being! in thy courts
O ever let us worship thee!
O'er hill and vale, the loved resorts
Of pilgrims by thy grace set free.
And when we mark the full-orbed sun
Through ether blaze—a glorious sight!
We'll think, with fervent love, on One
Who pours o'er earth a richer light.
And when, at eve, Sol buried lies,
With ruddy lustre, 'neath the wave,
'Twill speak of Him who bleeds and dies,
A sinful, ruined race to save!

J. D.

THE awakened sinner sees that, throughout the extent of the universe, he hath not a single friend—even an angel cannot befriend him, though he may look down with all the anxieties of pity and sympathy. Nature cannot befriend him; and even God himself must be his enemy—then he feels that he is indeed poor, that he hath not a single friend to flee unto.—*Rev. Dr. Cooke.*

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LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

VI.

HEREMON'S reign began A.M. 2738, and in 2752 his death closed it. He left three sons, Muimhne, Luighne, and Laighre, who reigned conjointly and peaceably for three years, at the expiration of which period the elder brother died, and their cousins, the sons of Heber Fionn, The Fair, (as he was surnamed), rebelled against the survivors, both of whom were slain in battle. There remained still a younger son of Heremon: Iriel, whose history is famous in these early annals. He was revenged of the death of his brothers by that of his four cousins who fell in battle. After four successful battles, Iriel was suffered to reign unmolested for a time; and during that time he did much for the advancement of tillage and other improvements in Ireland. He cleared a great part of the country of woods, and built seven royal palaces. He had much wisdom and learning, and wrote a history of the Gadelians. By some it is said that he reigned ten years; others say twenty. From a habit of foretelling events, he was called Iriel the Prophet. He was succeeded by his son Eithriel, who began to reign in 2766, and for twenty years was monarch of Ireland. He was also distinguished for learning, and probably finished that which his father had begun, for we hear of a history and travels of the Gede-

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lians, written by his own hand. He was also remarkable for his valour and military accomplishments. In his time great part of Connaught and Leinster were cleared of wood. But his good reign and his life were terminated in a battle fought against him by Conmaol, the grandson of Heber Fionn, who gained the victory and obtained the crown in the year 2786; he being the first who reigned in Ireland an absolute monarch of the Heberian race. He spent a life of warfare with the family of Heremon, and came off conqueror in 25 pitched battles.

I shall not follow Keating in his long list of kings, many of whose names are merely mentioned, however they might interest some who love to trace their genealogies—they could not profit the young people for whom chiefly I write. For the same reason I shall pass over many bloody battles and inhuman barbarities which are every where recorded of unchristianized times.

2816. Tighermas reigned; he was of the posterity of Heremon; the grandson of the learned Eithriel. He fought many victorious battles with the Heberians. In his reign the first golden[1] mine was disco-

[1] 'If we may judge from the number of ancient mine excavations which are still visible in almost every part of Ireland, it would appear that an ardent spirit for mining adventure must have pervaded this country at some very remote period. In many cases, no tradition, that can be depended upon, now remains of the time or people by whom the greater part of these works were originally commenced. It is worthy of remark, that many of our mining excavations exhibit appearances similar to the surface workings of the most ancient mines in Cornwall, which are generally attributed to the Phœnicians.'

This account is given by an experienced engineer, Richard Griffith, Esq., in his 'Report to the Royal Dublin Society, on the Metallic Mines in Leinster,' in 1828.

Of the Ballycastle coal works, on the coast of Antrim, the Rev. W. Hamilton gives the following account:—

'The antiquity of this work is pretty evident from hence, that there

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vered in this country, near the river Liffey, by a man whose name was Juchadhan or Uchan; being expert in the working of metals, the management of the ore was committed to his care.

About the same period of time, different dyes were found out, particularly blue and green, and the people began to decorate their persons. Tighermas enacted a new law respecting clothing. The slaves were ordered to appear in one colour only. A soldier had liberty to wear two, a commanding officer three. Gentlemen, or farmers of property, who entertained strangers hospitably, were privileged to wear four colours, and the nobility who ranked higher were to have five; and the highest of all, six; which were the king, the queen, the chronologers, and men of eminent learning.

The most remarkable event (in which all the antiquaries agree) in the life of Tighermas, was his introduction of idolatrous worship into Ireland. He erected Pagan altars, and began to establish his religion, which was that of Zoroaster in Greece, about one hundred years after the Milesians had taken possession of the country. The idol which he set up was called Crom-Cruach. It was a stone capped with gold. Twelve other rough stones were placed round

does not remain the most remote tradition of it in the country; but it is more strongly demonstrable from a natural process which has taken place since its formation; for the sides and pillars were found covered with sparry incrustations, which the present workmen do not observe to be deposited in any definite portion of time.'

Of our earliest colonists the Damnii, or Danaans, it is said:—

'The superior intelligence of this people, and of the Clanna Rhoboig, considered with Tacitus's account of the trade of Ireland, induce me to suppose that the coal works at Ballycastle, on the northern coast, which exhibit marks of ancient operations, had been worked by either or both.'—*Wood's Inquiry into the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland.*'

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it, to represent the signs of the Zodiac. The worshippers sacrificed the first-born of every creature to this idol on the day of Saman.

On this festival-day, Tighermas issued a peremptory order that these sacrifices should be made, and that men, women, and children should prostrate themselves on the ground in worshipping the idol, until they drew blood from their noses, foreheads, ears, and elbows. Many died in consequence of the severity of this exercise, and hence the place of worship was called Maghsleicht, which signifies, place of slaughter. (Vet. MSS., quoted in the Collection de Reb. Hibern. No. 12.)

While Tighermas was in the act of worshipping, with many other idolators, they were struck dead by some awful visitation from heaven. Yet this did not put a stop to the unholy rites which were practised by every people that conquered Ireland until the Christian religion triumphed over Paganism.

Another record states that Tighermas was the first who adored idols, and built altars in Ireland, in the county of Leitrim, in Breifne, where he and many of his fellow-worshippers were struck dead by lightning from heaven. The place was afterwards called *Maigh Sleacht*,—the plain of adoration.

Many vestiges still remain in Ireland of the prevalence of such idolatrous rites.

The religion was that of the Phœnicians. The cromlech, or tomb altars, the unhewn pillars, the heaps of stones, called carnes, once held sacred, bear testimony at this day that there were sun and fire worshippers in Ireland. Many names of places still retained are evidently derived from the same source.

Baltinglass, or Bael-teinglass, means the pure fire

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of Bel, or the sun, which is called, the Great Father, or the Great God.

Here the chiefs sat in council; also the entrenchments within which the nobles were stationed near the scene of debate.

Cahir, or Caer, in Gaelic signifies oracle.[1]

The Irish word Grian signifies the sun; from whence are the following names—Knox-greine, and Tuam-greine, hills of the sun. Cairne-grayney, the sun's heap; now called granny's bed. Grian-beacht, the sun's circle.

New Grange, near Drogheda, probably received its name from the same cause. Of this place Faber remarks, 'The narrow passage, in fact, and the stone bowls of this Irish grotto are merely the counterpart of those in the cave of Trophimus, the pagodas of Hindostan, and the Pyramids of Egypt.'

There is a Cromlech, or tomb-altar near Cloyne, called Carig Croith, or the sun's rock.

Many monuments have been discovered of the worship of the heavenly bodies. Golden ornaments have been dug up in the bogs, in the form of a crescent—such as were used in worshipping the moon, which was called Re. Slieve-mis, in Antrim, signifies mountains of the moon.

The Irish also had sacred groves and wells, of which the superstitious veneration has never yet passed away. Witness the blood-stained path round many of these holy wells, which on naked knees they traverse as a penance for sin. At all of these wells the sacred tree is found, upon which each devotee leaves a piece torn off their garments suspended on

[1] Miss L. C. Beaufort. Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

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the branches, which must never be broken. It originates in an idolatrous custom, and now, they say, is a preservation from sorcery or witchcraft: in olden times attributed to the Tuatha de Danans, and to the Druids.

They will now tell you of the *Sidhe*, or fairies, in those old venerated trees, and 'living among the pleasant hills.' And of the Ban-sidhe, or Banshee, which attends each Irish family '*of the real sort*,' to give notice of a death among their relations.

Baal, or Bel, was the chief deity of the Irish. Beelsaman was his title, which signifies Lord of heaven. On the evening of the great festival day, called the day of Samhin, all who were condemned by the Druids on the preceding March were burned, or purified between two fires.

The great tribunal of the Druids was held on the hill of Usneach in Westmeath. The summit of this hill was the limit on which the five provinces of Ireland touched. Many of the farmers, in paying the May rent to their landlords, still denominate it Cios-na-Bealtinne, which signifies, the rent of Baal's fire.[1]

There are few parts of the country in which you may not find those sloping stones, called Druids' altars and Cromlechs, originally called Bothal, the house of God.

One of the Irish kings named Tuathal, of whom you shall hear more hereafter, built the royal seat of Tlachtga, where the fire Tlachtga was ordained to be kindled. Which fire was deemed sacred, and its use was to summons the priests, augurs, and druids of

[1] See More's History of Ireland.

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Ireland, to repair thither, and assemble upon the eve of All-saints, in order to consume the sacrifices that were offered to their pagan gods; and it was established, under the penalty of a great fine, that no other fire should be kindled upon that night throughout the kingdom, so as that all the fire throughout the country might be derived from this sacred fire; which was esteemed a great privilege, and for which every person who procured it paid a scraball, in value about threepence, every year to the king of Munster, as an acknowledgment that the piece of ground on which the palace Tlachtga was built, had been taken from the province of Munster and added to Meath.

The convocation of Visneach was kept upon the first day of May, where they offered sacrifices to the principal deity of the island, whom they adored under the name of Beul.

Two of these May-day fires were kindled in every territory in the kingdom, in honour of this pagan god. It was a solemn ceremony, at this time, to drive a number of cattle of every kind between these fires; which was supposed to be a preservative, or charm, against murrain and other pestilential distempers among cattle, for the following year. And from these fires, which were made in honour of the god Beul, the day upon which the Christian festival of St. Philip and St. James is held, is called in the Irish language La Beultinne. The derivation of which word is, *La* in Irish signifies a day, *Beul* the name of the pagan god, and *Teinne* is the same with fire in the English.[1]

[1] Pray observe that this account is left on record by the Roman Catholic priest, J. Keating, who wrote his history in the Irish lan-

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The worship of fire and water was usually combined, and is in a measure retained among the lower order of unenlightened papists, as has been mentioned, in their veneration of holy wells. I met with a clergyman who told me of a place, I think in the south of Ireland, where the women have a practice of what they call 'swilling their children through the fire,' to preserve them from evil. This reminds me of many passages in the Bible, which reprobates these heathenish customs. "And they built the high places of Baal, which are in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Moloch; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my mind, that they should do this abomination, to cause Judah to sin." Jer. xxxii. 35; and xix. 5; vii. 31. Even an older than the prophet Jeremiah speaks of the worship of Baal on the high hills. He was the idol of the Moabites, as recorded by Moses, Deut. xii. 31. And in 1 Kings xviii. 28, we read a description of the fanatical acts of his worshippers: "They cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them."

The crom-leac, or fire-altar, is a huge stone supported on three other stones; a space left between them, for children, &c. to pass under the fire.

In my first letter I mentioned the curious caves which are lined with flag-stones, sides, roof, and floor —marks of fire are still visible on them. Near to many of these are pillar stones called *whisperers*.

A common expression still, in Irish, among the

guage, collected from the most ancient Irish records and manuscripts.

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common people is, when going to mass, 'Let us go to the stone.'[1]

The fire of St. Bridget, kept by nine virgins may well be compared to that of Vesta, the goddess of the fire-worshippers. Without holy water, blessed by the priest, no Irish cottage inhabited by Romanists would be deemed safe. Thus is the worship of fire and water still maintained in that religion which blends itself with paganism.

Veneration for old trees still prevails. Witness St. Bridget's monastery and the city of Kildare, originally Kildara, cell of the oak, from a very large oak-tree which grew near the spot; the trunk remaining in the twelfth century. It was so much venerated no one dared to touch it with a knife.

The word *dair* signifies oak. This word is often combined with churches in Ireland. Dairmagh, now called Durrogh, in the King's county, signifies the Plain of Oaks. Daire-Calgaich was the name of an ancient monastery, from whence Derry was named, and was once called the Hill of Oaks.

"Then shall ye know that I am the Lord, when their slain men shall be among their idols round about their altars. Upon every high hill, in all the tops of the mountains, and under every green tree, and under every thick oak, the place where they did offer sweet savour to all their idols." Ezek. vi. 13.

'The Druids held nothing more sacred than the oak, and the mistletoe which grows upon its arms. They chose groves of oak on their own account, and never performed any of their sacred rites without the leaves of those trees. In allusion to the religious

[1] Miss L. C. Beaufort's Essay in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

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worship which was paid to this tree, the prophet says, "For they shall be ashamed of the oaks which ye have desired, and ye shall be confounded for the gardens which ye have chosen." Isaiah i. 20. They regarded the mistletoe, which grew on their favourite tree, as sent from heaven, and as a sign that God himself had chosen it for the scene of his worship. The mistletoe indeed is a very extraordinary plant, not to be cultivated in the earth, but always growing upon some tree. It seems to prefer the branches of the oak or the apple. It was ever treated by the Druids and their disciples with great ceremony. They called it "The curer of all evil;" and having duly prepared their feasts and sacrifices under the tree, they bring two white bulls, whose horns are then for the first time tied. The priest dressed in a white robe, ascends the tree, and with a golden pruning-hook, cuts off the mistleto, which is received in a white sheet.'—Paxton's Illustrations, part ii. p. 325.

I shall conclude this letter with another quotation from Serle's Horæ Solitariæ, in a note on the Doctrine of the Trinity.

'The Gauls had many rites concerning their *oaks*, their Druids (i. e. oak-prophets or priests). They worshipped the material sun or his light, as the great vivifier of nature, whence they were styled *Saronides*, &c.

'As to the *oak*, and their worship under it, this is evidently a vestige of the patriarchal religion, and refers to the *covenant* of God, which the *oak* was appointed to symbolize, but which the ancient heathens perverted, "changing the truth of God into a lie;" for "when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in

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their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." Rom. i. 21.

'The *oaks* (in our translation rendered *plains*) of Moreh and of Mamre, where Abraham pitched his tent and reared altars, were Bethels, or places of worship, where God met with, instructed, and revealed to him the promise of CHRIST, who should come of his flesh, and *for which purpose*, or *end*, Abraham kept whatever was implied in God's *charge*, *commandments*, *statutes*, and *laws*, (Gen. xxvi. 5.) and which (being of the same name) may very justly be concluded to be similar in substance to those delilivered afterwards more expressly through Moses to the church of God. Hence we find, long before Moses the usage of *minchas* or *rest-offerings*, *burnt-offerings*, *sacrifices*, and *drink-offerings*. Gen. iv. 3; viii. 20; xii. 7, 8; xv. 9; xxii. 2, 7, 8, 13; xxvi. 25; xxxi. 54; xxxv. 14.

'The perversion of this worship under the oaks, is spoken of in Isaiah ii. 12, 13—15. "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low. And upon all the cedars of Lebanon, that are high and lifted up, and upon all the oaks of Bashan, and upon all the high mountains, and upon all the hills that are lifted up, and upon every tower, and upon every fenced wall." And again, "Howl, O ye oaks of Bashan; for the forest of the vintage is come down." Zech. xi. 2. In the margin, *the deferred forest*.'

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ISRAEL'S TRUST;

FROM THE REV. A. BOYD'S COMMEMORATION SERMON.

AND all this was not the product of a momentary excitement, it was not the sparkle of the first fervour of preparation; it was more, far more, than the acting of that glowing but transient enthusiasm which spreads, like an electric stream, from soul to soul in a spirit-stirring crisis; it had in it that substance and vigour which endured the continuation of the trial, and carried the sufferers through it, undepressed in courage, unshaken in resolution. It enabled Israel not only to build, to plan, and to fortify, but to survey calmly the aspect of the danger, and to listen unmoved to the menaces and taunts of the invader. On the battlements of Jerusalem did the besieged receive the message of Sennacherib—a message intended "to affright them and to trouble them;" (2 Chron. xxii. 18.) and they received it without the emotion of a reply. When the voice of the insulter ceased, there was deep silence on the walls of the city of David. It was not the silence of fear—the effect of a terror which crushed down the heart, and denied to the lips the power of utterance; it was not the silence of unconcern, or the stillness of apathy;—it was the eloquent answer of contempt; the collected reply of men who had learned to laugh to scorn the boasts of the adversary;—the king's command had gone forth, "Answer him not!"

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But besides this, we may observe that the temper in which this danger was encountered was one of *implicit confidence in God.* This, in truth, was the spring of that marvellous courage which Israel exhibited at this crisis. It was a courage emanating from Him who had ever been a refuge and strength, and it was drawn out of the treasury of Deity by the hand of faith in his promises. To no other source can we trace this collectedness of mind, this striking calmness at a season of almost stunning perplexity. Every thing around Israel was dark, every section of their sky mantled in the deepest gloom. They were feeble in themselves, they were forsaken by their friends, they were literally girt in by the thousands of their enemies. They knew that, under such circumstances, the arm of flesh was utterly insufficient for the encounter; they knew that, if the result was to depend upon an unsupported measurement of their own prowess with that of the invader, the handful must be scattered before the multitude, like the chaff before the rush of the tempest. But in the midst of all this gloom, dark and portentous though it was, one star still shone brightly in the firmament, an omen to them of safety, cheering as the beacon-lamp to the bewildered mariner—the Lord of Hosts was with them. Forgotten, it may be, in seasons of prosperity, He was thought of, He was appealed to, he was trusted, in the hour of disaster. Oh, it is beauteous to observe how Israel, in the time of rebuke and trial, was thrown upon her allegiance towards God; how his deeds of old came crowding back upon the recollections of his people; how his promises, long unapplied, rose upon their view, and spake assurance to their hearts, as the pillar of light which was the

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token of security to their forefathers in the desert. It is glorious to see a nation, from the monarch to the poorest subject, prostrate at the throne of Omnipotence, looking to a strength which had never been impaired, to a faithfulness which never had wavered; and it is no less cheering to observe how the cry of the destitute was heard, and the might of the Powerful One allied to their weakness. It sheds a golden flood of instructive light upon all this transaction to accompany the suppliant king to the temple of Jehovah, to witness him upon his bended knees, interceding for his country and his people; acknowledging to the full the magnitude of the danger, but admitting as fully that it was as dust in the balance before Omnipotence; confessing that the kings of Assyria had swept nations before them in the march of their conquests, but pleading that the God of Israel was "he who dwelt between the cherubims; the God alone of all the kingdoms of the earth." This was faith wrestling for a blessing, mortal weakness staying itself upon the exhaustless resources of Deity. It was the power of this faith which enabled Hezekiah to descend from his interview with the Lord, filled with an assurance of victory himself, and burning to impart the grounds of a like confidence to his people. It was this which moved him to gather his comrades in distress into the streets of Jerusalem, and to "speak comfortably to them." It was this which dictated that address, perhaps unrivalled in the annals of warfare, "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid, nor dismayed, for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him, for there be more with us than with him; with him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God." And it

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was the mysterious and elevating power of the same faith which rested as brightly upon the hearts of the men of Judah as it had upon the spirit of their monarch, which prompted him to speak, and "the people to rest themselves upon the words of Hezekiah, king of Judah." 2 Chron. xxxii. 8. (Page 21.)

Oh Seigneur Dieu! Jésus mon Sauveur! est-ce possible que Tu ais mouru sur la croix, pour nous obtenir des bienfaits si inestimables, éternels; et que Tu ais ordonné cette sainte cêne pour nous en assurer, et pour nous en faire part? et soit-il possible que les hommes, les pêcheurs, ne viennent dans Ton temple que pour mépriser Ton sang? pour dedaigner Ton sacrifice? pour tourner le dos à Ta table sainte?—*Dean of Jersey.*

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Review of Books.

LECTURES ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, *delivered in London, March,* **1840.** *By the Rev. Hugh McNeile, Minister of St. Jude's Church, Liverpool.* **Hatchards.**

MANY Christian ladies experienced a severe disappointment on learning that the lectures to be delivered by Mr. McNeile in continuation of those with which Dr. Chalmers had, two years before, delighted a crowded auditory, were, like their predecessors, intended for the superior sex alone. The wisdom of that arrangement we do not impugn: nay, we heartily concur in it, on many grounds; and we now congratulate our female friends on being enabled to sit down, and with prayerful study to examine in retirement that which they were not permitted publicly to hear.

Mr. McNeile is most valuable on paper; the extraordinary power of his oratory, the unequalled

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graces of his delivery, the fascinating accompaniment of eloquent looks and most splendid intonation, add such a charm to the conceptions of his mighty intellect, that some of his admirers are perhaps in danger of overlooking the deep import of what he says, when listening to the sound of such "a very lovely song;"—they may so look upon the outward fashioning of the fine gold of this chosen vessel, set apart and sanctified for the Master's use, as well nigh to forget that the excellency of the treasure is wholly of God: and on a retrospection, they may be tempted to doubt whether the argument alone would have carried such irresistible conviction to their minds, 'if any one but McNeile had spoken it.' Therefore we say, shut yourselves up alone with what he has written, and be convinced that, despite of all outer attractions, it is by the force of TRUTH McNeile captivates: the light that shines on his page is derived from the Sun of Righteousness; and the mental power to which you are compelled to yield is, like the bodily might of Sampson, given of God for an especial purpose.

The great object of these lectures is to induce a vigorous effort for attaining a national blessing through the extension of our national church. We can promise to every reader not only the deepest and most perspicuous line of argument, but such bursts of eloquence, such a glow of holy enthusiasm, such sublime trains of thought conveyed in diction no less sublime and splendid, as will richly overpay the expenditure of time and study. We also promise that the members of our church shall learn to know her better, and to love her more, from these pages; and obtain much information on a subject where, if all

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were rightly informed, all would readily combine for the extension of our people's privileges; then would the prayerful effort be made that should cause our vine to put forth her branches, while the land rejoiced under its shadow, and God, even our own God, should give us his blessing.

FELIX DE LISLE. *An Autobiography.* Seeley and Burnside.

A SINGULAR book. The hero is a young man brought upon a desert isle by an infidel father, in utter ignorance, not only of the doctrines of Christianity, but of the existence of a God. In this state of natural religion he quits his retreat, at the age of twenty-five, and receives his first religious instruction on board ship from some French sailors—Papists, of course—between whose absurd superstition, and the vague deism of their giddy captain, poor Felix is greatly bewildered to choose. In France, after many adventures, he meets with a fragment of an old Bible, and is thereby brought acquainted with the law, as given by Moses: then, in England, he hears the gospel; and after being so long tossed about by divers and strange doctrines, he finds rest to his soul.

Much vigorous writing, and highly picturesque description, characterize this book. The account given by Felix of his childhood and youth—the splendid natural phenomena of the southern clime, with their effect on his mind and character, are finely brought out. As a whole, the book pleases us greatly.

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THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD, *and the Church of the First-born; or, An Affectionate Address to Christian Ministers upholding Oxford Tract Doctrines.* **Seeley and Burnside.**

A very mild, sober, and well-timed rebuke to the most wofully mistaken party of men among us. We do not go along with the author of this address in all things: we think he runs occasionally into the opposite extremes from those whom he reproves; but, if extremes we must have, let us recede from Oxford to any extent rather than approximate to it. Of course, by Oxford we mean the Tractarians only. Through God's mercy, this 'erroneous and strange doctrine' has received a check, primarily by means of the faithful RECORD newspaper, and subsequently by other able hands, that prevent its walking in darkness, undiscovered; and happily its character is such that it can do little harm in the daylight.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE AND ITS REMEDY. *By Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq.* **Murray.**

Many of our readers will be no less astonished than shocked at hearing that, after all the strenuous, and, as regards our own participation, successful efforts of English philanthropists—after all the sacrifice of labour, treasure, and human life so freely made in the cause of poor Africans, 'the traffic has not been extinguished, has not been diminished, but, by the

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latest accounts from which any estimate can be correctly formed, the numbers exported have increased—the destruction of human life, and all the guilt and misery consequent thereon, have been fearfully augmented,'—'the numbers exported from Africa, are, as compared with the year 1807, as two to one; and the annual loss of life has risen from seventeen to twenty-five per cent."

What a picture—what a call on us not to be weary in well-doing! A society has been formed for the gradual extinction of this diabolical traffic, and the colonization of Africa, as a means of Christianizing that land whereof the Holy Spirit has declared that she shall stretch out her hands towards God. It is enough to say that on the list of managers in this new association, we find the names of Lords Ashley, Chichester, Calthorpe, the Bishop of London, Sir R. H. Inglis, and others dear to every Protestant. Mr. Buxton, ever foremost among the friends of Africa, has furnished us with a large and painfully important volume, shewing, as the title implies, the cruel wrongs of our sable brethren, and fully stating his plan, its importance, facilities, and the blessings to be expected. Christian men should immediately take this in hand, and Christian women lend every aid in their power to forward the work.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL IN FRANCE; *a Narrative addressed to Christian Parents.* Seeley and Burnside.

LONG have we looked for such a work as this, embodying in an interesting tale, the frightful perils to

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which the souls of our dear young countrywomen are exposed by the infatuation that bewitches even Christian parents to send their offspring abroad for the advantages (!) of education in a Popish country. Certainly if Satan ever laughs, it must be at the spectacle of an English home sending forth the dear children sheltered under its roof, to tempt him in the very precincts of his own especial throne, where he runs riot in almost unresisted dominion, and for what? why that the accents of a foreign language may glide more trippingly off their tongues. When Satan tempted the Chaldeans of old to build their towering abomination before the Most High, he could hardly calculate how far the consequent confusion of tongues could conduce to the extension of his more modern Babylonian abomination, Popery.

We have never, under any circumstances, failed to enter an earnest protest, when made aware of the purpose of any English parent or guardian to send a young female abroad, in such vain and presumptuous speculation of worldly advantage; but we could only remonstrate: the writer of the present volume has done more—she has painted to the life and evidently from the life, the scenes and temptations attendant, under the most favourable circumstances, on a French establishment, where the governess, on a principle of scrupulosity which may *possibly* exist (though we doubt it) in the bosom of a devout Romanist, abstains from any attempt at proselytizing. We beg our readers to study the volume.

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" STRENGTHEN THE THINGS THAT REMAIN." *A Sermon preached in the Cathedral of Londonderry, on the 18th of December, 1839. By the Rev. Archibald Boyd, M. A. Curate of Londonderry.* Baisler.

THE occasion of this most splendid sermon was as follows. The French flags, taken in a sally by the heroic besieged in 1689, and suspended in the cathedral, having become wholly decayed, they were renewed by the ladies of the town attaching fresh silk to the original staves. On the memorable anniversary of the closing of the gates of Derry in 1688, these renewed banners were borne to the church, and after divine service were placed by the Apprentice Boys in the ancient quarter. On this occasion the Rev. Archibald Boyd was requested to preach the commemoration sermon; and to the Mayor and Corporation of Derry, who immediately addressed him to publish it, we are indebted for one of the most strikingly beautiful, magnificent discourses ever delivered from a pulpit. It is impossible to give an outline: we should transcribe the whole discourse if we commenced. The deliverance of Israel from the king of Assyria is the portion of scripture chosen by the preacher, from 2 Kings xix. 32—34, and such a chapter of sacred history, with its parallel in our own national experience, as the highly-gifted divine has here spread before us, in language of most glowing sublimity, and rare elegance of diction, we never met with. The deductions drawn—the *duties* of a people so delivered, so preserved—is worthy of what precedes it. We have given an extract in page 461; but no detached portion can convey an adequate idea of the beauty and value of the discourse.

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THE PROTESTANT.

'When a man whose previous character has been more than professedly moral,' said my uncle; 'who has been found regulating his general conduct by principles of uprightness and integrity, avowedly derived from the Bible, and has for a long period of years so commanded the respect of his neighbours as to give his opinions a weight among them which others equally wealthy and powerful, but not so distinguished in character, could never command—when such a man becomes selfish, tyrannical, and insincere, neglectful of his best interests, regardless of his highest duties, guiding no longer his own affairs with discretion, and willing rather to prey upon the weaker parties around him, than to exert to any good purpose his long-standing influence among the stronger, or even to maintain that influence as of old—what would you say of that man?'

'I should say, uncle, that I feared he was one of those concerning whom the apostle says, that it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them.'

'And this being the case of an individual, he must assuredly be brought into judgment for it, either by such calamities as shall lead him to repentance, if room for repentance there yet be, or else by the final

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sentence of condemnation, dooming him to eternal destruction. But when, instead of a solitary individual, the offender is a nation; when the act, whether for good or for evil, is that of a government, representing the sentiments of the hundreds of millions of freemen for whom they legislate, and who possess the legal right of restraining that government from any abuse of their delegated power, what may we expect? If one man is accountable before God according to the light given, surely a nation of enlightened men will not trangress with impunity, just because they can sin on an incomparably larger scale, and with more awful effect than an isolated being can do.'

'That has been long ago decided, uncle; for the Lord declares that when the land trangresses against him by sinning grievously, he will send his plagues upon it, even to the cutting off of man and beast, if the iniquity be not removed from before him.'

'Aye; as individuals each shall give account of himself to God, in a future state, when the sentence of the wicked servant shall be confirmed—sealed for eternity—and he who patiently took up his cross, in the general tribulation, for his Master's sake, and bore it in his Master's strength, shall find in a crown of life the blessedness of having been faithful unto death. It is necessary that public judgments should be abroad on the earth, because where God has specially honoured a people, if they by unrighteous doings dishonour Him, his glory must be vindicated in the sight of other nations by their chastisement proving that he does not call his people to uncleanness but to holiness.'

'And what nation, since the days of Israel's greatness, has been so honoured as our own?'

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'None: I have been looking out upon the blossoming fields, overshadowed by stately trees now bursting into leaf, and peopled by a thousand birds, whose chirping notes of gladness seem to reproach the coldness of my heart, the silence of my lips, under the same bright influence that makes them break forth into singing. I have thought, what country in the world has reaped so many plentiful harvests from grain sown in unbroken peace and security; what plains have been for so many centuries unstartled by the note of war, unstained by the bloodshed of a battle; where has the law of the Lord been so universally made known, the gospel of salvation so uninterruptedly proclaimed, the Bible, the whole Bible, the unfettered, unmutilated, unadulterated Bible, so freely placed within every man's reach, as here in my own England? And again, what nation has so fairly walked in the law of the Lord, since Israel transgressed and fell? No sooner were the abominations of a false religion discovered by the light of God's word, than the yoke was cast off; and by a struggle, not of arms, not of craft, not of diplomacy, but of firm and faithful endurance for the truth's sake, England attained to the freedom she sought—that of worshipping God according to the scriptures, and of providing for her population pastors who should declare to them the whole counsel of God. Fair, rich, peaceful, and teeming with the promise of yet another bountiful season, was the scene spread before me; but the index to all these mercies was the spire of the village church, rising above the tree-tops, and pointing to the abode of Him who has said, "They that honour me, I will honour."'

'And the clouds that in the sight of all men over-

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hang our prosperous scenery—do you attribute them, uncle, to the great neglect of the nation in not making these means of spiritual instruction commensurate with the demand of a rapidly increasing population?'

'In great measure I do, not wholly. Neglect of their own souls among those who always enjoyed, or at least might have enjoyed abundant means of grace, was the parent of unconcern, on the one hand for the glory of God, on the other for the interests of their poorer countrymen. It was not for lack of churches that the un-protestantizing act of 1829—peculiarly the act of the upper classes—was passed. Those who promoted it, the miserable tools of crafty Jesuits, were not poor uninstructed people, but men who gloried in their superior information, their intellectual endowments, and a high-flown liberality of sentiment which was taught to cast upon the barbarism of former generations all the odium that belongs to the system of Popery. Men whose sense of honour was so nice that, in a vast number of instances, the fatal assent was given on these romantic grounds; 'Though the Romish clergy may be willing to grant dispensation for the breach of any oath, where such breach would tend to the advancement of their church, still *no body of* GENTLEMEN *will violate the pledge of their word and honour, which they give us:* it would be an insult to suppose it. Let us regard them as *gentlemen*, and we are safe.' Such was the sapient conclusion arrived at by men who had good roomy pews in the parish church; and to these men we owe the beginning of our present evils.'

'Was it indeed the beginning, uncle?'

'Why no: the same false liberalism had already

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been brought to bear on some of our internal securities; and a vast deal was effected towards the grand mischief by the extension of the franchise, giving the elective privilege to men who were sure to choose representatives hostile to our faith, or at least willing to sacrifice it for any selfish consideration.'

'Which, by the way, brings us back to the former ground, proving how large a body of our countrymen there was in the humbler classes not rightly instructed according to the purpose of those who formed and endowed our ecclesiastical establishment.'

'It was principally in Ireland that the extension wrought so much harm, because those who profited by it were almost all members of the Romish body.'

'Ah! that strengthens the case; for if the want of churches has operated so injuriously here, where many good men of other communions have laboured to spread the gospel, and where Bibles abound, what shall we say of a branch of the empire being left destitute even of the knowledge that the Bible is God's word, and so continuing the helpless prey of that enemy from whom we had been mercifully delivered.'

'I cannot deny the justice of your remark: I believe the majority in the Commons was manufactured principally in that way; and if you embrace so wide a field of neglected duty, be it remembered that had scriptural instruction been rightly provided for all the subjects of these isles, we should have had no Popish representatives clamouring for admission to the legislature, because no Popish constituency would have existed to return them. Yes; all is referable to that great national sin—disregard of the divine com-

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mandment to " preach the gospel to every creature." '

'And then, when the enemy had made good a lodgment, he commenced immediate operations to cripple and curtail that, which it every way behoved us to strengthen and enlarge—our church establishments.'

'Exactly so: for what other purpose could they desire admission? And now we are doomed to behold on every side symptoms of national degradation in repeated acts of national folly and delinquency, drawing upon us the scornful gaze—I was going to say of Europe, but alas! two other quarters of the world now form a principal part of the extensive stage on which we, shorn of strength, are brought to make sport for the Philistines!'

'I can see you are thinking of our American colonies, delivered up to Popery and disorder, and thereby likely to be transferred to the dominion of the States; and of China, the object of most unchristian aggression. But, uncle, the bulk of the people, I really believe, hold both these things in abhorrence, particularly the last; and must all be accountable for the misdeeds of a few?'

'Yes; because those few could not carry on their pernicious practices if the bulk of the people resisted them. By the votes of their so-called representatives are these men upheld in power, for in the Upper House they have no countenance, and the Throne could not nor would not support them in opposition to both the other branches of the constitution. Now if the majority of the people be really opposed to their mal-practices, let the different constituencies make it known to their respective repre-

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sentatives, in such a way as shall leave them in no doubt as to the issue of the next elections; and thus, in the way contemplated by the framers of our beautiful constitution, the country would maintain its integrity. But, no; they will not do this; and the inference is what I drew at the commencement of our conversation, we are rapidly losing all that honourably distinguished us among others, and giving proof of a departure from former high principle,—a recklessness of aught but our own supposed interests, and a willingness to promote them by means from which we should once have recoiled—that mark us as having left off to behave ourselves wisely, and to do well, and as being ready to barter for any savoury mess of pottage the birthright that ought to be dearer to us than our very lives—the blessing without which those lives form but a title to everlasting misery and unavailing regret!'

My uncle is, in fact, cut to the heart on the subject of the 'opium war;' and he presently adverted to it more particularly.

'We have sent missionaries into China; or, more properly speaking, devoted men have volunteered on that arduous mission, supported by the encouragements, not of England as a nation, but of English Christians in their individual capacity. Some progress was made; the grand point of introducing among that extraordinary people the holy scriptures in their own characters has been gained; some of the natives have been savingly converted, and many more weaned from the dreadful practices of their pagan race. Attention, even in very high quarters, has been favourably drawn to the statements, the proceedings, the blameless lives, and holy teaching of

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these good men, who have won for their religion the respect even of such as would not entertain a thought of its divine origin. Alas for the contrast now presented to the view of these acute and accomplished heathen! Their emperor, knowing the deadly effect produced alike on mind and body by that foul drug, opium, was enabled to resist all the pleadings of self-interest, and refused, steadily refused, to enrich his own treasury by sanctioning its importation to his vast territories. But the people were willing to possess themselves of the seductive poison, and men were found—must I say Englishmen, Christian Englishmen—in a rank where at least we must have hoped it would be vain to look for such degrading conduct, who tempted and bribed the poor Pagans to poison themselves by means of a contraband supply obtained through their smuggling ingenuity, in the face of the imperial, and truly paternal edict of their prince. The smugglers are detected, and remonstrance proving vain, they are forcibly withheld by the monarch from the farther prosecution of their unprincipled illegal traffic. What does England,—gallant generous England,—when these circumstances come before her? She proclaims herself a nation of smugglers: she, "whose merchants are princes, and her traders the honourable of the earth," declares war against the sovereign who has thus dared to guard his people from a pestilence, and his land from a curse; and I say, niece, that by so doing England draws upon herself the direct visitation of Almighty wrath, sinning against Christ, and against the souls of the heathen, to whom she is bound to declare his salvation with all love, and to exhibit in herself a proof of the elevating, sanctifying power of his gospel

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—ay, sinning with so high a hand, and with so deep a purpose, that were the scream of the northern eagle already heard on our shores, and his eager talons outspread over the devoted prey, I could but stand by, in trembling acquiescence, glorifying the righteous retribution of our offended God.'

'And can nothing save us from this deadly crime?'

'There is no effort, no movement made towards it. Men read the public prints, exclaim against these proceedings, and then go their way, one to his farm, another to his merchandize, each solacing himself with the secret assurance that to-morrow shall be as this day, and yet more abundant. They will be undeceived. This is a matter too nearly affecting the name and character of Christianity to be lightly passed over; and the supine indifference of the country makes it altogether a national provocation. See yonder mountebank unfurling for the hundredth time his banner of reckless agitation, in order to replenish his wallet at the expense of his poor countrymen:—behold them still flocking around him, obedient to every tone of the voice that directs its hypocritical pleadings to their love of Old Ireland, and their devotion to the altars of a false religion. Well may we blush at the spectacle, for there seems to be now no chord in our own bosoms responsive to the theme that could once awaken all, from the hoary-headed grandsire to the boy that sits upon his knee—the theme of Old England's untarnished honour, and the pure, undefiled faith of our fathers, who counted not their lives dear unto them when called on to do or to suffer in its righteous cause. Oh! England, how art thou fallen!'

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1840.

HELEN FLEETWOOD.

XI.

On their first interview, the widow had seen Mr. Z. in his counting-house, and under the character of the man of business: she was now at his private dwelling, and after treading with some wonder the chequered marble that graced the spacious hall, and passing between two rising platforms of rare and fragrant exotics that breathed perfume through the house, and crossing a circular space where the light from a lofty dome of glass streamed down on some fine antique statuary, she found herself in an apartment teeming with what to her rustic apprehension appeared the gorgeous magnificence of royalty. It was, indeed, a large and very handsome room, fitted up with no lack either of taste or cost; the crimson drapery bordered and fringed and tasselled with imi-

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tative gold; the couches, ottomans, and luxurious chairs; the inlaid cabinets, and fashionable profusion of *bijouterie* that loaded the carved tables, and even the splendid carpet to which her dazzled eyes were soon turned in abashed bewilderment—all produced on the humble dame an effect that for a moment almost obliterated the subject of her visit.

From a folding door, the partial opening of which shewed a table glittering with cut glass and silver plate, the accompaniments of the family luncheon, Mr. Z. advanced, and took his station before the fireplace, where a time-piece of exquisite workmanship had just struck some musical chimes from beneath the immense bell-glass that covered its burnished gold. Mr. Z. drew forth a watch of the same precious metal, attached to a guard, and while he regulated the hands according to the time-piece, said,

'You wished to speak to me, I believe?'

'I did, sir; I feel it is a liberty to take with you; but the letter I brought from Mr. Stratton some weeks ago, emboldens me to hope you will overlook it.'

'Oh, then, you are the person from L. Haven't they given you work yet?'

'Two of my family, sir, have been employed in your mill from the time I first saw you.'

'Well, and what then?'

There was something so freezing in the gentleman's manner, as he threw himself into an easy chair, laid one leg over the other, and fixing his eyes upon the gilt cornice, awaited with imperturbable nonchalance the reply to this natural question, that poor Mrs. Green lacked heart to make known her business. A minute passed in silence, which was broke by his repeating in the same frigid tone,

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'Well, Mrs. Thingimy, what then?'

'I came to you, sir, because I was unable to obtain a hearing from your agent. All that I want is protection for my poor girls against those who are too strong for them.' Mr. Z. remained silent and immoveable, and she resumed with more earnestness. 'I need not tell you, sir, how important it is to your interests, not to mention a higher motive, that honest and diligent labourers should be encouraged, and not exposed to bad example and ill-usage from others of a contrary character. My children, by God's blessing, are both honest and industrious, and have been carefully kept from evil; but in the place where they are, it is looked on as a sin to be religious, or even modest. I come to beg your interference to save a dear innocent orphan from cruel slander, and unjust persecution.'

Mr. Z. turned his face to her, elevated his eyebrows, and looking at a painting that hung above her head, drily remarked, 'I fancy here's a mistake, good woman. I am not the manager of the mill.'

'But you are the manager's master, sir, and therefore to be appealed to when he refuses redress. Only order an inquiry to be made into the business, and justice to be done, and I will trouble you no further.'

Another silence ensued. A footman then brought in some letters on a silver salver, which Mr. Z. took, and commenced a leisurely examination of the seals and directions. He opened one, and read it with deliberation: then, as he folded it, without looking up, said, 'Mr. M. is my agent.'

'But, sir, Mr. M. refuses to attend to me.'

The gentleman was again buried in contemplation

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over another letter; and the poor widow, as she gazed on him, then glanced at the splendours that surrounded her, began to feel the workings of that spirit which even in the sanctified bosom too often "lusteth to envy." There sat a fellow mortal, as frail a child of earth and of sin as herself; one who had worked his way, not by the labour of his own hands, but by the toil of others, to the possession of such wealth, and the enjoyment of such luxury, as invested him with a seeming superiority over his brethren of the dust. This, however, she felt was the fruit of enterprise and perseverance; the returns of a great outlay, and as such not to be grudged; but these riches had hardened his heart, had stifled the pleadings of humanity, and made him not only cold and proud, but cruel. 'Surely,' thought she, 'he might tell me at once, and plainly, that he rejects my petition, and bid me go. He ought not to keep me standing here, aged and fatigued as I am, hoping for a more favourable answer, and afraid to lose it by hastily retiring. He wants me to look round, to admire his glittering toys, and to draw a painful contrast between this palace and my own miserable home; he knows that almost any one piece of furniture, which would not be missed out of this room, would be a fortune to me, and fit up my poor place with every comfort. Does he want me to covet? would he tempt me to steal?' Such cogitations were passing through the mind of the widow, and she felt them to be the suggestions of a wrong spirit, yet could not stifle them, until the scripture recurred to her mind, "Behold, his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith." All was now changed; the contrast that struck her was no longer that of a

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haughty rich man, glorying in his possessions over a despised, impoverished fellow-creature, who groaned beneath the pressure of present difficulty and anticipated want; but that of a wretched being, who had his portion here, the god of this world having blinded his mind, lest the light of the glorious gospel should shine into it—one to whom the summons might come, "This night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"—one of those "rich men" to whom the Apostle's awful apostrophe was addressed, "Go to, now; weep and howl"—yes, the contrast was between such a one and herself, poor in worldly goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven: brought through much tribulation to seek, to know, to love the Lord; having her treasure laid up where neither moth, nor rust, nor thief could touch it; and knowing, that whatever might be her losses on earth, she had in heaven a better and more enduring substance.

Little did Mr. Z. suspect what thoughts of pity, gradually forming themselves into prayer on his behalf, were occupying the mind of the humble creature who stood patiently awaiting his leisure to speak again. When at last he lifted his eyes and glanced towards her, he met a look so full of benevolence, of unaccountable kindness and concern, that it surprised him out of his affected abstraction, and in a tone of angry expostulation he exclaimed, 'Good woman, what, in the name of wonder, keeps you standing there?'

'I was waiting your leave to go on, sir.'

'To go on! You have my leave to go out, which is more to the purpose. Very extraordinary that I

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am to be pestered with matters that only concern my agent. Pray did he send you to me?'

'No, sir; but Mr. Stratton led me to hope I should find a friend in you.'

'Mr. Stratton made a fool of you, for his own purposes. Learn, Mrs. What's-your-name, to know your place; and remember, too, that my private residence is not an office.' So saying he twitched the bell, and disappeared through the folding doors, as a footman entered, to re-conduct the baffled petitioner by the way she came.

The widow returned to her poor dwelling in a calmer frame of mind than she had quitted it. This resulted from having been driven closer to her Almighty refuge by rebuffs painful to flesh, and such as she had never before experienced, but which rendered doubly sweet to her soul the word of promise, "*I* will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." She took her Bible, and read aloud to James, whose thin fingers were busily employed at his work, and the boy thought she had been enjoying some great spiritual privilege, so full did her heart appear of heavenly consolation.

'Ah, my dear child,' she observed, when closing the blessed volume, 'What a hard case is theirs, who among all the adversities of life know not where to look for such comforts as this book affords to us!'

'I'm sure I don't know, granny, how they manage; but they seem to think religion would make their troubles worse, instead of lightening them.'

'If they were allowed to put asunder what God has joined, James;—if they might take the promises and leave the commands, secure happiness without seeking holiness, and serve God and mammon toge-

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ther, we should find a great many who now shun and even revile religion, very willing to take it up. But the cross is what they hate; pride will not own a crucified Saviour as the only hope, and corruption will not follow Him through trials, in the path of obedience, nor desire the sanctification that would spoil their relish for vain and sinful pleasures.'

'Well, granny, I do think, that is, I am afraid, it is not so much the Spirit of God as the sickness I feel, that makes me care so little about idle play, and love the Bible as I do.'

'My darling boy, sickness alone would not wean your heart from earth, much less would it endear the blessed book to your soul; but this sickness is the cross that your loving Lord sees good to lay upon you; and because you are his own dear child, he leads you to seek refreshment at that fountain of life, and to delight in the word, which tells you that poor as you are, and helpless, sick, feeble, and sinful, all things are yours, for you are Christ's.'

The boy dropped the long silken lashes where tears had already gathered, and meekly replied, 'I am not afraid Jesus will cast me out, granny, for I came to Him because he has invited me, and I am sure he never said what he did not mean.'

The widow's heart sang for joy over this simple declaration of a hope that she knew would never, never make the young believer ashamed. How light seemed the affliction which had weighed down her spirit all day, when thus, placed as it were in the balance against it, the exceeding and eternal weight of glory appeared to the eye of faith! James had never before spoken out, either as to his bodily illness nor the strong hold that his spirit had taken on the

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promises of the gospel, and she felt how timely was the communication, at once to solemnize and soothe her mind.

But evening came, and brought a renewal of trouble. Helen's face, for the first time, appeared swollen with weeping, and Mary was in a state of excitement rendered the more evident by her struggles to conceal it. Neither entered into any explanation, but Helen, on being urged to speak, said, 'I will no more dissuade you from going to the manager; for indeed I cannot much longer bear it: the work is getting beyond my strength, and they make it heavier than it need be—all because I will not go along with them in wickedness.'

Little did the widow suspect that the fair young girl so tenderly reared by her, to whom even the language of unkindness was never addressed, had that day been cruelly beaten by a ruffian overlooker! Mary alone knew it.

However, it was evident that some sort of protection must be obtained; and without divulging to any of the family her past proceedings or farther intentions, Mrs. Green made up her mind to try an appeal to the elder brother of the house of Z. who bore the character of a very domestic man, remarkably fond of his daughters. She had never seen him, as they had been absent, and Mr. Stratton's letter was to the other Z. The house was a little way out of town, the grounds through which she had to pass were beautifully planted; and the contrast of fresh air, green leaves, bright sunshine and the singing of birds, to the scene she had just quitted, was most reviving. She trod the velvet grass with the elasticity of a younger step; and her hope brightened as

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she approached the elegant, but still rural mansion.

She was admitted into the library, a large and cheerful room, of which the long windows opened upon a lawn, diversified with flower plats. Mr. Z. was attired in a plain loose morning coat, seated at a table where books and writing materials lay before him; at a smaller table, near him, was a lovely young lady, seemingly about the age of Helen, employed in painting a groupe of flowers. The widow's humble curtsey was acknowledged by a slight nod from Mr. Z., and after glancing at her dress, always neat and highly respectable, he told her to sit down.

'At length, then,' thought the poor petitioner, as she gratefully obeyed, 'at length I have found the right person; and my suit will be heard.'

Encouraged by this belief, she proceeded to state the occasion of her visit; and meeting with no interruption, she entered upon the topic as especially affecting the morals and health of her young charges. She spoke of Helen as a pious, modest, retiring girl, who required nothing more than liberty to remain so, and to pursue her work with the diligence that formed part of her character; but who, because she maintained her integrity among many evil examples, was not only persecuted by her fellow-labourers but also oppressed, at their instigation, by the people placed in authority over them. All that she sought was an intimation from the superiors of the concern to the men who overlooked the common hands, that they required to have virtue protected, and industry encouraged, instead of the reverse.

During her appeal for Helen, whose orphan state

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she briefly, but touchingly described, the young lady frequently suspended the operations of her pencil, and listened with looks of kind commiseration: Mr. Z. was silent, and a gloomy expression gathered on his features, which might, however, result from dissatisfaction at hearing of his people's mal-practices. At length, he glanced towards his daughter, and catching one of her compassionate looks directed to the speaker, he abruptly exclaimed, 'Amelia, go to your sisters.'

She immediately left the room; and no sooner was the door closed than Mr. Z. commenced an angry speech, reprimanding the widow for introducing such improper subjects in the presence of a young lady, whose ears ought not to have been assailed by discourse so unfit for a delicate mind.

'What have I said, sir?' asked the poor woman in amaze; 'surely I avoided every word that could be thought improper; and I never spoke of, or alluded to any thing indelicate.'

'You talked of 'drunkards, swearers, and shameless people,' and drew a picture of misery, dirt and confusion unfit to be heard of in a place like this. It is, let me tell you, no small liberty to come to my house on such an errand at all; but to talk before my daughter is unpardonable.'

'Oh, sir, though of very humble rank, my poor Helen is modest and delicate as you yourself can desire a female to be; and she is obliged to hear and to see in their worst forms, all the evil things that I spoke of, and others that I could not even mention before the young lady. Let this move your compassion for her.' But Mr. Z. had worked himself into a passion, for propriety's sake.

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'Really, woman, your assurance is matchless! Not content with insulting my daughter by your low conversation, you must now place some dirty factory girl on the same level with her, and thence argue that I am to go, in person of course, and rescue your distressed damsel from the mill!' and he laughed in bitter scorn, as he spoke.

What could the dismayed applicant do to appease him? Every attempt at explanation seemed to aggravate her offence, and at length she rose from her seat; a movement that seemed to impart no small satisfaction to Mr. Z. who quickly pulled the bell, and himself striding across the room, opened the door for her, saying, 'I believe you have erred more through ignorance and presumption than any positive wish to offend me; so I shall say no more:—there, go along,' he added, slightly touching her arm to expedite her, as, at the encouragement of this more moderate speech she once more strove to address him, 'go along, good woman, and learn better manners for the future.'

As she followed a servant through the hall, Miss Z., the innocent cause of, or rather pretext for this rude rebuff, came towards her with money in her hand; 'I am so sorry for your distress,' she gently said, 'and perhaps you will accept this trifle to buy a few things for your orphan girl.'

'Dear young lady!' replied the widow, 'it is not money that I want: but if I could win your father's protection for my poor girls, how thankful I should be!'

'Oh,' exclaimed Amelia, looking frightened, 'Papa never allows any of us to interfere in the least about the mills—I must not say one word to him on that,

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because'——here a side door opened, and an elder domestic appeared who, darting a look of anger at the poor woman, said in a testy voice, 'Miss Amelia, your Mamma wants you directly. Directly, Miss,' he repeated impatiently, as the girl was about to finish her sentence; and, seemingly with reluctance, she walked away. The man growling in an angry under tone to his fellow servant, 'Turn her out at once,' followed his young mistress; and the other, a mere youth, proceeding to the door with Mrs. Green, took occasion to whisper, 'You can't succeed here: you'll only make yourself enemies in the mill, by trying to get justice out of it. If the agent isn't your friend, never reckon on any good by coming to the owners; and our agent is nobody's friend but his own.'

What a change comes over the face of creation when sadness weighs down the heart that ere while 'rejoiced in nature's joy!' The sun shone as brightly, the green turf spread as broadly, the flowers bloomed in an atmosphere as fragrant, and the little birds renewed their carols with glee as unrestrained; but no response was found in the poor widow's aching bosom to their claims on her glad attention. Sorrow had overwhelmed her spirit, always too sanguine because prone to make her own warm-heartedness the standard of anticipations respecting others. Her last hope had failed: of the agent, what she had just heard was evidently true, and too plainly the young footman had represented the uselessness of other appeal. Neither of the Messrs. Z. had chosen to enter at all on the subject of her complaint, and it was clear that an excuse had been seized by this gentleman roughly to baffle her suit, as his brother

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had contemptuously frozen her into silence. Yet there lingered in her mind a sort of incredulity as to the possibility of such a state of things existing in England, simply because it was England. She remembered that Mr. Barlow had once held a meeting of his parishioners, in order to give them an opportunity of petitioning Parliament for the total abolition of slavery in our western colonies: a gentleman attended, who detailed the wrongs and described the sufferings of the poor negroes, previous to receiving their signatures. On that occasion, a stout old farmer, of the humbler class, was seated near her; and she could not forget the feverish anxiety with which he awaited permission to write his name. Half rising from the bench, leaning his hands on the knob of a stout oaken staff, every finger trembling with agitation, while his forehead was streaked with crimson, and his light grey eyes, blood-shot and glistening, seemed ready to start from his head, he stared by turns at the pleader and at the roll of parchment which he held, until the speech was concluded, the petition was spread out, and the ink-stand placed beside it: then he sprang forward with a step that shook the room, and after cutting rather than writing his name on the skin, he returned to his place, drawing the sleeve of his smock-frock across his eyes, and with a sound between a sob and a growl, ejaculating, 'Wow! neighbour Green, the man, woman, or child that wont go on bended knees morning, noon and night, to thank God for being born in Old England, ought to be made a negur slave of.' Then turning to Richard, he added, 'Lad, ye wor born a freeman: ye be a poor boy; but not a lord in the land can stamp his fine boot on the toe of your old shoe but ye may

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take the law on him. Think o' that, Dick ! Liberty and old England for ever ! '

The scene had been talked over at night in their own dear cottage; and Mrs. Barker, with that legal knowledge which it beseemed a beadle's wife to possess, had expounded to them the law of their native land, exemplifying it by a recital of cases occurring within her own recollection, where for instances of supposed aggression even ludicrously trivial, certain litigious cottagers had summoned their richer neighbours before a magistrate; ay, and obtained redress too.

All these things had tended to deepen in the mind of our widow the feeling of independence natural to it: she regarded the legal enactments of her country as being to every poor man "his own vine and his own fig-tree," under whose shadow he might securely sit; and now, despite of all present experience, she was confident that redress was to be had, though where she could not tell. There was no outrage yet committed—so far as she knew—to warrant an appeal to magisterial authority; but surely there must be some species of protection short of that. The remarks of South flashed upon her memory, and she dreaded to find his description just, to the letter: but still, she thought, 'we are in England; and it is not possible that in this English town there should be some thousands of slaves—white slaves—free-born slaves—and my own children among them! No: it is not possible'—and she quickened her pace, as if to escape from the tormenting suggestion that it was not only possible but absolutely true.

When, in the evening, the party once more assembled, her attention was partially diverted by seeing

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Mary pull in with her a singular-looking child, from whose thick, tangled ringlets of dark auburn looked out a little face, full of expression, and of a complexion the clear beauty of which was not wholly obscured by all the soil that had accumulated upon it. Her bright hazel eyes danced with evident pleasure, and the pretty mouth was dimpled with smiles, as it uttered half-coaxingly, half-reproachfully, 'Ah, then, Miss Mary, ma'am, that I wouldn't be let clean myself for the gentry to see me!'

'It will make you more careful to clean yourself, Katy, if I let them see how dirty you are: come along, granny wont be cross to you.'

The little girl advanced, and stood smiling and blushing before the widow, who, kindly patting her cheek, said, 'So, you are Mary's little friend, Katy Malony.'

'I'm Miss Mary's scavenger, ma'am.'

'And Mary is your piecener,' added Helen, who saw the old lady look grave at this distinction of ranks.

'Yes, I'm Miss Katy's piecener, ma'am,' said Mary in high good humour, imitating Katy's accent as she stood beside her. The little girl looked round, and laughed. After a few more remarks, Mary drew her grandmother aside, and with a face full of earnest anxiety said, 'Oh, granny, that poor child's father is so weak, and so friendless, and treated so unkindly by the people where they lodge! I want you to get him in here, and talk to him; for oh, you can't think how shockingly ignorant he is! You won't believe it, but I found out that he says his prayers to the Virgin Mary—only think, to the Virgin Mary, who died one thousand seven hundred and odd years ago: and he

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splashes a little pump-water about every night; for what, can you ever guess? No, that you never could —he does it to frighten the devil, granny! Did you ever in all your whole life hear of any thing like that, granny?'

The widow had heard of it before; but she only replied, 'Well, my darling, blessed be God for the Bible which teaches us to avoid all such foolish and wicked ways.'

'That is just the thing, granny: I'm quite sure Katy's father knows no more about the gospel than any heathen at the world's farthest end. I want you to teach him.'

'If you bring him here, we will do what the Lord enables us.'

'Thank you, thank you, my own granny! I brought Katy that she may see how kind you are, and that we are not the grand gentry she takes us for. She will soon bring her father, if you encourage her a little.'

So Katy was encouraged to her heart's content; and having had her 'tay,' as she called it, took leave with a joyous promise that she would ask her father to come next evening. This little incident gave a pleasant turn to their feelings. Mary was eloquent on the subject of Malony's unaccountable religion; and the widow gave them some insight into its soul-destroying character, from the pages of inspired truth. All the missionary zeal with which Mr. Barlow had loved to inspire his little flock, on behalf of the heathen, was now kindled afresh, its object being a poor Irish papist, who was listening the while to his child's enraptured description of her new friends, and giving her the promise she sought of accompanying her to

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their dwelling. But when the hour of rest arrived, the widow could not help noticing the evident difficulty and pain attending the movement of Helen's arm. She questioned her, and was told that the fatigue was certainly great, and that any amelioration of her mental and bodily sufferings would be welcome. Beyond this, she owned nothing; but her frequent starts and restlessness during the night increased her friend's uneasiness to such a pitch that she resolved on making another attempt to discover where redress for factory wrongs was to be sought: and to this end she made up her mind that a visit to the clergyman whose ministry she attended would be the safest step. He was certainly a good man: he preached the truth, and bore a high character for humanity and every other right quality. He must needs know the mill-system, for he had been several years rector of that parish; and he would surely point out to her the best path to take. Once decided upon, this plan left her nothing to regret but that she had not adopted it in the first instance. So, next morning, with as little delay as possible, after setting her simple household in order, she tied on her black silk bonnet and Sunday cloak, and announced herself at the Rector's door as one of his parishioners, seeking counsel from him. The servant soon returned, bidding her sit down in a small parlour for a few minutes: and there the widow cheerfully awaited the coming of one who would, as she fondly believed put her in possession of that rare philosopher's stone—justice in the factories.

C. E.

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ESSAY ON

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE REV. DANIEL BAGOT, B.D., OF EDINBURGH.

VII.—The Proposal of Peter.

"Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."

Whatever accounts are contained in the word of God of the sayings and doings of holy men of old, have been written for our instruction; and the Spirit has had our edification and comfort as much in view, in the history which he has given of their failings, as of their graces. It is well for us that we have a perfect model of unsullied purity in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was holy, harmless, and undefiled; but if all the examples which the word of God contains were those of complete and perfect holiness, we should be deterred and discouraged in our endeavours to attain to any progress in sanctification. This, however, is not the case. The Bible has been constructed upon principles of utility. We there see what degree of virtue may be attained to by men of like passions with ourselves. Indeed, the only example of perfection is that of the Saviour: the accounts of his people

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are, more or less, histories of failing, imperfection, or prejudice. This remark applies with peculiar propriety to the history of the apostle Peter, which is one of the most instructive which the New Testament contains. His character was so ardent and impetuous, that he frequently anticipated in his conduct the decisions of his judgment, and obtruded himself into difficult positions which he had not strength to occupy. What a striking proof of this is presented in the account of our Saviour's transfiguration: even then the apostle could not restrain the enthusiastic ardour of his feelings, but, under the influence of strong excitement, he exclaimed, "Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."

The evangelist Luke has informed us, that Peter and they that were with him "were heavy with sleep" during a part of this splendid scene, and has pronounced the following short but emphatic commentary upon the proposal of the apostle—"not knowing what he said:" a commentary dictated and recorded by the Spirit of God, which shews that the words of the apostle were not the result of calm and sober reflection, but were, *in themselves*, expressive of much absurdity and error. We must, therefore, be guided by this in our examination of the language before us. Let us, then, with great humility, and with a simple and special view to our own instruction, endeavour to find out in what it was that the error of this proposal of Peter consisted.

Had the apostle been able to restrain his feelings, so as to have reflected upon the position in which he was, he would have seen that it was wrong in him to

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speak upon this occasion at all. He had been brought there by Jesus to be a spectator, but nothing more. It is one of the first departments of sound wisdom, to determine when we ought to speak, and when we ought to be silent. There are two valuable rules on this point to which we should do well to take heed: we should be silent whenever any subject is discussed upon which we have little or no information to offer, and whenever we are in the presence of persons who are well acquainted with a subject on which we are ignorant. The apostle should have attended to both of these rules when he was on the mount of transfiguration. He was only a learner, receiving the first rudiments of spiritual knowledge from his divine Master, and knew far too little at the time of the nature of the Redeemer's kingdom, to authorise him to make any proposal, such as that which he made on this occasion. In the presence, too, of Moses and Elias and the Saviour, it was his duty and his safety to remain silent. The position and attitude of the apostle, and of every child of God, should be that of Mary, who sat at the feet of Jesus, and listened to the words of divine instruction and consolation which were uttered by him.

He would also have felt that it was wrong for him to say, in the manner and at the time when he uttered these words, "It is good for us to be here." From the proposal annexed to this remark, it is evident that his meaning was—to *remain* there. To a certain extent it was good to be on the mountain, but the time had elapsed when it was correct to have said this; for St. Luke expressly says, that it was as Moses and Elias *departed* that Peter spoke. We may learn from this, that unless we have a very

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distinct evidence that it is good for us, in the judgment of Christ, to be in any particular place at any special time, it is dangerous for us to use such absolute and positive language. In such cases it is better for us to say, "It is good for us to be wherever the Lord chooses." He is best judge of his people's character, and what change of place and circumstances may be best calculated to promote their spiritual welfare. Language so unqualified cannot always be safely used on this side of glory. When we shall have entered into the presence of our blessed Redeemer, and shall resemble him in purity and bliss, then may we adopt these words as the constant expression of our grateful joy, and continually say, "It is good for us to be here."

Had the apostle been able to reflect, he would never have supposed that the Lord would have regulated the condition of glorified saints so as to promote the imaginary comfort of his people on earth. Because Peter felt, in a moment of excitement, that it was good to be on the mountain, should Moses and Elias be detained, and obliged to dwell there in tabernacles? This is not the principle on which God acts. The church, which is militant here on earth, must sustain her own trials, endure her own toils, and suffer whatever the Lord appoints, until the time of her glorification shall arrive; nor must she expect that those who have entered into rest should be stripped of aught of their blessedness, in order to make her condition more comfortable.

Nor would he have thought of none but himself and James and John, when he said, "It is good for *us* to be here." What would have become of the other apostles—what would have become of the

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Jewish and Gentile sinners, if his proposal could have been acceded to? How liable we are, in the fulness of our own enjoyments, to disregard and overlook the wants of others! Nor is this the case merely in reference to temporal enjoyments. Our selfishness too frequently mixes itself up with our Christianity, and when we are enjoying communion with God, we are too apt to forget the spiritual destitution of our fellow-creatures. This ought not to be the case: so far from it, we should always be ready to relinquish our own comforts, and like the apostle Paul, to endure all things for the sake of others, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory.

But the plan of the apostle, could it have been acceded to, would have been the means of detaining the Saviour on the mountain, so as to prevent his finishing the work which the Father had given him to do, by dying upon the cross for man's redemption! There was in this proposal too much of that spirit which the same apostle had displayed on another occasion, when, on the Lord having declared that he was shortly to suffer, he exclaimed, "That be far from thee!"—Alas! if such a proposal could have been accepted, what would have become of the world?—what would have become of the apostle himself?—what of Moses and Elias? The justice of heaven would soon have interposed and interrupted the arrangement, exclaiming in a voice more appalling than that which was heard at Sinai—"Arise, for this is not your rest; your happiness can only be purchased by blood; the path of suffering can alone conduct you into the tabernacles of peace, and blessedness, and joy."

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And had Peter been able to reflect upon this proposal before he gave utterance to it, he would have seen the absurdity of his imagining that he could make tabernacles! How could he have made them? What material had he within his reach fit to erect mansions in which Jesus or his glorified people could have resided? Verily the church would have been but sadly accommodated in a tabernacle of Peter's manufacture. The Lord alone can prepare suitable dwellings for his people. The tabernacles in which they can find peace and joy, must be "buildings of God, houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." To Christ alone must exclusively belong the glory of our salvation from first to last. He must be both the author and the finisher of our faith.

But the plan which the apostle proposed was one which would have excluded himself. His language was, "Let us make *three* tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." But what was to have become of himself? did he intend to shut himself out from the enjoyment of his Saviour's more immediate presence? If the apostle could have supposed that he was manifesting humility in this, he was much mistaken. There is no humility in offering to shut ourselves out of heaven. But, indeed, we have here an illustration of what fools we become when we give way to our excited feelings, and of what a display of absurdity we should witness if God were to allow his church to regulate her own affairs, without the salutary direction and judicious control of his wisdom and grace.

And think of a plan which would separate the Saviour from his people, and give to him no better accommodation than to Moses and Elias! In our glo-

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rified state, the Saviour and his people are to be together: no walls shall separate them from each other: where he is, there they shall be likewise. Still he must ever retain his proper superiority—he must be the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely, the first-born among many brethren.

And, finally, it was wrong in the apostle to suppose that the Lord would have then established his kingdom. For there was, most likely, a confused recollection in the mind of Peter of the prophecy which is written in the 16th verse of the 14th chapter of Zechariah, where mention is made of persons coming up to Jerusalem, after Christ shall have appeared as king, to keep the feast of tabernacles. This was indeed the common error of all the apostles, during the Saviour's public ministry, to suppose that he was about to set up his kingdom at the time of his first advent, whereas it was necessary that he should first suffer before he could enter into his glory, and that the cross should be the main pillar of his throne. Had the apostle been able to attend to the subject of the conversation in which Jesus had just engaged with Moses and Elias, he could not have fallen into this error.

From this brief review of the proposal of Peter, we may see the justness of the inspired remark of the Evangelist, that "he knew not what he said," and may feel no surprise that his proposition did not receive the slightest attention. We see, too, how much we are benefited by having the errors and infirmities of the saints recorded for our instruction. Let us then learn to cultivate much forbearance towards each other, seeing that the very best and most distinguished of the Lord's people are continually liable to

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display much weakness in their present earthly and imperfect state.

VIII.—THE HEAVENLY TESTIMONY.

"While he yet spake, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him; and when the disciples heard it, they fell on their faces and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes they saw no man save Jesus only."

THIS part of the solemn and sublime transactions connected with the transfiguration of our blessed Lord, must always be regarded as most important by every believer; whatever shews the interest which heaven takes in the work of Christ, and proves that the Father is well pleased with the incarnation of the Son, must ever be the means of strengthening the faith, invigorating the hope, and contributing to the encouragement and consolation of the Christian. There was no reply given by the Saviour to the proposal of the apostle Peter. This was unnecessary, as the bright and splendid occurrence which immediately followed, soon expelled the delusion from his mind. Thus shall it be hereafter with every believer; All errors of judgment shall be at once dispelled by the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

We are here told that a bright cloud overshadowed the disciples. A cloud was the symbol of the presence of God. He appeared upon Sinai in a cloud; for so we read in the 9th verse of the 19th chapter of Exodus—"Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud,

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that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever." The object of this mode of God's manifesting himself was, that he might soften down and temper the exceeding brightness of his glory, so as to suit the weakness and infirmity of man. Such is the condition of our present limited faculties, that we could not gaze upon the amazing splendour of the Divine Majesty, and live. Even in his unfallen state, man could not bear the full presence of his Creator, and therefore God conversed with Adam in a human form: how much less, then, could man now, in his sinful and degraded condition, look upon the face of God and live. If the glory of God could have been to Adam in Paradise an overpowering brightness, that same glory would be to men now as a consuming fire. In tender compassion, then, to our weakness, the Almighty modifies the manifestations of his presence. On this occasion it was a light cloud that overshadowed them, but under the law it was a thick and dark one. This, as it has been well observed, was for the purpose of forming a kind of symbolical contrast between the light of grace and truth which has been introduced by Jesus Christ, and the darkness of the legal dispensation which was only the shadow of good things to come.

But let us attend in humility and grateful wonder to the voice which issued from the cloud, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Such a testimony as this could have been uttered by none but God. No other being in heaven could have said, in reference to Jesus, "This is my beloved Son." When God speaks, his language carries with it self-evident demonstration that it comes from the King Eternal, immortal, and invisible. His

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words as well as his works bear the impress of their divine Original; so that men are left entirely without excuse, who refuse to listen to what he says; and their infidelity never results from any defect of evidence, but altogether from themselves.

Every word contained in this wonderful declaration must be understood in its highest and most emphatic sense. Jesus is here said to be the Son of God. He is so in a sense peculiar to himself. Others are sons of God by creation, as Adam was; others by adoption, and by their exercise of faith in Christ;—but Jesus is the Son of God in a sense so peculiar as to imply his complete oneness of power and prerogative, and therefore of nature, with the Father. The Saviour himself asserts, as it is written in the 5th chapter of St. John's gospel, that his being the Son of God implies his complete participation in the performance of the works, and reception of the honours which are proper to God—"My Father," he says, "worketh hitherto, and I work:" and again—"The Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth; and he will shew him greater works than these, that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent him." There are, indeed, some persons who would argue, that the very title of "Son of God" necessarily im-

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plies the inferiority of the Saviour to his heavenly Father. As well might such persons argue, that the title of "Son of Man" necessarily implies his inferiority to men.

But of whom does the everlasting Father say, "This is my beloved Son?" Even of him who gave himself for us, and suffered the indescribable agonies of the cross for our redemption. We perceive, then, the use we should make of this great doctrine of the Saviour's dignity as the Son of God. We should meditate upon it for the purpose of seeing more of the love of God in giving his Son, and of the love of the Son in giving himself for us; for we should estimate this love in proportion to the dignity of the Saviour; "God *so* loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And Jesus is not only the Son, but the "beloved Son" of God. He is the peculiar object of an affection which the most exalted angel in heaven cannot possibly comprehend. Before this world was brought into existence, even from old, from everlasting, the Son dwelt in the bosom of the Father, and was the object of a love which none but God could feel, and none but God could understand. Oh! who shall venture to speak upon this amazing theme! The love of God to the world is a great and mysterious subject; but the love of God to his only-begotten Son, is a subject so sublime and transcendant, that we can only exclaim when we approach it, "Oh the depths!" Let us not, then, dwell upon a topic which is too wonderful for us, except so far as may be necessary to have our gratitude to God for his unspeakable gift, kindled into a flame which shall

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burn more brightly as we grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Saviour.

But observe the important testimony which is appended to this emphatic declaration of the Saviour's dignity—"In whom I am well pleased." Such an unqualified testimony as this has never been given of any who have appeared in the form of man since the fall. But of Jesus it is uttered without reservation or exception. The Father is well pleased with him, because he is holy, harmless, and undefiled, and reflects in his person the unsullied purity and unbounded love of God. He is well pleased with him, because he has undertaken the office of a Saviour, and has rendered the manifestation of mercy, in which God takes delight, consistent with the maintenance of justice, which he could never compromise nor violate. What a source of strong consolation the believer has in this reflection, that the Son was acting in complete compliance with the Father's will, in giving himself to be a Saviour and a sacrifice to man, and that the Father is not only well pleased with the work of the Son, but that on this very account does the Father love him, because he laid down his life for the sheep.

There is also a practical injunction added to this declaration. The voice that issued from the cloud on Tabor uttered this command, in reference to the incarnate Son of God—"Hear him." These words were not pronounced as part of the testimony which was heard from heaven on the occasion of the Saviour's baptism, which, with this exception, was the same as that delivered on the occasion of his transfiguration. They were probably added in this place on account of the proposal of Peter. The voice of

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the apostle was not to be heard; the voice of Jesus is to be alone attended to. He is head over all things to his church; he has been given as a leader and commander to his people; he alone is to have authority, and no subordinate or inferior ministry should ever encroach upon his proper and rightful prerogatives.

Thus, we perceive, that the announcement which came from heaven on this occasion consisted of three distinct clauses. Some have thought that these were intended to refer to the three offices which Christ sustains, and that they have been derived from the three leading departments of the Old Testament: that the first clause, "This is my beloved Son," has a reference to the kingly power of Christ, who is spoken of in the 6th and 7th verses of the 2nd Psalm, as the Son of God exalted as King upon the holy hill of Zion: that the second clause, "in whom I am well pleased," has a reference to his priestly office, in the execution of which he magnified the law by a sacrifice well-pleasing to God, according to the declaration of Isaiah, in the 21st verse of his 42nd chapter, "The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake: he will magnify the law, and make it honourable:" and that the third clause, "Hear him," refers to his prophetical office, and is spoken in allusion to the prediction of Moses recorded in the 15th verse of the 18th chapter of Deuteronomy, "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him shall ye hearken."

We are now arrived at the conclusion of the history of this splendid transaction. "When the disciples heard the voice, they fell on their face and

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were sore afraid." When God speaks in the language of authority, it is no wonder that men should tremble. The voice of God fills the soul of man with fear on account of his sinfulness and weakness. But, blessed be God! we can never be so cast down and overwhelmed with terror, as that the mild and merciful command of Him, who is our righteousness and strength, shall prove ineffectual in restoring us to a state of tranquillity and peace. When the disciples were lying prostrate on the ground, in apprehension and dismay, "Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid." Thus, whenever we feel the Saviour's touch, our hearts are instantly filled with that love which casteth out fear, and his voice at once restores the sweetest confidence to the most dejected soul. The narrative concludes by telling us, that "when the disciples lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only." All was now over. The splendid scenery had now departed. Their eyes could bear the sight no longer, nor could this world any longer contain that light and glory, which can only remain as the permanent embellishment of that new earth in which righteousness shall for ever dwell. Moses and Elias were taken away: Jesus was left to finish the work which the Father had given him to do, and the apostles to sustain the trials, and discharge the labours that awaited them, encouraged by the bright and happy prospect of appearing again, not as spectators only, but as the immediate companions of their glorified Master, in that eternal kingdom of blessedness and immortality which it is the ultimate design of his mediation to establish over the whole extent of a renovated earth.

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PSALM I. 5.

"Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous."

MANY are the incidental allusions to important doctrines which lie scattered, as with a careless hand, throughout the word of God. Often these references are not understood by those who peruse the passages where they occur. They remain hidden until some peculiar state of the church, or the prominence of some peculiar controversy or article of faith, discovers them at once to our view; as the near and partial flashing of a torch will bring out figures from the dark back-ground of a picture, which had been before unseen, amid the broad and general light of day.

The passage which I have placed at the head of this paper, is a striking testimony to the truth of this fact. The great point to which it alludes has been so entirely overlooked by the framers of our English version, that they have translated it in quite a different sense to what the original clearly implies. Martin Luther had done the same before them; and we can only attribute this to the sinking of many invaluable portions of divine truth, in the all-absorbing question of 'Popery, or no Popery?—Rome and slavery, or the Bible and freedom?' which was, with both Luther and our own Reformers, the watchword of the church. Other subjects were deemed of more

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or less importance, in proportion as they bore upon the grand matter then at issue in the struggle between Scripture light and Popish darkness.

Since those times, fresh topics have taken the place of these. Conformity and non-conformity once split the Church of England. Calvinism and Arminianism split it again, though not so visibly. Millenarianism and Anti-Millenarianism afterwards took their places, and made many a rent in the texture of the religious world; and even these have lately given way before the disputes arising out of the Puseyite controversy.

Now in each of these successive eras of the English church, the points chiefly in dispute have been deemed the most important points of religion. Organs and surplices were considered quite as momentous things in the days of our first James, as 'bell, book and candle,' had been in those of Elizabeth. 'The five points,' and the 'number of the beast,' have since occupied their places, as objects of controversy; the same place now held by 'the Apostolic succession,' 'the system of reserve in preaching,' and the excellence of tradition.

Thus the wheel has gone round; now one part uppermost to public view, and now another; and according to the subject disputed, has been the supreme importance attached to certain parts of scripture, and the lack of attention paid to others. Some have disparaged the epistle to the Hebrews,—Luther questioned that of St. James; while John Wesley went so far as to paste up the ninth chapter of that to the Romans. The book of Revelation has sometimes superseded all other portions of the Bible; while, at other periods, it has been as a sealed book, scarcely to be opened, even by the clergy.

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All this is alike wrong. "*All* scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is *profitable* for" the various necessities of the church. One book is not to be supremely extolled, nor another unjustly depreciated; every part has its peculiar bearing on the mighty whole of the Christian system.

Perhaps the good which results from this evil, (for we know that every apparent evil carries its respective good in its bosom,) is the bringing out the full meaning of particular books and passages of holy writ, and the discovery of many previously unnoticed allusions to subjects which are apparently unconnected with the texts where the allusions are found.

This has been especially the case with prophetic subjects. By the controversy upon them, light has been thrown on many an obscure passage and parable, and several apparently dim prophecies, when compared with each other in this fresh illumination, have stood out in clear and conspicuous forms. Probably my readers have never perceived any possible reference to "the first resurrection" in the first Psalm. Yet there is a very clear and striking one, though it is much obscured by the translation. The literal rendering of the fifth verse runs thus, "For this (reason) the wicked (or *condemned*) shall not *rise*, in that judgment: nor sinners in the assembly of the righteous," (or *justified*.) The difference from the common version will be seen at once. I do not wish to deny that the Hebrew verb *koom*, here spoken of the ungodly, signifies also *to stand;* but that is its secondary meaning, its primary one is *to rise;* which will be evident to common sense, if we remember that a person or thing must rise up previously to standing.

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The idea of standing is not, moreover, quite consistent with good sense: the not *standing* "in the judgment" does not convey the meaning which our translators seem to have intended. "I shall not *be able* to stand," or to remain standing, is Wickliffe's version, as found in our Prayer-books, and is nearer the sense purposed to be given; but for this the Hebrew gives no warrant. "They shall not '*rise*,'" is the plain and literal meaning of it.

Now the fact here alluded to, that there shall be, at the close of the present dispensation, a resurrection of the righteous, and of them alone, is evidently proved by Rev. xx. 4, 5; where the apostle sees the risen saints living and reigning "with Christ a thousand years;" while the wicked, or "the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection." This exactly corresponds with the passage we are considering; "the ungodly shall not *rise*," they shall not leave their graves, they shall not appear at all in *that* judgment; it is a judgment of reward, not of punishment; nor shall they enter the assembly of the righteous." Indeed, it would cease to consist exclusively of the righteous, if the sinners were admitted into it.

Should it be here objected that "the first resurrection is only a resurrection of principles, not of persons,"—we reply that there is evidently a resurrection peculiar to the righteous, and if it be not "the first resurrection," what is it? Now, that it is peculiar to the saints, is shewn by our Lord's speaking of those who "shall be counted *worthy* to *obtain* that world, and the *resurrection* from the dead," and "who are equal to the angels." (Luke xx. 35.) St.

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Paul expresses his great desire to "*attain*, by any means, unto the *resurrection* of the dead." (Phil. iii. 11.) Now we know that some kind of resurrection is common to all men, and they must "attain to" it, whether they will or no; how then can any difficulty, or condition of worthiness, attach to it? It must be a different resurrection from that; it must be that "better resurrection" of which St. Paul speaks (Heb. xi. 35.) as the object for which the Old Testament saints endured their afflictions and torments. He tells the Thessalonians expressly, that at the coming of the Lord, "the *dead in Christ* shall rise first;" (1 Thess. iv. 16.) and what can these passages mean, if they do not allude to one great fact, "the first resurrection," that of the saints?

This doctrine was better known to the Old Testament saints than to many Christians in our day. The persecuted martyrs and prophets underwent their sufferings in the assured hope of this joyful rising to "glory, honour, and immortality;" and we see that David makes express mention of it in his very first Psalm.

Let Christians then follow in the steps of these Jewish saints; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious coming of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; "knowing that then we shall be like Him, for we shall see him as he is."

A. F.

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THINGS OF OLD.

No. IV.

THE DELUGE.

I HAVE formerly said so much about the deluge, that I fear my readers will be tempted to impatience at the repetition of the title. But what I have already given are the traditions of Pagan nations upon this interesting subject: I purpose now to select some information from Christian writers, which may throw light upon the circumstances attending that stupendous judgment.

First, let us glance at the theory of Whiston, which pronounces the flood to have been caused by a comet. That a comet appeared at that time, with other extraordinary celestial phenomena, is highly probable, and is indeed recorded by many heathen authors. A falling star or blazing comet, is frequently connected with those periods of their narratives which refer to the general deluge; and no doubt such a flaming visitant would heighten the terrors of that awful scene. The attraction of such a body might also commence the agitation of the waters; but, in spite of all Whiston's ingenious calculations, we cannot conceive its power sufficient for the breaking up "the fountains of the great deep," and the opening of "the windows of heaven."

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One very great mistake has been made by some distinguished writers upon the deluge, who have affirmed that the antediluvian world was a plain, without any hills or mountains whatever. Descartes and Burnet led the way; and in our own days, Dr. Croly seems inclined to follow them, in the commencement of his divine Providence, though he afterwards clearly contradicts the theory. It may well be matter of surprise to a cool, impartial reader, who has no system to support, how these excellent men could overlook the plain, unambiguous statement that "the tops of the *high hills*" and "*mountains* under the whole heavens were covered." (Gen. vii. 19, 20.) This must have met their eyes every time they glanced at the Mosaic narrative of the event they were describing. Had they stated that the antediluvian world was an island, instead of a plain, they would have stated that which scripture does not contradict, and which is strongly supported by tradition and probability; for, besides the description of the deluge, constantly given by profane authors, as "the sinking of a large island," we may argue that had the whole world consisted of separate continents, divided from each other by oceans, the untutored nations of those times could never have reached such distant shores. If, as Sanchoniatho tells us, the rude boat, made from the trunk of a tree, was not invented until the fourth generation from Adam, while the sons of Noah built the first complete ship, we may well admit that an Atlantic ocean, or even an Irish channel would have been an impassable barrier to the spread of so barbarous a population.

Another very interesting point, connected with

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this subject, is the submergence of the old world beneath our present ocean, at the deluge, and the consequent identity of our dry land with the ocean bed of other days; a fact which we are not at liberty to doubt, since it is proved by the Bible itself, and also asserted by geology.

Let us first look to the scriptural warrant for the opinion. Probably some of my readers may not have observed that remarkable passage in Gen. vi. 13. —"And behold, I will destroy them *with the* earth." Now the sinners of that world were destroyed utterly, not even their fossil bones have yet been found, and is it not reasonable that the term *destroy*, when used in reference to the earth, should mean more than a washing over with water. Such a process, however violent, could not be called destroying the earth. The Hebrew word signifies *to break down*, or *to cause to perish*. Again, St. Peter in his second epistle, ch. iii. ver. 6, says, that "the world that then was, being overflowed with water, *perished*," or was destroyed, where the Greek word means all but annihilation. There might, however, be a possibility of our over-straining the expressions of scripture: let us hear what geology, unconnected with religion, says on this subject. De Luc, in his *Lettres Geologiques*, says, 'This change, from the bed of the sea to our present continents, is so fully established, that the chief object of geology is now only to explain it.' Lyell, D'Ambuisson and Cuvier support the statement, and the latter great leader of French science says plainly, 'The geologists argue only in this, that *the sea* has *changed its place*.' (*Discourse Relin.*) Indeed the beds of marine shells, now found upon our mountain-tops, must, from their appearance, have

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been formed there, during long periods, when those mountains were under the sea, and have been subsequently raised to their present altitude. The brief and agitated inundation of the deluge could not have formed those vast, continuous beds of sea-shells.

If, then, these plain facts,—of the total subsidence of the former world and the elevation of the present one,—be granted, (and I do not see how it can be denied,) my readers will at once perceive that a death-blow is given to a host of theories which depend upon the contrary proposition. Such are all the schemes of a partial deluge, which overflowed Asia, Europe, and Africa, leaving America untouched, because it was as yet uninhabited; all the queries as to whether the pyramids are antediluvian, and whether the Seriadic pillars and the pillars of Seth have remained through the flood;—all the dissertations upon the site of Eden, the geography of its four rivers, and the lands through which they flowed; all these are demolished at one stroke, for if the submergence theory be true, America did not then exist, to be either deluged or omitted,—Eden with all its beauty, its groves, its rivers, and their neighbouring lands, are undoubtedly at the bottom of the sea, and the pyramids and pillars, if built before the flood, would certainly now be there also.

The only objection which has ever been urged with any shew of success against this most scriptural and scientific theory is drawn from these four rivers of Eden, and the lands which they fertilized in their progress. No one seems to have been able to identify them with certainty, excepting the Euphrates. The Hiddekel has been said to be the Tigris; and no doubt the Hiddekel of Daniel was such. The land

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of Havilah is also adduced as being in existence long after the Deluge; while Assyria and Ethiopia remain to this day. All this looks very formidable; and one of the most pious and able writers who ever handled the subject, (I will not name him,) was so terrified by this array of hostility, that he actually attempted to set aside the whole passage (Gen. ii. 10—15,) as a marginal gloss, which had crept into the text. Such a wanton mutilation of scripture is not to be endured, even to support the best theory ever known. If we cut out a few verses from Genesis, the next person that comes by may cut out a few verses from Exodus, and those verses may happen to contain the Ten Commandments. The above worthy author was seized with a needless panic, however; by a little care, he might have retained the text and the theory too. Let us just review the objections *seriatim*, and briefly see their real importance. First. Great stress has been laid upon the passages,—"The name of the first *is* Pison," &c., as implying the present existence of these rivers; but it must be remembered that "*is*" is *not* in the original, and the Hebrew (that language not possessing a strictly *present* tense) does not imply whether the rivers are now, or were at some previous era, so called; and even the words "compasseth," "goeth," &c. are not in the present tense in the original, but merely assert the fact of the rivers' courses being in such and such directions, at some indefinite time.

Secondly. Where is "the land of Havilah?" Two persons of that name are mentioned in Gen. x.—the one a son of Cush, the other of Joktan; their possessions are placed very far apart by sacred geographers, those of the former in the west of Africa, those of the

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latter in the heart of Asia. One of these, probably the Asiatic one, is mentioned Gen. xxv. 18; the Indus or Ganges would be the river nearest to it, as the Niger would be to the African Havilah.

Thirdly. Which Ethiopia is here meant? for ancient writers have enumerated as many as half a dozen countries so called. If it be the African one, south of Egypt, its river must be the Nile.

Fourthly. We have already said that Daniel's Hiddekel was probably the Tigris; but there is no reason why this river of Eden should be the same as that he mentions; and as for the Euphrates, so much relied upon, its Hebrew name is Pheat, which simply means *fruitful*, and will apply to any river whose banks are fertile.

Fifthly. Will any of my objecting readers, still believing in the present existence of these rivers, point me out the spot where the Tigris, the Niger, the Indus (or Ganges), the Nile, and Euphrates all rise together? Do they not rather rise in far distant places, in separate continents, and almost 'wide as the poles asunder?'

These objections, then, are not valid, when the present being of these localities is contradicted by both scripture and science. But let us hasten to give a rational cause for these modern names being mentioned here; and one which will equally defend our theory against Sanchoniatho, when he asserts that Cassius, Libanus, Anti-Libanus, &c., dwelt in the mountains now called by their names. Perhaps the Phœnician says this only by way of evading the Deluge altogether; but be this as it may, it is of little moment. Have we not daily evidence before our eyes that the dwellers of a new world have an uncon-

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querable predilection for naming its localities after those of the old one which they have quitted, and bestowing upon fresh and untrodden spots those appellations endeared to them by the associations of their earliest infancy? and why might not the Orientals do the same?

He would be indeed a bold man who should assert that London was nothing more than a second-rate sea-port in the state of Connecticut; or that the metropolis of England and that marine town must be one and the same place, because they bear the same name, and both stand on the river Thames. Why, then, should it be so tenaciously maintained that spots of which we read before the flood were one and the same with the places to which the same names are now given, probably in remembrance of the original localities?

Let us rather extend to the family of Noah the same liberty, of giving old names to new places, which every American backwoodsman takes for himself; and instead of contradicting both scripture and geology, in order to establish the identity of the present world with the "*destroyed*" one of antiquity, let us allow that the Hiddekel, Assyria, and Euphrates of later times were only revivals of former associations, —memorials of lands and rivers in the world of other days.

X. Q.

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ON FEASTING.

DEAR MADAM,

I GRATEFULLY acknowledge that I have often received much profit and correction from the admonitions and reproofs contained in your most valuable periodical, and I hope that, if you think the subject of sufficient importance, you will not object to give these few lines a place amongst them. I like not to point out the inconsistencies of Christians, but I trust there is no enemy in our camp, and that suggestions of this sort will but rouse us to watchfulness, and be for mutual edification. The evil to which I desire to call the attention of your readers, is the prevalent custom which exists amongst the rich disciples of Jesus, of continually giving to each other splendid and expensive entertainments, in direct violation (as it appears to me) of the positive command of our blessed Lord and Master—"When thou makest *a dinner* or a supper, call *not* thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy RICH *neighbours*," &c. See Luke xiii. 12—14.

I am aware that this is open to much argument, and far be it from me to take an ascetic or one-sided view of this question; but do we not all vastly err on the side of luxury, and are not our feasts prepared as though no such words as these existed in that book which we profess to be our rule of life? Indeed I

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cannot reconcile to my conscience the endless variety of dainties with which one '*Christian* lady' endeavours to outvie another, for purposes of mere show. Independent of the waste of time and money, does it not generally impede, if not altogether prevent the intercourse which should subsist between those who are "members one of another," and of a crucified Lord? Would it not be much better if the refreshment of our bodies were a secondary consideration, and the union and communion of our souls our great concern? Alas! the reverse is too generally the fact; 'the dinner' is the thing which is talked about, and thought about, and so far is this grovelling notion current in the Christian world, (if I may be allowed the expression) that many homely people of moderate means feel themselves debarred the enjoyment of receiving their friends; because forsooth they cannot tickle their palates with French cookery, or delight their eyes with a service of plate! But I would not use a trifling word; I think the subject has been overlooked or not sufficiently regarded. Should this feeble suggestion be approved by you, dear madam, or be taken up by one of your able correspondents, and set forth so as to be of service to any who are looking to be saved, and anxious to walk in the strait and narrow path, it will more than gratify the earnest desire of

Your very devoted and grateful reader,

A. T. N.

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LETTER FROM DR. NORTON.

Hillhead, 13th May, 1840.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE only this day seen your review of my 'Memoirs of the Macdonalds;' which, although editorially yours, I feel almost sure was written not by you, but by some enemy in disguise. Had you simply expressed an opinion respecting the merits of my work, you would have been fairly irresponsible for that opinion and the expression of it. But the case is very different when you defame my Christian character and that of my friends, by an injurious *false accusation;* and this you have done in imputing to us 'blasphemous heresy concerning our Lord's human nature,' and identifying us with the writings and preaching of Mr. Irving on that subject. This latter charge you most inconsistently yourself acknowledge that I would and do disclaim. I have not done so at any length or prominently, for the subject was foreign from the subject or the object of my biography; but surely I have done so most abundantly in that only reference but one which I have made to this painful controversy; viz. 'So far as I can ascertain, they never read a single volume of Mr. Irving's, or at least not for years after their own views were

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established. Not however that they entirely agreed with all that Mr. I. preached and wrote. FAR from it.' Should you think this only a half-disclaimer, I would remark that there is a wide difference between what was imputed to Mr. Irving, and what I believe him to have meant. The former I utterly disclaim, repudiate, and *abhor;* the latter I regard as an unhappy mixture of truth and error; to illustrate which, and separate the precious from the vile, not to advocate Irvingism, was the object of one of the chapters of that other work of mine[1] noticed by your reviewer.

With respect to your first abstract charge against me, of 'blasphemous heresy concerning our Lord's human nature,' if I have inadequately expressed myself on this most sacred theme, it has only been because all language fails me, when I would seek to magnify enough my Incarnate God. If your abler pen can, I beg you to indite for me some sentence more highly expressive of the *immaculate* and *immaculable* holiness of our Lord's humanity, from the earliest to the latest moment of His wondrous humiliation, and you have my authority, nay prayer, that you will tell your readers that such is my creed: and such was that of the subjects of my biography; the enchanting loveliness of whose lives, and the wonderful scenes of their dying rapture, I am amazed that you could have so shut your eyes upon. I cannot expect you to receive my estimate, but I trust I may take the liberty of enclosing, for your private perusal the accompanying letter from our beloved Mr. —— which while candidly stating his hesitation

[1] 'Neglected Truths.'

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on the subject of any modern revival of primitive miraculous gifts, so cordially acknowledges 'their *remarkable* piety and devotion,' and that 'the large confidence in divine love, the fervent devotion, and the holy unction of the Macdonalds were truly worthy of our seeking.'

Your reviewer's exclusive fastening on one supposed objectionable feature in their Memoirs, is the more unjust and uncalled-for, inasmuch as so far from its being made a prominent feature, the whole volume contains only one short record of their own expressed sentiments on it, as a controversial question, viz. the following incidental conclusion of one of their letters—'With regard to the doctrine of our Lord's human nature, we see that He was in all points tempted *like as we are*, yet without sin. It is a fundamental truth that our Lord took our identical nature, but of course I do not enter into it at present.' This was the furthest length that the Macdonalds ever went, or that I have ever gone or meant to go.

I feel therefore that I have much right and much cause to call upon you to retract, and insert this my denial of your false and injurious accusation of 'blasphemous heresy,' as you would utter with a sincere heart the prayer with which our church teaches us to respond to the divine commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour"—not to say a brother, as I trust, in Christ, and the blessed memory of two departed saints, upon whose last hours, to say nothing of their other experience, the Saviour whom they adored put a stamp of acknowledgment and honour, which I know scarcely any thing in all the annals of Christian

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biography to surpass or even equal. With sincere respect for your many valuable labours,

I am, Madam,
Yours faithfully in Christ,
ROBERT NORTON.

WE have no hesitation in giving insertion to the foregoing. Dr. Norton does not, like too many of our correspondents, skulk behind a mask, and assail us with denunciations to which, being anonymous, we of course pay no regard. We thank him for his Christian candour; and in return, would assure him that it was far from our mind to charge upon him, or upon the Macdonalds, the awful crime of blasphemy. Our meaning, in the brief notice of his book—which was, like every review from the commencement of our periodical, written, not by a concealed enemy, but by the Editor—our meaning was to convey a caution that we still feel to be necessary, as to the natural tendency of that work.

It will be remembered that the supposed miraculous gift of uttering a language wholly unintelligible alike to the speaker and to the hearers, was first received by these Macdonalds, a pious and amiable family residing at Port-Glasgow: that the matter spread rapidly, and in a short time London rang with the marvellous 'manifestations' daily recurring in the Scots church, under the charge of Mr. Irving; that extraordinary man verily believing that the Holy Spirit spoke in his church, by uncouth, unnatural yells proceeding from the lips of young females and others, on which, and on the incoherent ravings that occasionally accompanied them in English, he humbly waited for direction in the work of his min-

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istry. Shortly, very shortly after these assumptions, he published a book, setting forth the view that he had taken of the human nature of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, if the plainest English words are to be taken in their obvious, universally received sense, shewed that he did indeed hold what he is accused of holding—a most blasphemous heresy, the same that Dr. Norton has, in the foregoing letter, so energetically, and evidently with such unfeigned sincerity, repudiated. For this he was arraigned by the Church of Scotland in her General Assembly; of this he was convicted, and for this he was by her expelled.

Among those who rejected with abhorrence the fearful heresy, many hesitated to pronounce upon the reality of the supposed gifts: circumstances compelled the writer of these remarks to examine the matter very closely, because, with the kind purpose of making her the subject of a miraculous cure, and for other reasons, extraordinary efforts were used to persuade her that to discredit the wonders was to resist the Holy Spirit. This led to the most anxious, most prayerful consideration of the subject: to whole nights added to whole days of searching the scriptures with fervent supplication for divine guidance, that she might embrace the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The result was a firm, a full conviction that the whole matter originated in delusion: that those who first came under its influence were misled by their own ardent feelings and heated imaginations, and that others quickly seized on it as a means of most unprincipled deception; as was abundantly proved when God caused their profligacy and dishonesty to be laid bare in the face of the church and world.

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What it may yet please Him to do, in these latter days, to the glory of his great name, by miraculous gifts and mighty manifestations, we shall ere long know: but, setting aside all connection with false doctrine and loose practice, we must confess there appears to us a very striking contrast between the solemn majesty of divine inspiration, the magnificent flow of thought and language resulting from its influence, as recorded in the holy scriptures, and the wild, disjointed rhapsodical exclamations, consisting chiefly of snatches from the fragments of broken texts, and "vain repetitions," without measure, of which Dr. Norton has given us a good many pages in his Memoirs, as a specimen of the 'utterances;'—between the miraculous gift by which men of every nation under heaven, assembled in Jerusalem, were enabled to hear, each in his own tongue, the full statement of the gospel of Christ from the lips of the apostles; and the giving forth of sounds wholly destitute of any meaning, and therefore wholly unproductive of any edification whatever.

But the point on which Dr. Norton insists is that of calling him a blasphemer: on referring to our former 'notice,' we find that we have represented the whole party as 'avowing and justifying the blasphemous heresy concerning our Lord's human nature, which caused the church of Scotland to eject Mr. Irving.' We have again looked into the book, and although very little is stated directly bearing on the express point of the fearful heresy referred to, yet was it not natural to draw the inference we did from such passages as these in the letters of the Macdonalds? Be it remembered, that Mr. Irving's 'persecution' consisted in a solemn trial before the whole

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church, for this very cause; and George Macdonald writes, 'We sympathize much with Mr. Irving, and have him on our hearts. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven:" and surely this belongs to him.' Again, though a whole chapter is devoted to the consideration of those matters on which they differed from the so-called church of the Irvingites, not one word is written, nor a hint dropped, of dissent from the heresy that was, and is their chief distinguishing mark. The 'doctrine of ordinances,' as they term it, and some question of precedency between pastors and the supposed gifted utterers, form the grounds of their dissent; whereas, had they seen the blasphemy in its true light, surely they would have placed it most prominently forward, as being in itself an abundant cause for standing wholly aloof from its unhappy propounders. Were we not therefore warranted in concluding that the subjects of these memoirs, and by consequence their biographer, held the objectionable tenets, and are we not now justified in repeating that without as distinct a disclaimer as Dr. Norton has given us in his letter, the book itself is calculated to promote in the highest degree the cause of *Irvingism*?

As to the holy lives and joyful deaths of the parties concerned, we never disputed that point: it is not the rule by which we are admonished to "try the spirits whether they be of God." "To the law and to the testimony" are we referred. God may suffer, as we know that he has of old suffered his children to fall into grievous errors, for the trial of the faith of others; but we are not to build on the assumed or admitted fact of their being his children,

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a superstructure of corresponding errors. It may seem unfair to quote an expression to which the Editor has appended an apologetic note, but certainly we were much shocked on reading the exclamation recorded as being uttered by one of those inspired persons,—'Jesus, Jesus; I have as good a right to Jesus AS IF I HAD MADE HIM.' If this does not approach to the very verge of blasphemy, when spoken by a creature, of the Almighty Creator, we are too fastidious.

Dr. Norton must also do us the justice to consider that his refraining, as he acknowledges he has done, from any explanation on his own part, or on that of the Macdonalds, in reference to the grand heresy, must needs leave us under the impression that they held it. Even now, he draws a distinction between what Mr. Irving really held and what he was supposed to hold. We well remember, when under the trial before hinted at, having Mr. Irving's wicked book on 'Christ's Holiness in Flesh' taken out of our hands by a friend, who laboured indefatigably for what was called our conversion; and being told that we were not to regard what he *published*, but what he *preached*. To this the reply was, that so long as his printed statements remained uncontradicted by him, through the same press, we would take them as the confession of his faith; and we bought another copy of the book, read it with shuddering abhorrence, and rejected it as being, what we verily believe it to be, a lie of Satan's coining. This is what Dr. Norton in his letter also rejects. The only difference between us is, that he does not believe that Mr. Irving meant what every section of that book distinctly expresses. We are afraid that he did; and if we therein err, we

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err along with the General Assembly of the church of Scotland.

In conclusion, we beg of Dr. Norton to believe that no personal feeling whatever mingled with our remarks on his book. We are deeply impressed with the solemn responsibility resting on us in that department over which we grieve to see so little watchfulness exercised in some religious periodicals. In the fulfilment of what we regard a sacred duty, we have subjected ourselves to letters bordering on the abusive by persons upholding the tenets of the Oxford Tractarians; not one of whom, however, has had the manliness to affix his name to his production. We say his, because most of them write in the character of clergymen, calling on us *ex cathedra* to renounce our unbelief, and to repent of our sins against these divines, and to come out from among the evangelicals, whom they denounce with great bitterness. This produces on us just the opposite effect to that intended by the writers; but we really grieve to have wounded the feelings of one whose letter bespeaks a truly Christian spirit, and of whom, on his foregoing positive disclaimer, we cheerfully retract what, from the perusal of his work alone, we were constrained to infer and to declare, i. e. that he held the heretical tenets concerning the human nature of our Lord propounded by the late Mr. Irving.

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FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

No. IV.

THE PASTOR OF NISMES.

ROCHELLE, Montauban, Nismes! how many touching recollections of past times are gathered round the old Protestant cities of France! Here we see the shock of St. Bartholomew's horrors reverberating to the provincial town, and watering its streets with the blood of its Huguenot citizens. There, a people in arms for their civil and political, as well as their religious rights, contending in vain against an overwhelming power, and casting eager looks over the sea which divided them from their English brethren, in quest of the long-promised but ever-delayed succour:—there we see the earthly ramparts of the martyr-church thrown down, and the enemy, armed with fire and sword, walking triumphant over its boundaries. But no persecution could entirely quench the flame of devotion which burnt there; nor death, nor exile, nor penal laws through centuries prolonged, entirely annihilate the 'hidden remnant,' nor the storm of infidelity which succeeded, sweep it away. Yet the light was hidden under a bushel; lukewarm, fearful, and unresolved, the few Protestants who remained in France, at the close of the last century,

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were for the most part, ignorant of every thing but the rites of their religion, and ashamed of openly professing those. Such was the state of the church at Nismes, when, in the spring of 1805, M. Gouthier became its minister. Out of a population of fifteen thousand Protestants, scarce fifty attended the Lord's Supper; and of those who did so, many, ashamed openly to confess their Lord, withdrew for the purpose to a retired village ten leagues distant.

M. Gouthier possessed that happy union of ardour and gentleness, which, humanly speaking, is the character best adapted to attract the hearts of mankind, and secure an influence over them. Born and brought up in the humble dwelling of a pious Swiss catechist, he early received from his parents those seeds of the gospel, which were in his soul so abundantly watered by the dew of grace. Educated at the college of Lausanne, he, by the help of God, withstood the false philosophy, which at that period seems, like a rank weed, to have overgrown all human knowledge. Arrived at the years of maturity, he embraced with faithfulness and zeal the calling of the sacred ministry.

The early trials, the many afflictions by which this servant of God was fully instructed by Him in patience and hope, would form too long a retrospect for this slight sketch. At the time he became pastor of the church at Nismes, he was the husband of a woman in every respect worthy of him, but whose fading existence gave warning how short was to be the union between them.

'Oh, my God,' prayed the pious pastor, when he looked round upon the deserted church and the worldly congregation, 'give to thy servant a voice

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not less powerful than that which draws the multitude away from Thee.' The prayer was answered, and the churches were once again filled with a listening and attentive congregation. But M. Gouthier well knew that the public preaching of the gospel was only *one* of the duties of the minister of Christ. From house to house, from family to family, he went proclaiming the words of salvation. His zeal soon met with its reward—for how rarely does it happen that the minister who seeks out sinners is not sought for in his turn!

Faithful is the promise of the Lord, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations.....and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." His house was frequented by those who came to seek his advice, to ask for his teaching and his prayers. 'I wish,' said his sweet wife, in a letter to a friend, 'you could see all the good he is permitted to do in this place. What a blessed calling is his!—one of reconciliation and love! I sometimes say, it is also a painful one, when we are anxious to follow it to the utmost of our power; for there is no limit to the occasions of doing good.'

In addition to the good effected by his active ministry, it was also the will of the Lord to make his servant an example of patient suffering amongst his flock. The consumptive symptoms with which his beloved wife had been affected again returned, her weakness increased, and the close of life evidently drew near. 'Ah, sir,' replied M. Gouthier to a priest who was once urging him to place himself under the shelter of the Roman church, 'if you did but know the happiness of belonging entirely to Jesus Christ!' Nor were these only words, for he proved in this most

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trying scene of his life, the reality of the belief that he belonged to the Lord, by the readiness with which he surrendered himself and all that he had into his hands, to be disposed of according to His will. Frail, fallible humanity is but too apt to overlook the absolute sovereignty of God: when we are ready patiently to yield everything to Christ, of his own only have we given to Him.

M. Gouthier now devoted the days to the manifold duties of his ministry, and the nights to watching by the bedside of his dying wife,—a scene where her humility, patience, and grace comforted the deeply-tried heart of her husband. She reproached herself for even suffering a wish for rest to escape her: such a wish seemed to her not accordant with that resignation to her Lord which taught her not even to desire that one of her sufferings should be spared, sent as they were from her heavenly Father. A short time before her death, she seemed a little to revive: 'my love,' she said to her husband, 'lift up my arms.' He did so, and she put them round his neck. 'Perhaps,' said he with the proneness which the human heart displays to hope to the last, 'perhaps the Lord will grant us yet again to love Him, and pray to Him together on earth.' 'I do not think it,' she answered, 'but if He should, we would assist each other, would we not, my beloved, to purify our hearts with His all-powerful help from every earthly motive, and in all we do to have a single eye to His glory? This is the one thing needful. Every thing else is but vanity.' 'Who that could have seen,' exclaims her husband, 'her calm peacefulness when she looked towards heaven, and the foretaste of everlasting happiness which appeared to be given to her spirit in the midst

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of her suffering, would not have felt how great are the privileges of the child of God!' Once more before her last hour approached she had strength to speak a few words: for the last time her lips unclosed, to breathe out with difficulty the name of 'Jesus Christ,' and the parting scene was over.

Madame Gouthier left behind one daughter; as gentle, affectionate, and apparently as spiritually-minded as herself. The garden whence the rose had been reft yet cherished the bud, and the heart of the pastor, deprived of his wife, centered all its human happiness in his child. A few short years, and that likewise was taken from him. The young Louise died at Montpelier, whither her father had taken her to consult a very clever physician. He brought back the body of his child in its coffin. A few days afterwards he ascended the pulpit, and preached on Abraham's offering up Isaac.

Many years afterwards, when speaking of these two trying days of his life, M. Gouthier observed, 'I am sure that it was on those two days, on the 12th of May and the 17th of June, when my heart was almost broken,—I am now quite sure it was then that God showed the greatest love towards me."

Good and evil are terms we use with reference to this world's events, to signify what we like, and what we dislike; but in truth we are assured that '*all things*' are alike good: "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." The sharp wind which destroys the blight, that would otherwise consume the flower, is better for it than the brightest sunshine. It was the happiness of M. Gouthier to have that love for God, which supports the soul and gives it peace in the midst of

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the deepest affliction. 'O ye Papists,' exclaimed a martyr of old,'[1] 'ye look for miracles, and behold a miracle, for in this fire I feel no pain; it is to me as a bed of roses!' Doubtless this is a miracle which has often been confirmed in the experience of God's faithful servants, when His presence with them, in the midst of affliction, has caused the flame to burn not.

'Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome,
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love!'

From this period M. Gouthier devoted himself yet more entirely to his sacred calling. So completely were his hours filled up, that often the only time he had for the composition of his sermons, was, as he walked from one house to the other. Can it be doubted, that in their private ministrations of the word, the ministers of the gospel preach as effectually as in their public exhortations?

Even his nights were not his own; for he constantly rose from his bed to attend upon his sick parishioners: and so little relaxation did he permit himself, that during the nine years he resided at Nismes, he never saw the sea, which is only a few leagues distant.

One day an old soldier called at M. Gouthier's house:—'I do not know what business I have here, sir,' said he, 'but to tell you the truth, my wife has made me promise to come and see you. She is a kind soul, and I do not like to vex her, so here I am.'

[1] Bainham.

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The pious woman, it seems, had heard a sermon from M. Gouthier, on the text "What! knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" and ever since she had not ceased to urge her husband, at least, to present himself at the minister's house, which at last he did, solely out of compliance, and to have, as he said, peace at home. Such lukewarmness, however, did not deter the zealous and faithful minister: he succeeded in making the old man wish for another interview: another and another succeeded; 'I will come in for the future, sir,' said the aged veteran, 'by the front door:' for, alas! many of those who came to consult M. Gouthier concerning the welfare of their souls, ashamed of being seen, were wont to steal in at the private entrance. After he had paid M. Gouthier a few more visits, he said to him, 'Why should I add to your labours, sir, when I can be taught with the children? I shall for the future come with the Catechumens.' At Easter he was to be admitted to the table of the Lord, and being asked when he wished his private entrance to take place, he replied, 'Private! and why private! O sir! it is not fit that at the time I receive such a wonderful favour from my God, I should seem ashamed of Him. I shall go with the children, sir.' And the old soldier came to church in the midst of the youthful Catechumens.

But here we must pause, having neither time nor limits to follow the pastor further into the domestic scenes of his ministry; of him it might be said, as of the beloved Neff,—never was there a more welcome, or more honoured guest at the fireside of his people.

M. Gouthier was summoned from Nismes, by the urgent entreaties of his aged parents, who desired

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merciful; not that all have share in the guilt of oppression; but that in every breast which has been conscious of the workings of pride, of anger, and of resentment, which are the fatal seeds of cruelty, there is a modification of the same spirit which drinks in with unsated thirst the groans of human agony, or sits with blinding basilisk gaze upon the crouching terror-stricken mind, till it becomes palsied before the inquisition of that power which might have striven in vain with one bound to crush it.

Where is the tongue which has never shot forth its arrows, "even bitter words," while the spirit smiled exultingly to see that the aim had been successful, and that the dart lay rankling in the wound? Where is the heart, which, under a keen sense of injury, never felt complacency in beholding the humiliation of a haughty superior, nor rejoiced in the opportunity of adding one iota more to the heap of odium he incurred? Alas! those who like Hazael, in the absence of temptation exclaim with honest fervour—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"—shew only that they have never sounded the depths of their own spirits, and know nothing of those fearful chasms of the dislocated soul, which, when the waves of temptation are lashed to fury, lie ready to ingulph justice, and mercy and compassion.

It is not alone in men of hard and iron mould, that we recognize the features of the tyrant. The youthful sensibilities of a Nero, the tears of a Marius, serve to shew us that in the gentlest natures the seeds of cruelty require only the fostering aid of circumstances to bring to full maturity the dark malignity of their poison-fruit. The student of scripture need not therefore be surprised to find, that the first tale of

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tyranny recorded in its pages, is a story of domestic oppression, and the oppressor a woman.

Intoxicated by the flattering elevation to which she had been raised in the family of Abram, and full of presumptuous hopes of future greatness and distinction as the mother of the promised seed; the bondmaid Hagar forgot the meanness of her former position, and treated her benefactress and mistress with all the insolence of an ignoble mind thrown from its balance by a sudden and unlooked-for prosperity. For a time, the wife of the Patriarch appears to have borne with the contumely and insubordination of her handmaid, nourishing in her heart the bitter thought, that he whom she had loved so faithfully was the abettor of her wrongs. But when, at last, the load of real and imaginary grievances became too great for endurance, and Sarai had discovered, upon her passionate appeal to Abram, that he had no desire to unloose the bonds which bound her handmaid to duty;—then it was that she resolved to take ample satisfaction for the humiliations she had submitted to at the hands of Hagar. Once secure from her husband's interference, and possessed of absolute power over the unhappy bond-slave; could malice have had a fairer opportunity for indulging in all the delirium of revenge? The dignity of the sacred narrative pauses not upon the mean and pitiful routine of daily outrage and oppression. Its brief record is, "Sarai dealt hardly with her, and she fled from her face,"—but cruel indeed must have been the sufferings which led Hagar to prefer the wilderness with its terrible array of armed marauders or savage beasts of prey, to the tent of her once kind and gentle mistress.

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"Ye know not what spirit ye are of," said the Redeemer to the loving and compassionate John, to the just and pious James, when, for one inhospitable act of party zeal, they would have doomed the inhabitants of a whole village to destruction. We shall take a very false estimate of that which our nature could be capable of, if we measure by the standard of its habitual sensibilities, or its native perceptions of justice and mercy; by its proneness to shed tears, or to burn with the ready fires of a kindling compassion. Because we can weep over the story of oppression, it does not follow that we ourselves should not, under similar circumstances, have stood in the place of the oppressor. Look at human nature in its purest, best estate. See the child freshly endowed by his Creator with warm and kindly feelings, and with rational intelligent faculties. Tell to the awakened inquisitive mind, anxious to know the history of a world so new to it, some tale of tyranny, and mark how the swelling bosom alternately relents in softest pity, or glows with passionate ardour to be a redresser of the wrongs which it is wounded even to hear of:—but follow this little auditor with the soul of sympathy, this redoubtable champion of the oppressed, into his own peculiar sphere of action, and see whether he will not presently become the tyrant of the nursery, whenever, among the little community of which he is the head, his own personal interests are interfered with. Reason with him now concerning the heavy blow dealt to a younger and a weaker child; concerning the selfish appropriation not only of his own but of others' enjoyments:—endeavour to impress him with the odiousness of tyrannizing over the more helpless, and to set before him the loveli-

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ness and beauty of a spirit of self-denying regard to the interests of others; and you shall find that the same perception of justice and mercy in the abstract, which displayed the shadow of the divine image once perfectly mirrored on the soul, will not avail when the fumes of selfishness have clouded its surface. No, indeed! we need not go to the stern and iron-hearted, to the mature in years, or the hardened in crime, to behold the features of the tyrant. Let us read them in the dimpled face of infancy—in the soft outline that marks the mould of womanhood. And as to the theatre of oppression, let us not look for that in the wide domains of despotism, or in the halls of the powerful, but where the rule is in the hands of the feeble, and the empire is confined to the narrow limits of home. Here woman is the sovereign, and here she will be known, either as the stern and hated dominator, or the loved and honoured friend. Her rule, insignificant as it appears, is fraught with stupendous consequences for good or for evil, involving, as it does, the happiness or wretchedness of many hearts. According as it exhibits the combination of firmness, gentleness, and discretion, or capriciousness, selfishness, and imbecility, there will be for the most part, either peace and harmony in the domestic circle, or tumult, insubordination, and disorder. Nor is the exercise of authority in this little sphere, albeit it may seem a small and despisable thing, a task easy of fulfilment, and devoid of temptations to its abuse. The trials which spring from the evil tempers, habits, and principles of the members of the home community, are not less difficult to bear with and controul because of their pettiness. On the contrary, it seems as though a peculiar spe-

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cies of irritation was attendant upon the little broils of domestic life, requiring a double share of native nobleness of feeling, and a double share of Christian moderation and self-command, in the one who has to adjust such a variety of constantly recurring misdemeanours, by the nice balance of her own absolute will.

When the servant is exalted to be the friend and confidant, what can be expected, but that she who has broken down the barriers of partition which would else have shielded her from insolent and contemptuous familiarity, should be hereafter made to feel the pernicious effects of her own indiscreet folly. And in such a case, how unjust, how ungenerous the system of recrimination, which a superior has in her power to pursue, even to the extent of cruelty and persecution. The exaggerated censure, the highly-coloured statement, the unjust exposure of faults, while the foolish indulgence which led to their committal is carefully concealed; how fatally may these operate, not only to mar the present peace and comfort of dependants, but also to change the whole current of their destiny, and to blight the hopes of their future well-doing in the world! "For three things," saith the wise man, "the earth is disquieted," and two of these are "for a servant when he reigneth, and an handmaid that is heir to her mistress." Surely that is not a small evil, by which, in its widespread though hidden working, the earth is disquieted. How needful then, that those to whom the regulation of the little community of home is more especially committed, should give all diligence to discharge with firmness, faithfulness, and gentleness, this important trust! How jealous should they be

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over themselves, lest through the constraining force of circumstances, harshness and oppression should be called in to undo what feebleness and indiscretion have produced.

These are the days of insubordination, and it appears as though the earth were about to be more than ever "disquieted" by the confounding and subverting of that social order which has hitherto been preserved in the world. Meanwhile, with the Bible in our hands, we know that the frame-work of the fabric is of God; and that though here and there the insane assaults of atheistic men may be successful in making some breach in the edifice, it shall nevertheless stand upon its broad foundations, till that great tumult-day of the moral and material elements, which will precede the final renovation of all things. But since the rule of the parent and the mistress is no longer one to which, by the over-mastering force of opinion, all are compelled to bow, and which it would be deemed next to sacrilege to dispute:—since the rising spirit of rebellion, and the ill-suppressed breathings of contempt for all authority, are seen and heard on every side,—how shall it be possible to discharge faithfully and firmly, yet with gentleness and forbearance, an office which has become so doubly difficult? It can only be done by cleaving to the statute-book of God's law, the charter of the rights of every grade in the social community. It can only be done by keeping in habitual remembrance that all are servants to one Master who is in heaven, and that they who are appointed to rule over the tens or fifties of their fellow-mortals, must first shew a pattern of all loyal and dutiful service to Him who gave them that authority; surrendering body, soul, and

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spirit to the work whereunto they were appointed, and exhibiting in their own conduct whatsoever things are lovely, honest, and of good report. It can only be done by their giving to those who are in subjection to them that which is just and equal, forbearing threatening; knowing that "God hath made the small and great, and careth for all alike;" that he will not accept any person against the poor, but will hear the prayer of the oppressed.

LYDIA.

THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.

TWILIGHT at noon! scarce can the joyous sun
Through the closed curtains of the window cast
A feeble light—the hot oppressive air
Brings languor on its breath—the joys of life,
All its long train of cheerful, happy hours
Pass by the door; each loved employment lies
Untouched, unthought of—and the days go by
Without their use on earth, their fruit for heaven.
Oh, say not so! the lonely sentinel
Who guards with watchful eye the dangerous post
Holds service full as well as he whose plume
Is in the foremost of the battle seen!
And thou, throughout the ever-length'ning hours
Of days unoccupied, which sickness brings,

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Mayst serve thy Lord as well by trusting faith,
Submissive patience, and the ready smile
Which speaks His will is thine, and knows it good,
As when thy busy heart, and active thoughts,
Planned for each moment its allotted task.
It is the Christian's part to go where'er
His master calls him—not to choose himself
His duty, or his place; then be not thine
The forced endurance of a hated ill;
Do thou with quiet mind thy burden take,
Not as a chain the captive cannot burst,
But as a cross the willing Christian bears.
So shall thou find, it was an angel's foot
That troubled life's clear stream, and gave it power
For thy soul's health, which else it had not known.

M. A. S. B.

Hampstead, March 29.

POPERY is merely the religion of the natural heart. Nine-tenths of us are Papists without knowing it.—*Rev. F. Goode.*

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THE SPIRIT AND INFLUENCE OF POPERY.

AFTER a long walk on a beautiful summer's eve, I called at the cottage of a poor labourer, who was a very regular attendant at the church where, a few years ago, I had been the officiating minister. The thatched dwelling of this industrious man stood by the side of a retired road, which slopes gently downward towards the bank of a beautiful winding rivulet, forming the boundary of the parish, and commanding one of those rich rural scenes which can never fail to excite, in the mind of the believer, a sense of admiring gratitude towards the all-magnificent Creator, who, through the interposition of the Redeemer, has made the earth, so justly accursed for man's ingratitude and rebellion, teem with all that is useful and lovely. The cottager almost immediately on my entrance told me that my visit was very providential, inasmuch as in the adjoining hut, which was under the same roof with his own, there was a youth rapidly sinking under a consumption, and most anxious to know what he must do to be saved. I repaired instantly to the sick man's dwelling, and found him alone. His ghastly countenance, his sunken eyes, and heavy breathing, convinced me that my informant's statement was correct. The suffering boy was evidently on the brink of eternity. I questioned him as to his sentiments respecting his health. He replied that the hand of death was upon him. On

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urging the awful importance of being prepared for the unseen world upon which he was so soon to enter, he manifested a most affecting eagerness to be informed how he might meet his God so as to be accepted and saved. His whole heart seemed absorbed in attention to the messages of salvation from God's word, and fervently did he respond to the prayer for his pardon and justification through the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ. On leaving the cottage no persuasions of mine could prevent him from dragging his exhausted frame to accompany me to the door. With tears he expressed his gratitude for the seasonable interview, and entreated that I would take the earliest opportunity of repeating my visit. My languid feelings of thankfulness to Him who had so graciously adorned the face of nature in that beautiful spot, were greatly invigorated when I reflected that He had drawn me thither for a far nobler purpose than to gratify my sight by the endeared scenery around me and to renovate my sickly constitution through the exercise of walking; and I returned homeward, meditating on the brevity of human life and the awful realities of eternity, connected with the astonishing mercy of the Saviour set forth in the passages of scripture which I commended to the serious prayerful study of the dying boy, that he might be better prepared to receive me as a messenger of peace, if we should be spared to meet again on earth. It was not long before I was a second time in the lowly abode of the dying youth. I found him seated exactly in the same situation as before, his arms rested on a small table on which was a solitary book, which I had no doubt was the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. With feelings of intense in-

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terest and affectionate sympathy I went forwards towards the object of my anxiety. The minister of the gospel is not a stranger to that cold reception from the dying sons and daughters of Adam which Satan is permitted too often to use as a means of chilling his hope, and almost closing his lips in silence; but here a very different greeting was reasonably expected. How was my heart saddened when the hand of the poor boy was reluctantly held out to *touch* mine, and when I perceived his eye, which on my previous visit beamed with inquiring animation, and was brightened with tears of gratitude, now immoveably fixed upon the ground. On entering the cottage I had taken no particular notice of the other inmates, but I was instinctively prompted to glance round the room to see if I could discover any ground for the distressing change in the suffering youth's conduct towards me in their demeanour. Opposite to the boy on the other side of the hearth sat a stern-looking stout man, apparently in the middle rank of society. He eyed me with a look of menacing contempt, but he uttered not a syllable. On a chair against the wall facing the fire, was a female about 18 years old, who, with rigid, motionless attitude and gloomy, yet self-satisfied look, convinced me that I was only regarded by her as an intruder. Satisfied by this hasty survey that it would be wisdom to confine my conversation to the dying youth, I asked him whether he had attentively read the portions of scripture which I had pointed out to him. After a timid glance across the hearth, he hesitatingly answered, 'No!' I felt it my painful duty to reprove his negligence, and expressed my surprise and sorrow that conscious as he had acknowledged

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himself to be of his approaching death, he had trifled with, it might be, the *very last* opportunity of gaining from God's own word the knowledge of salvation, which two days before he seemed so eager to possess. He said nothing. The stillness of death was in the room; it was a stillness which fell like an oppressive weight upon my spirits. For some time I was distressingly and unaccountably dumb. At last I rose from my seat, and said, 'Let us pray.' I *alone* knelt. The rest remained motionless. I was just uttering the first syllable of supplication when the person on my left suddenly stopped me, by saying, in a loud commanding tone, 'He does not wish for your prayers.' 'May I ask the grounds upon which you make such an extraordinary assertion?' 'Because a minister visits him, whose views on religion are more congenial with his own.' 'Will you kindly tell me,' I asked, 'the nature of his professed religion?' 'He is a Catholic.' 'But I know,' was my reply, 'that he *does* wish me both to converse and to pray with him, for I have come to-day at his own urgent request.' 'Ask R—— himself, and he will tell you that he wishes you to leave him, and to discontinue your visits altogether.' Looking stedfastly at unhappy R——, I said, 'Is it true that you do not wish me to pray with you—that you do not wish me to come and see you?' 'It is true,' was the distressing reply. 'Shall I not come again, then?' 'No!'

I had never come in such close contact with an emissary of Popery before. I was completely puzzled for a few moments and at a loss how to proceed. After a brief consideration, I turned to the man who had been the cause of such a wretched alteration in the sentiments of his almost expiring fellow-mortal,

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and I endeavoured to convince him of the awful danger of his position, thus fearlessly and wickedly, though it might be in ignorance, labouring to close up in impenetrable darkness and unpardoned guilt, the heart of a dying sinner, which the Lord had opened to receive his message of salvation, and to whom he had in a most providential manner directed my steps.

My remarks were listened to, or rather, I should say, were made amid the same gloomy silence which chilled my heart when I first entered the room. I left the cottage with feelings as different to those with which I had approached it as light is to darkness. What an awful enemy to man is Popery! Such was my reflection, as in sadness of heart I turned my back upon the humble thatched dwelling, in one of the most sweetly retired scenes of nature, and in a parish where I have reason to believe the influence of an emissary of Rome had never been known for two centuries. Men speak of Popery politically as foolish and ridiculous, but have they ever seen its withering power over the affections, the intensely anxious hopes and fears of a dying man? It has its victims in those who have had no fixed views of religion in life, and who grasp at a straw to save them from sinking in death! Two days after this had transpired, I lay sleepless in my bed, distressed and agitated by the thought of the poor dying boy's melancholy situation. I arose long before my accustomed time, and walked with as much expedition as possible to the place of his abode. The door of the cottage was opened by his aged grandmother, who gave me a most cordial and touching welcome.

Her poor grandson, she said, had declared repeatedly that he had never had a moment's peace of mind

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since he had told me that he did not wish me to visit him again. He was then dying, she added, but his last earthly wish at least would be gratified, if he could see me before his spirit's departure. He was an orphan, left under the sole guardianship of the Roman Catholic who had been the chief actor in the scene described above. That faithful and zealous fanatic had threatened his unhappy ward, (who had been brought up under the direful influence of Romish superstition) with the withdrawal of everything that could tend to his earthly comfort, and with the awful curse of hell and damnation if he dared again to admit a Protestant minister to pray with him, or converse with him on the subject of religion. But to use the simple language of the old woman, 'God is above the devil, and you *shall* see him,' (meaning the boy.) The book which I had seen before him on my former visit was a manual of Roman Catholic devotion, or, to speak more correctly, superstition, for I saw in it the names of numberless intercessors substituted for that only name given among men whereby we can be saved. The Bible was removed beyond his reach. The boy was visited daily by a priest from a neighbouring parish, who seconded the views of the guardian by endeavouring to keep R—— in terror of looking for salvation out of the pale of his own church. The guardian lived nearly at the distance of twenty miles, and had apprenticed the youth to a Roman Catholic tradesman near him; but when sickness visited the youth, he was removed to his grandmother's quiet abode, where I saw him. When shown into the room where the boy was dying, I found him speechless. But when I asked him if he were glad to see me, and if he wished me to pray

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with him, he immediately moved his head in token of assent. His large intelligent eyes were fixed most intensely upon me, as if he would search into my very heart, at every motion of my head those eyes followed me. When I was engaged in prayer, his moving lips and suspended breath gave proof that he joined in the solemn act. In half an hour after my departure, he breathed his last. Again I repeat· What an awful enemy to the peace of man is Popery! How does it dare to cast the fetters of darkness round the conscience!—Connect its blind bigotry, the desperate grasp with which it cherishes its victims, with its treachery, its 'no faith with heretics,' and what is there, I ask, so wonderful, so dangerous, so destructive upon earth as Popery?

N. S. Pio P. P. 7th concede in perpetuo 100 Giorni d'indulgenza da lucrar si una volta il giorno da tutti quelli che divotamente bacceranno il piede di questa s'immagine recitando un Ave Maria per il brisogni di chiesa.—7 Guig, 1839.—*Copied verbatim by a friend from a tablet in a Popish Church in Italy.*

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TO MY SISTER.

Ricordar si del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—*Dante. Inferno. VI.*

REMEMBER, oh! remember,
Those by-gone days so blest,
When hopes were bright, and hearts were light,
Quick throbbing in each breast;
When fairy tales of wonderment
Could win our listening ear,
And the oft-told strain of the orphans twain
Call forth the ready tear.

Remember, oh! remember,
When first we learned to part,
When from home you went, and to school were sent
With a heavy beating heart;
Oh! when the wheels were heard no more—
The carriage lost to view,
It was my first, and I thought the worst
Of griefs that heart e'er knew.

Yet let us, too, remember
When Christmas-tide came round
From the carriage door, to your brother once more,
How you sprang with eager bound;
Full seldom could they win me
To boisterous sports away,
By my sister's side, I never sighed
For my comrade's ruder play.

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And on the looked-for morning
Of our mother's natal day,
Oh! was it not bliss to race for the kiss
While yet in her couch she lay;
And to see the expected presents,
In their folded packets sealed,
A toy or book, while her tender look,
Her own heart's joy revealed.

'Tis good thus to remember
Those blessed, blessed hours—
A charm we throw o'er each present woe
As we cull from the past its flowers.
We'll weave them in a garland
Round the griefs that press us now;
And, thanking heaven, for mercies yet given,
To trials calmly bow.

L. H. J. T.

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Review of Books.

THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT TO DIVINE WORSHIP VINDICATED. *In Letters to the Rev. J. Armstrong, D.D. By William Urwick, D.D.* Robertson, Dublin.

Dr. Armstrong is a Socinian, or, as some persons concede the title, an Unitarian preacher in Dublin: Dr. Urwick is the principal Independent minister of that city, a man deeply learned in the scriptures, an eloquent teacher, and powerful controversialist. In this volume he grapples with Antichrist in one of his most deadly shapes, and overthrows him in the strength of the Lord. Such works, from such a quarter, are highly valuable, and we cordially recommend this, not only to those who are brought within the pestilential atmosphere of Socinian breathings, but to every Christian who desires to build up himself on his most holy faith—even the faith of Christ crucified, God over all, blessed for evermore.

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ESSAYS ON THE CHURCH: MDCCCXL. ***By a Layman.*** **Seeley and Burnside.**

This Layman does greatly trouble the church, if that be the church which is so recognized by the Oxford Tract gentlemen, as represented by their mouthpiece, poor Froude. We know not how many editions have appeared of the Essays: we believe a large impression is exhausted annually, and the present is distinguished by a dedication to the Bishop of Oxford, which sets forth, with most provoking mildness and unpardonable good sense, the falsehood of certain charges brought against the 'Layman,' before the bar of his Lordship, by the Rev. Dr. Pusey, in a pamphlet addressed to that Prelate. Of the work itself it is needless to speak: distinguished by its unpretending character, a gem that needs no gaudy setting to enhance its intrinsic worth, it is rightly appreciated by the Christian public, and forms, we do verily believe, one of the most impassable of human barriers against the progress of this domestic foe—the Popery of Oxford—that now frets it on its course. The volume is, in fact, rather re-written than republished, and made to present a firmer front than ever against that quarter from which the attack upon our Protestantism comes in fullest power. From our inmost heart we bid God speed to the work, and may he abundantly prosper the way of his servant, who thus accumulates talent upon talent in his Master's cause.

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MEMOIR OF THE REV. HENRY MÖWES,

late Pastor of Altenhausen and Ivenrode, Prussia, Author of Der Pfarrer von Audouse. Principally translated from the German. With an Introduction, by the Rev. J. Davies, B.D. Rector of Gateshead, Durham, Author of 'An Estimate of the Human Mind,' &c. Hatchards.

A VERY interesting little memoir of a devoted Pastor, whose name, as a warrior, a divine, and a poet, is endeared to many. It is sweetly written, and exhibits a touching view of the engaging character of one whom his Master saw good to exercise with no ordinary share of personal trial.

HINDOO FEMALE EDUCATION. *By Priscilla Chapman.* Seeley and Burnside.

EVERY succeeding year adds a deeper emphasis to such appeals as the one before us. God has most marvellously blessed the work of our Missionaries, by leading a multitude in one place to throw aside their idols, and openly to profess Christ: and no doubt can be entertained of the share which the power of Christian education among the children had in this most blessed work. The volume now under review contains a remarkably clear, simple and interesting statement of the actual condition of Hindoo females, the great demand for education, the means already afforded, and the rich encouragements to abound more and more. Our Eastern possessions are even now becoming the theatre of events

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likely to affect not merely this country, but all Europe, and yet more to accelerate the mighty march of Israel returning to their own land. The 'day' allowed for us to work is shortening fast; the shadows of a 'night' of tribulation and commotion wherein we may work no longer, begin to fall; and when we consider what a morning of rest and glory is thereafter to break upon the scene, surely we ought to prize and to improve every moment given us to labour for our Lord's kingdom. We very warmly recommend this book, with its modest recital and its pretty engravings, illustrative of the scenes that it describes.

CHARACTERS AND EVENTS IN SCRIPTURE HISTORY *practically considered. A Series of Lectures; by the Rev. John M. Hiffernan, A.M., Curate of Fethard, in the Diocese of Cashel.* Robertson.

A few subjects connected with some prominent characters in holy writ brought forward in a pleasing, animated style, and truly Christian spirit. We have Eve, Adam, the serpent, Joshua, Elijah, and several from the New Testament. We find the book both pleasant and profitable, but in one point must wish the excellent author had been more clear, as he did not of course intend to invest Satan with the divine attribute of foreknowledge, without which he could not have had the distinct view that Mr. H. supposes him to have enjoyed of the dreadful consequences of the fall. With the exception of this oversight, we [illegible]ely like the little book.

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ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY, *and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts for the Times. By the Author of 'Spiritual Despotism.' Vol. I. Second Edition.* **Jackson and Walford.**

Everybody has heard of this book as being a terrible thorn in the side of Puseyism; but everybody does not know the nature of the wound it inflicts in that quarter. It is, indeed, of an extraordinary and a startling character. The Tractarians, it is well known, seek to shift the foundation of the church, by gently sliding it from the Rock, Christ alone, to rest, partly at least, on the mighty mountain of ponderous folios called 'The Fathers.' They would establish all points, and silence all cavils, by an appeal to 'Ancient Christianity,' averring that the more immediate successors of the apostles must necessarily be better informed on points of apostolic doctrine, discipline, &c., than we at this very distant period can be without the aid of their instruction. This was the grand field of controversy too, at the time of the blessed Reformation: the Papists averring that they had these 'Fathers' all on their side: the Reformers adducing numerous proofs to the contrary; and we imagined the present volume to be constructed on the same principle.

On the contrary, the author, after claiming for these early writers a degree of importance that many good Christians hesitate to concede to them, lays open from their pages an awful scene of corruption—a humiliating proof of how very, very soon after the departure of our Lord and his apostles, the church at large, like that of Galatia in Paul's days, began to

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ton's lecture, 'no, truly; I have gained not a little information myself, and a good deal of encouragement from this. I put a dozen copies at a time into my pocket, and in my strolls contrive to distribute several, in a way not to give offence, among the respectable workmen whom I fall in with; entering manufactories or workshops where I can properly do so. There are few neighbourhoods where any gentleman, or any lady either, might not contrive to establish one of these operative associations with the prospect of much good.'

'I am sure of it. What a crisis is visibly hastening on!'

'Ay; there are those of whom we are compelled to say that "they live in pleasure and are wanton,"—that "the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands." Like Belshazzar of old, they wrap themselves in the voluptuous gratifications of earthly enjoyment, regardless of the vigilant foe who is secretly turning their guardian Euphrates from its channel, and stealing upon them with purposes of destruction.'

'Ah, the Eastern Euphrates, uncle, the mystic river of which that was the vivid type, how fast it is drying up!'

My uncle's eye kindled, and the highest animation took possession of his aspect as he replied, 'I have lived to see the first blow struck in that tremendous conflict which shall issue in two contemporaneous triumphs such as the world never yet saw—such as the prophets of old shadowed forth in a continuous strain of divine harmony through thousands of years,

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until its last note fell on the ear of the beloved apostle amid the thundering hallelujahs of heaven itself! Rejoice with me, with the heavens, with the holy apostles and prophets, for already may we take up the song and say, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen," the hammer of the whole earth is broken; and the world will now know peace!'

'Dear uncle, you do not surely think the power of this universal foe is at an end?'

'No, but the end is visibly come, so that nothing now remains but the final struggle; short, fierce, sanguinary, terrible, but still FINAL, and Babylon the great is gone for ever.'

'What do you call the first blow, which you have lived to see struck?'

'The outrage at Damascus, where Popery, by the craft of her Capuchin Monks and blood-thirsty laymen, moved, guided, forced on the hand of her less guilty compeer, Islamism, to smite the Jew. Wonderful in such an age of the world,—wonderful at any time, in any place, under any circumstances, is such an outbreak of the old diabolical persecution; but at *this* time, in *that* place, and under *such* circumstances, oh how thrilling to the soul of the Christian is the event! Mark me, the time is at the celebration of the Passover; the beginning of months, the very entrance of the year which has by universal consent been marked by the Jewish people for some extraordinary event connected with their restoration. The place is Syria—Damascus, where Paul, the hardened Jew was struck down by the power of God to the earth, and thence commissioned to gather in a Gentile church: the circumstance is an accusation touching the life and soul of their very existence as

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Israelites—a charge of mingling blood—human blood!—with the unleavened bread of the passover; and thereby compelling them to put forth a document calculated beyond anything we could conceive to arrest and fix the world's eye upon them, to lead to new investigation of that Mosaic law wherewith is interwoven in every part predictions of their sure return to the land, to the God of their fathers. Come, take this document and transcribe it; there is a blessedness in placing it on your pages, for it is the touching appeal of the persecuted, groaning, dying children of Abraham.'

I took it; and here it is—

'The petition of the Jews of Damascus to their Sovereign, the Pasha of Egypt.

'The nation of Israel hath not a Prince, hath not a state; her glories are buried by antiquity—her nationality is extinct.

'Religion, your highness, governeth the conscience, but doth not divide nations. The Israelites of Damascus are your children, for God hath entrusted them to your government. They are slandered by malice, and oppressed by cruelty, and to whom could they turn for justice if not to their lawful master?

'The name of Mehemet Ali is high sounding through the universe, for in one hand he beareth glory, and in the other justice.

'The Hebrews of Damascus are accused of an atrocious crime—a crime which is contrary to reason, contrary to their religious principles, contrary to truth, and still more so to history.

'The Hebrews were the first who were commanded by God to abstain from blood; the first who banished human blood from the altars of God. The people of

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Israel have been unfortunate, it is true, but their character in adversity hath been stupendous, and men like your highness, whom God hath endowed with genius, pity them, but despise them not.

'Of what are they accused? Of having killed a man, and taken his blood to make unleavened bread. This institution hath endured 4,000 years and more; for 4,000 years have the religious institutions of the Jews offered a field for research to the learned of all the world, and could such infamy remain undetected? Shame to him who could think it!

'The Hebrews, your highness, avoid blood, and carry even to a prejudice this precept of their religion. They pour away that of animals, and do all they can to remove such a fluid from flesh before they taste it. Now, does it accord with reason that they would sacrifice a man, and taste his blood?

'This is false on the very face of it, but the old enmity of a person too powerful in Syria against every individual of our faith, gives credit to such a falsehood. Hence, your highness, the most respectable people of that country are tortured; blows without number are inflicted on their persons; newly-invented and most severe tortures afflict the unhappy race, and these are the means to induce them to confess. Surely such great suffering might extort a false confession from some of them, for, though there are many men who can face immediate death, there are but few who can endure torture, and in Damascus the tortures are greater than they have ever been in the world. Already have Israelites been known to confess themselves guilty, and afterwards their innocence hath been proved. Above 100 children are perishing in prison for want of food, and this is

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the way in which justice is administered to your people in Damascus!

'We have frequently heard, your highness, that many letters have been received, not from Hebrews of Damascus, but from honest followers of Christ, whose conscience is afflicted by such cruelty. These letters declare the Hebrews innocent, and the ministers of your highness unjust.

'The consuls of Austria and Denmark have received such notices. But we will not mention all the sympathizing narratives possessed by those of our faith.

'Your highness, we ask no pity for those of our persuasion—we ask for justice, but let that be done by your highness, our just and severe father. To you alone hath God entrusted his power over those unfortunate people, and you alone have the right to govern them. Let them be brought before your highness, heard, and punished if they be guilty; or, if they be innocent, let their innocence be proclaimed aloud.

'The is question of an ancient religion, that they wish to defile, and it seems that God hath destined for you an additional glory—that of freeing an oppressed nation."

'How noble!' I exclaimed, when finishing the transcription of this affecting appeal. 'How much of the conscious dignity of God's own ancient and chosen people is expressed in every paragraph! And this petition is addressed to a Pagan governor—these representations of what they only venture to call 'an ancient religion,' to a follower of the false prophet!'

'Ay,' replied my uncle, who, after looking over my

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shoulder as I wrote was now busily employed in wiping from his glasses what seemed an unusual moisture,—'Ay, this is the sad, sad proof, now laid before the whole world, that not only the nation of Israel, to use their own concise but comprehensive expression, 'hath not a Prince, hath not a state,' but, in the far weightier words of their own inspired Moses—"Among these nations thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy feet have rest: but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life: in the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see." Many a time have these awful declarations been verified to the letter, in Israel's experience; but that was in generations gone by: and it is truly marvellous that Popery should have DARED, in this day of light and liberty, when such deeds must necessarily, by means of the press, be made known to all Christendom, that she should, I say, have DARED thus to stand forward, the savage persecutor and diabolical torturer of the Jew on a pretence so monstrous that not even her own wretched ignorance of the Bible can afford her a shadow of excuse for believing it.'

'Who is the individual alluded to as having too much power in Syria?'

'The French consul, at whose special request, and under whose superintendence these horrible barbarities were exercised. A ferocious man, worthy of

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St. Bartholomew; who has for his coadjutor another French layman, an ex-agent of the government; and for the chronicler of his worthy deeds, a Capuchin monk. The persons who render themselves conspicuous in stimulating and aiding the murders are Latin priests, and other—must I say *Christians?*'

'Yet, you see, they speak of the justice rendered, and the sympathy shewn by some 'honest followers of Christ.''

'Yes; that is one of the points in the document that struck me. The sufferers evidently do not charge upon the religion itself the abominations perpetuated by its false professors. Addressing a Pagan, they could have no motive for this implied testimony to the right feeling of Christians, but rather the reverse. There is an extraordinary passage in the narrative of the highly respectable Hebrew who has given a record of these atrocities. Speaking of the fierce cruelty of one of the French papists, he says, 'he seemed inclined to revenge upon the Jews the death of his Divine Master, *who, doubtless, forgave them.*' This coming from one who knows not, or believes not, the New Testament history, is most singular.'

'Altogether, uncle, it is impossible to regard these events otherwise than as marking an era in the history of Israel.'

'And will you not pray, earnestly, constantly pray, to the Lord God of Abraham, that he may remember the covenant, and pity his people? Be assured this is expressly meant as a trumpet-call to us to be instant, fervent, importunate in prayer: to give the Lord no rest till he fulfil his gracious promise and establish it, and make Jerusalem a praise in the

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whole earth. Never did my soul so go forth in earnest longings and aspirations on behalf of God's dear Israel as now! Reflect again upon this matter; remember how often we have assented to the truth that Israel's exaltation and Babylon's destruction must synchronize, and that the two grand impostures of the West and East, Popery and Mahomedanism, as they rose together, so together will they fall. See them now united, and in the guise of two twin fiends standing over the helpless, innocent Jew, who expires under their torture; and that too in a cause not personal, or even national, but strictly the cause of that law which they received in the days of their glorious Theocracy from God himself. It is the religion they wish, as the petition states, 'to defile:' they would represent the Mosaic law as a law of cannibalism—a goodly outrage against the Most High, wherewith to crown twelve hundred years of varying, yet consistent blasphemy, proceeding out of the mouth of the Beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet!'

'France stands forward with unenviable pre-eminence,' I remarked.

'Let France look to herself,' responded my uncle, in his sternest tone. 'She is about to commit an act of positive infatuation. Trust me, the dead ashes of one man, that France is equipping an expidition to convey from the rock of St. Helena to her shores, have more power, and of a more fearful character, than an embattled army of living warriors, to rend her with intestine convulsions and deluge the land with blood.'

'I do marvel how the Bourbons can venture on

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such a terribly exciting experiment just now, among a people so excitable as the French.'

'The Bourbons cannot prevent it: stronger hands than theirs rule the land, and a power far mightier than both is ordering all after the counsel of his own will.'

'And what of our England, uncle?'

'I am no prophet, niece; but a very few months will solve many problems that now puzzle us. Let us see how we shall prosper in this iniquitous Opium War: let us see the issue of impending measures regarding the three divisions of our home empire, and let us mark what opposition is offered to the desolating progress of Popery and infidelity in their various grades and shades, now advancing through the land. To say truth, and a strange confession it is for me, I have almost lost my nationality, in the contemplation of those mighty scenes for the enactment of which we see the great stages of East and West preparing. My gaze seems involuntarily fixed upon the Jew, the receiving of whom again shall be as life from the dead to the whole world. Israel is the key-note, by which every chord must be tuned—the index hand, of which the pointing will declare to us how the hidden wheels are working. Let me but see on Israel's part a movement Zionward, and I am content. All the rest will follow in course, and I may lift up my head and look up, for I shall then know that our redemption from this state of trouble and bondage draweth nigh—that the kingdoms of this world are about to become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever!'

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